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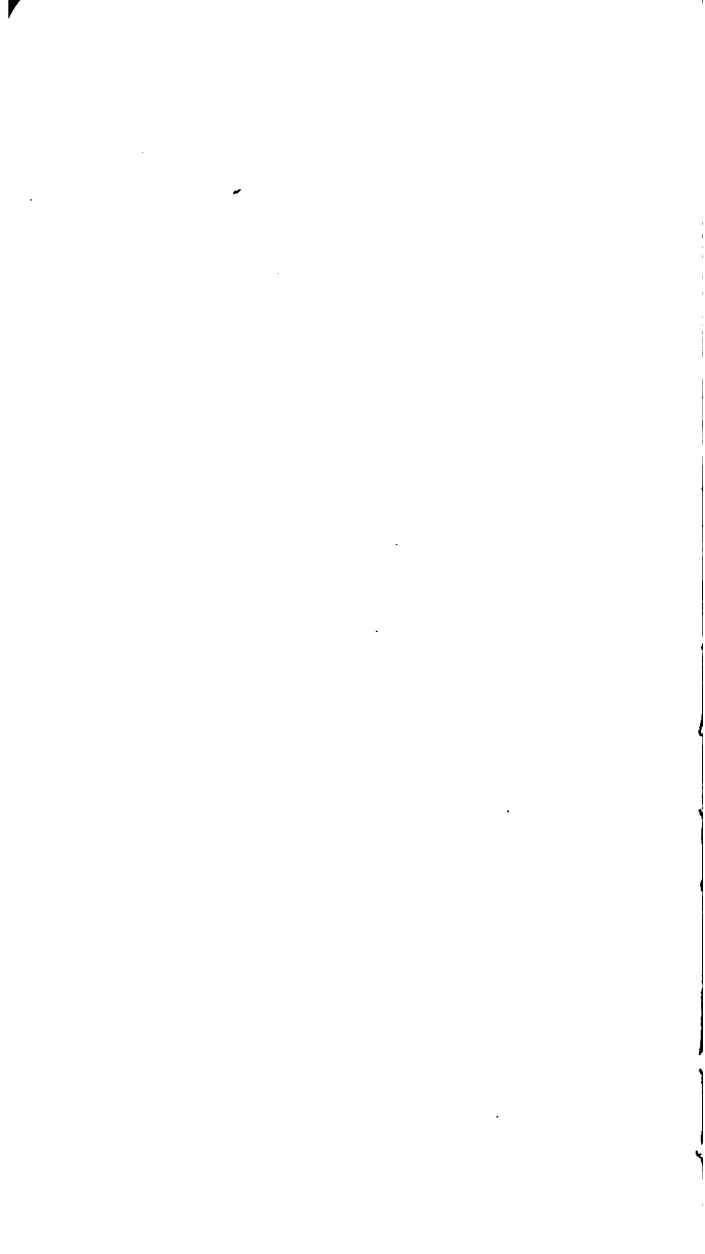
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VOLUME 1

A

Philosophical Dictionary.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Without Philosophy, we should be little above the animals that dig or erect their habitations, prepare their food in them, take care of their little ones in their dwellings, and have, besides, the good fortune, which we have not, of being born ready-clothed.

Article ANTAGONISME, Vol. 1. p. 177.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Mythron's COMUS, Scene 1.

VOLUME III.

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ERRATA.

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- 19 Line 7 from the foot, for "the idea of the money from the word," read "to the word," &c.
- 27 Line 16, for "de l'Hospital," read "de l'Hôpital."
- 43 Line 9 from the foot, for "Fletcher," read "Flecluer."
- 55 In the Latin note, line 1, for "genitaliam," read "genitalium;" in line 3, dele the comma after "coalendos;" in line 7, for "pecuum," read "pecuum."
- 76 Line 2 from the foot, for "ædificavisti," read "ædificavisti."
- 77 Line 17, for "fornications," read fornicationes."
- 77 Line 25, insert "quorum" after "eorum."
- 85 In the Latin passage, for "exira," read "exire."
- 86 In the second Latin quotation, for "amoris," read "ameris."
- 86 The author of the French verses should be printed "Rousseau," not "Rousesau."
- 95 In the French verses, last line, for "du peuples," read "un peuple."
- 102 Line 2, for "rare," read "rure."
- 125 Line 4 from the foot, dele "with" before "whom."
- 128 Insert "a," at the beginning of the 17th line.
- 134 The third paragraph should be thus pointed, "Jason, having killed Absyrtes his mother-in-law, went," &c.
- 149 Line 11 from the foot, for "Heaven," read "Heavens."
- 230 In the second quotation of French, for "âm oi," read "à moi."
- 240 Line 20, dele "it" after "govern."
- 260 In the note, for "was" read "were."
- 264 Line 22, for "galant," read "gallant."
- 313 Line 9, for "Atila," read "Attila."

PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.

DIODORUS OF SICILY, AND HERODOTUS.

WE will commence with Herodotus, as the most ancient.

When Henry Stephens entitled his comic rhapsody "The Apology of Herodotus," we know that his design was not to justify the tales of this father of history; he only sports with us, and shows that the enormities of his own times were worse than those of the Egyptians and Persians. He made use of the liberty which the protestants assumed against those of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman churches. He sharply reproaches them with their debaucheries, their avarice, their crimes expiated by money, their indulgences publicly sold in the taverns, and the false relics manufactured by their own monks, calling them idolaters. He ventures to say, that if the Egyptians adored cats and onions, the catholics adore the bones of the dead. He dares to call them, in his preliminary discourses, theophages, and even theokeses.* We have fourteen editions of this book, for we relish general abuse, just as much as we resent that which we deem special and personal.

Henry Stephens only made use of Herodotus to render us hateful and ridiculous; we have quite a contrary design. We pretend to show that the modern histories of our good authors since Guicciardini are, in

* Eaters of God, and what is the necessary consequence of such a disposal of divinity.

2 DÍODORUS OF SICILY, AND HERODOTUS.

general, as wise and true as those of Herodotus and Diodorus are foolish and fabulous.

1st. What does the father of history mean, by saying in the beginning of his work, "the Persian historians relate that the Phenicians were the authors of all the wars. From the Red Sea they entered ours," &c.? It would seem that the Phenicians having embarked at the isthmus of Suez, arrived at the straits of Babel-Mandel; coasted along Ethiopia, passed the line, doubled the Cape of Tempests, since called the Cape of Good Hope; returned between Africa and America; repassed the line, and entered from the ocean into the Mediterranean by the Pillars of Hercules, a voyage of more than four thousand of our long marine leagues, at a time when navigation was in its infancy.

2d. The first exploit of the Phenicians was to go towards Argos to carry off the daughter of king Inachus; after which the Greeks, in their turn, carried off Europa, the daughter of the king of Tyre.

3d. Immediately afterwards comes Candaules, king of Lydia, who, meeting with one of his guards named Gyges, said to him, "Thou must see my wife quite naked; it is absolutely essential." The queen, learning that she had been thus exposed, said to the soldier, "You shall either die, or assassinate my husband and reign with me." He chose the latter alternative, and the assassination was accomplished without difficulty.

4th. Then follows the history of Arion, carried on the back of a dolphin across the sea from the skirts of Calabria to Cape Matapan, an extraordinary voyage of about a hundred leagues.

5th. From tale to tale (and who dislikes tales?) we arrive at the infallible oracle of Delphos, which somehow foretold that Cræsus would cook a quarter of lamb and a tortoise in a copper pan, and that he would be dethroned by a mullet.

6th. Among the inconceivable absurdities with which ancient history abounds, is there anything approaching the famine with which the Lydians were tormented for

twenty-eight years? This people, whom Herodotus describes as being richer in gold than the Peruvians, instead of buying food from foreigners, found no better expedient than that of amusing themselves, every other day, with the ladies, without eating for eight-and-twenty successive years.

7th. Is there anything more marvellous than the history of Cyrus? His grandfather, the Mede Astyages, with a Greek name, dreamed that his daughter Mandane (another Greek name) inundated all Asia; at another time that she produced a vine, of which all Asia eat the grapes; and thereupon the good man Astyages ordered one Harpagon, another Greek, to murder his grandson Cyrus,—for what grandfather would not kill his posterity after dreams of this nature?

8th. Herodotus, no less a good naturalist than an exact historian, does not fail to tell us that near Babylon the earth produced three hundred ears of wheat for one. I know a small country which yields three for one. I should like to have been transported to Diarbek when the Turks were driven from it by Catherine II. It has fine corn also, but returns not three hundred ears for one.

9th. What has always seemed to me very decent and edifying in Herodotus, is the fine religious custom established in Babylon, of which we have already spoken—that of all the married women going to prostitute themselves in the temple of Mylitta, for money, to the first stranger who presented himself. We reckon two millions of inhabitants in this city;—the devotion must have been ardent. This law is very probable among the orientals, who have always shut up their women, and who, more than six ages before Herodotus, instituted eunuchs, to answer to them for the chastity of their wives.* I must no longer proceed

* Remark that Herodotus lived in the time of Xerxes, whilst Babylon was in its greatest splendour. The Greeks were ignorant of the Chaldean language, consequently some interpreter jested with him, or he jested at the Greeks. When the musicos of Amsterdam were in their greatest vogue, it would have been well

4 DIODORUS OF SICILY, AND HERODOTUS.

numerically; we should very soon, indeed, arrive at a hundred.

All that Diodorus of Sicily says, seven centuries after Herodotus, is of the same value, in all that regards antiquities and physics. The abbé Terasson said, "I translate the text of Diodorus in all its coarseness." He sometimes read us part of it at the house of M. de la Faye, and when we laughed, he said, "You are resolved to misconstrue; it was quite the contrary with Dacier."

The finest part of Diodorus is the charming description of the island of Panchaica—"Panchaica Tellus," celebrated by Virgil:) "There were groves of odoriferous trees as far as the eye could see; myrrh and frankincense to furnish the whole world, without exhausting it; fountains, which formed an infinity of canals, bordered with flowers; besides unknown birds, which sang under the eternal shades; a temple of marble, four thousand feet long, ornamented with columns, colossal statues," &c.

This puts one in mind of the duke de la Ferté, who, to flatter the taste of the abbé Servien, said to him one day, "Ah, if you had seen my son, who died at fifteen years of age!—What eyes! what freshness of complexion! what an admirable stature!—the Antinous of Belvidere, compared to him, was only like a Chinese baboon; and as to sweetness of manners, he had the most engaging I ever met with." The abbé Servien melted; the duke of Ferté, warmed by his own words, melted also; both began to weep; after which he acknowledged that he never had a son.

A certain abbé Bazin, with his simple common sense, doubts another tale of Diodorus. It is of a king of Egypt, Sesostris, who probably existed no more than the island of Panchaica. The father of Sésostris, who is not named, determined on the day that he was born that he would make him the conqueror of all the earth as

to have made a stranger believe that the first ladies of the city prostituted themselves to the sailors who returned from the Indies, to recompense them for their labours. The most pleasant part of this story is, that the pedants have found the custom of Babylon very decent and probable.

soon as he was of age. It was a notable project. For this purpose, he brought up with him all the boys who were born on the same day in Egypt; and to make them conquerors, he did not suffer them to have their breakfasts until after they had run a hundred and eighty stadia, which is about eight of our long leagues.

When Sesostris was of age, he departed with his racers to conquer the world. They were then about seventeen hundred, and probably half were dead according to the ordinary course of nature; and above all, of the nature of Egypt, which was desolated by a destructive plague at least once in ten years.

There must have been three thousand four hundred boys born in Egypt on the same day as Sesostris; and as nature produces almost as many girls as boys, there must have been six thousand persons at least born on that day. But women were confined every day; and six thousand births a day produce, at the end of the year, two millions one hundred and ninety thousand children. If you multiply by thirty-four, according to the rule of Kerseboom, you would have in Egypt more than seventy-four millions of inhabitants in a country which is not so large as Spain or France.

All this appeared monstrous to the abbé Bazin, who had seen a little of the world, and who judged only by what he had seen.

But one Larcher, who was never outside of the college of Mazarine, arrayed himself with great animation on the side of Sesostris and his runners. He pretends that Herodotus, in speaking of the Greeks, does not reckon by the stadia of Greece, and that the heroes of Sesostris only ran four leagues before breakfast. He overwhelms poor abbé Bazin with injurious names, such as no scholar in us or es had ever before employed. He does not hold with the seventeen hundred boys; but endeavours to prove, by the prophets, that the wives, daughters, and nieces, of the kings of Babylon, of the satraps, and the magi, resorted, out of pure devotion, to sleep for money in the aisles of the temple of Babylon with all the camel-drivers and muleteers of Asia. He treats all those who defend the honour of

the ladies of Babylon as bad christians, condemned souls, and enemies to the state.

He also takes the part of the goat, so much in the good graces of the young female Egyptians. It is said that his great reason was, that he was allied, by the female side to a relation of the bishop of Meaux, Bossuet, the author of an eloquent discourse on Universal History; but this is not a peremptory reason.

Take care of extraordinary stories of all kinds.

Diodorus of Sicily was the greatest compiler of these tales. This Sicilian had not a grain of the temper of his countryman Archimedes, who sought and found so many mathematical truths.

Diodorus seriously examines the history of the Amazons and their queen Thalestris; the history of the Gorgons, who fought against the Amazons; that of the Titans, and that of all the gods. He searches into the history of Priapus and Hermaphroditus. No one could give a better account of Hercules: this hero wandered through half the earth, sometimes on foot and alone like a pilgrim, and sometimes like a general at the head of a great army, and all his labours are faithfully discussed; but this is nothing, in comparison with the gods of Crete.

Diodorus justifies Jupiter from the reproach which other grave historians have passed upon him, of having dethroned and mutilated his father. He shows how Jupiter fought the giants, some in his island, others in Phrygia, and afterwards in Macedonia and Italy; the number of children which he had by his sister Juno and his favourites, are not omitted.

He describes how he afterwards became a god, and the supreme god. It is thus that all the ancient histories have been written. What is more remarkable; they were sacred; if they had not been sacred, they would never have been read.

It is well to observe, that though they were sacred they were all different; and from province to province, and island to island, each had a different history of the gods, demi-gods, and heroes, from that of their

neighbours. But it should also be observed, that the people never fought for this mythology.

The respectable history of Thucydides, which has several glimmerings of truth, begins at Xerxes; but, before that epoch, how much time was wasted?

DIRECTOR.

It is neither of a director of finances, a director of hospitals, nor a director of the royal buildings, &c. &c. that I pretend to speak, but of a director of conscience, for that directs all the others: it is the preceptor of human kind; it knows and teaches all that should be done or omitted in all possible cases.

It is clear that it would be very useful, if in all courts there was one conscientious man whom the monarch secretly consulted on most occasions, and who would boldly say, "Non licet." Louis the Just would not then have begun his mischievous and unhappy reign by assassinating his first minister and imprisoning his mother. How many wars, unjust as fatal, a few good dictators would have spared! How many cruel ties they would have prevented!

But often, while intending to consult a lamb, we consult a fox. Tartuffe was the director of Orgon. I should like to know who was the conscientious director of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The gospel speaks no more of directors than of confessors. Among the people whom our ordinary courtesy calls pagans, we do not see that Scipio, Fabricius, Cato, Titus, Trajan, or the Antonines, had directors. It is well to have a scrupulous friend to remind you of your duty. But your conscience ought to be the chief of your council.

A hugenot was much surprised when a catholic lady told him that she had a confessor to absolve her from her sins, and a director to prevent her committing them. "How can your vessel so often go astray, madam," said he, "having two such good pilots?"

The learned observe, that it is not the privilege of every one to have a director. It is like having an

equerry: it only belongs to ladies of quality. The abbé Gobelin, a litigious and covetous man, directed madame de Maintenon only. The directors of Paris often serve four or five devotees at once: they embroil them with their husbands, sometimes with their lovers, and occasionally fill the vacant places.

Why have the women directors, and the men none? It was possibly owing to this distinction that mademoiselle de la Valliere became a carmelite when she was quitted by Louis XIV. and that M. de Turenne, being betrayed by madame de Coetquin, did *not* make himself a monk.

St. Jerome, and Rufinus his antagonist, were great directors of women and girls. They did not find a Roman senator or a military tribune to govern. These people profited by the devout facility of the feminine gender. The men had too much beard on their chins, and often too much strength of mind for them. Boileau has given the portrait of a director, in his Satire on Woman; but might have said something much more to the purpose.*

DISPUTES.

THERE have been disputes at all times, on all subjects: "Mundum tradidit disputationi eorum." There have been violent quarrels about whether the whole is greater than a part; whether a body can be in several places at the same time; whether matter is always impenetrable; whether the whiteness of snow can exist without snow, of the sweetness of sugar without sugar; whether there can be thinking without a head, &c.

I doubt not, that so soon as a jansenist shall have written a book to demonstrate that one and two are three, a molinist will start up, and demonstrate that two and one are five.

* This is another satire upon a French folly, and happily one in which English women of quality very slightly indulge. They are of the middle and lower classes who yield to this impertinence in England, and who foster the "dear good men" of the Tartuffe class, to the frequent injury of family peace and social harmony.—T.

We hope to please and instruct the reader, by laying before him the following verses on Disputation. They are well known to every man of taste in Paris; but they are less familiar to those among the learned, who still dispute on gratuitous predestination, concomitant grace, and that momentous question—whether the mountains were produced by the sea.

ON DISPUTATION.

EACH brain its thought, each season has its mode;
 Manners and fashions alter every day;
 Examine for yourself what others say;—
 This privilege by nature is bestowed:—
 But oh! dispute not—the designs of heaven
 To mortal insight never can be given.
 What is the knowledge of this world's most knowing?
 What, but a bubble scarcely worth the blowing?
 “Quite full of errors was the world before;”
 Then, to preach reason's but one error more.

Viewing this earth from Luna's elevation,
 Or any other convenient situation,
 What shall we see? The various tricks of man:
Here is a synod—*there* is a divan;
 Behold the mufti, dervish, iman, bouze,
 The lama and the pope on equal thrones.
 The modern doctor and the ancient rabbi,
 The monk, the priest, and the expectant abbé:
 If you are disputants, my friends, pray travel:—
 When you come home again, you'll cease to cavil.

That wild Ambition should lay waste the earth,
 Or Beauty's glance give civil discord birth;
 That, in our courts of equity, a suit
 Should hang in doubt till ruin is the fruit;
 That an old country priest should deeply groan,
 To see a benefice he'd thought his own
 Borne off by a court abbé; that a poet
 Should feel most envy when he least would show it;
 And, when another's play the public draws,
 Should grin damnation while he claps applause;
 With this, and more, the human heart is fraught—
 But whence the rage to rule another's thought?
 Say, wherefore—in what way—can you design
 To make *your* judgment give the law to *mine*?

But chiefly I detest those tiresome elves,
 Half-learned critics, worshipping themselves,

Who, with the utmost weight of all their lead,
 Maintain against you what yourself have said :—
 Philosophers—and poets—and musicians—
 Great statesmen—deep in third and fourth editions—
 They know all—read all—and (the greatest curse)
 They *talk* of all—from politics to verse :
 On points of taste they'll contradict Voltaire ;
 In law, e'en Montesquieu they will not spare ;
 They'll tutor Broglie in affairs of arms ;
 And teach the charming d'Egmont higher charms.
 See them, alike in great or small things clever,
Replying constantly though *answering* never :
 Hear them assert, repeat, affirm, aver,
 Wax wroth. And wherefore all that mighty stir ?
 This the great theme that agitates their breast—
 Which of two wretched rhymesters rhymes the best !

Pray, gentle reader, did you chance to know
 One Monsieur D'Aube, who died not long ago ?*
 One whom the disputatious mania woke
 Early each morning ? If by chance you spoke
 Of your own part in some well-fought affair,
 Better than you he knew how, when, and where :
 What though your own the deed and the renown ?
 His " letters from the army " put you down :
 E'en Richelieu he'd have told—if he attended—
 How Mahon fell, or Genoa was defended.
 Although he wanted neither wit nor sense,
 His every visit gave his friends offence :
 I've seen him, raving in a hot dispute,
 Exhaust their logic, force them to be mute,
 Or, if their patience were entirely spent,
 Rush from the room to give their passion vent.
 His kinsmen, whom his property allured,
 At last were wearied, though they long endured.
 His neighbours, less athletic than himself,
 For health's sake laid him wholly on the shelf.
 Thus, 'midst his many virtues, this one failing
 Brought his old age to solitary wailing ;—
 For solitude to him was deepest woe—
 A sorrow which the peaceful ne'er can know.
 At length, to terminate his cureless grief,
 A mortal fever came to his relief,
 Caused by the great, the overwhelming pang,
 Of hearing in the church a long harangue

* I knew him. He was precisely such as he is depicted by M. de Rulière, the author of this epistle. He was intendant of Caën : but the intendency was taken from him on account of his rage for disputing about the most trivial things with every one that approached him.—VOLTAIRE.

Without the privilege of contradiction:
 So, yielding to this crowning dire affliction,
 His spirit fled. But, in the grasp of death,
 'Twas some small solace, with his parting breath
 To indulge once more his ruling disposition,
 By arguing with the priest and the physician.
 Oh! may the Eternal goodness grant him now
 The rest *he* ne'er to mortals would allow!
 If, even there, he like not disputation
 Better than uncontested calm salvation.

But see, my friends, this bold defiance made
 To every one of the disputing trade,
 With a young bachelor their skill to try;
 And God's own essence shall the theme supply.
 Come and behold, as on theatric stage,
 The pitched encounter, the contending rage;
 Dilemmas, enthymemes, in close array—
 Two-edged weapons, cutting either way;
 The strong-built syllogism's ponderous might,
 The sophism's vain ignis fatuus light;
 Hot-headed monks, whom all the doctors dread,
 And poor Hibernians arguing for their bread,
 Fleeing their country's miseries and morasses*
 To live at Paris on disputes and masses:
 While the good public lend their strict attention
 To what soars far above their sober comprehension.

Is, then, all arguing frivolous or absurd?
 Was Socrates himself not sometimes heard
 To hold an argument amidst a feast?
 E'en naked in the bath he hardly ceased.
 Was this a failing in his mental vision?
 Genius is sure discovered by collision:
 The cold hard flint by one quick blow is fired;—
 Fit emblem of the close and the retired,
 Who, in the keen dispute struck o'er and o'er,
 Acquire a sudden warmth unfelt before.

All this, I grant, is good. But mark the ill:
 Men by disputing have grown blinder still.
 The crooked mind is like the squinting eye:
 How can you make it see *itself* awry?
 Who's in the wrong? Will any answer, "I"?
 Our words, our efforts, are an idle breath;
 Each hugs his darling notion until death;
 Opinions ne'er are altered; all we do
 Is, to arouse conflicting passions too.

* What a national disgrace, that this allusion to Ireland is as correct sixty years after it was written as ever!—T.

Not truth itself should always find a tongue:
To be too stanchly right, is to be wrong.

In earlier days, by vice and crime unstained,
 Justice and Truth, two naked sisters, reigned;
 But long since fled—as every one can tell—
 Justice to heaven, and Truth into a well.

Now vain Opinion governs every age,
 And fills poor mortals with fantastic rage.
 Her airy temple floats upon the clouds;
 Gods, demons, antic sprites, in countless crowds,
 Around her throne—a strange and motley mask—
 Ply busily their never-ceasing task,
 To hold up to mankind's admiring gaze
 A thousand nothings in a thousand ways;
 While, wafted on by all the winds that blow,
 Away the temple and the goddess go.
 A mortal, as her course uncertain turns,
 To-day is worshipped, and to-morrow burns.
 We scoff, that young Antinous once had priests;
 We think our ancestors were worse than beasts;
 And he who treats each modern custom ill,
 Does but what future ages surely will.
 What female face has Venus smiled upon?
 The Frenchman turns with rapture to Brionne,
 Nor can believe that men were wont to bow
 To golden tresses and a narrow brow.
 And thus is vagabond Opinion seen
 To sway o'er Beauty—this world's other queen!

How can we hope, then, that she e'er will quit
 Her vapoury throne, to seek some sage's feet,
 And Truth from her deep hiding-place remove,
 Once more to witness what is done above?

And for the learned—even for the wise—
 Another snare of false delusion lies;—
 That rage for systems, which, in dreamy thought,
 Frames magic universes out of nought;
 Building ten errors on one truth's foundation.
 So he who taught the art of calculation,
 In one of these illusive mental slumbers,
 Foolishly sought the Deity in numbers:
 The first mechanic, from as wild a notion,
 Would rule man's freedom by the laws of motion:
 This globe, says one, is an extinguished sun:

No, says another, 'tis a globe of glass:
 And when the fierce contention's once begun,
 Book upon book—a vast and useless mass—
 On Science' altar are profusely strown,
 While Disputation sits on Wisdom's throne.

And then, from contrarieties of speech,
 What countless feuds have sprung! For you may teach,
 In the same words, two doctrines differing quite
 As day from darkness, or as wrong from right.
 This has indeed been man's severest curse:
 Famine and pestilence have not been worse,
 Nor e'er have matched the ills whose aggravations
 Have scourged the world through *misinterpretations*.

How shall I paint the conscientious strife?

The holy transports of each heavenly soul—
 Fanaticism wasting human life

With torch, with dagger, and with poisoned bowl:

The ruined hamlet and the blazing town,

Homes desolate, and parents massacred,

And temples in the Almighty's *honour* reared,

The scene of acts that merit most his frown!

Rape, murder, pillage, in one frightful storm,

Pleasure with carnage horribly combined,

The brutal ravisher amaz'd to find

A sister in his victim's dying form!

Sons by their fathers to the scaffold led;

The vanquished always numbered with the dead.

Oh, God, permit that all the ills we know

May one day pass for merely fabled woe!

But see, an angry disputant steps forth—

His humble mien a proud heart ill conceals

In holy guise, inclining to the earth,

Offering to God the venom he distils.

"Beneath all this a dangerous poison lies:

"So—every man is neither right nor wrong,

"And, since he never can be truly wise,

"By instinct only should be driven along."

Sir, I've not said a word to that effect.

"It's true, you've artfully disguised your meaning;

"But, Sir, my judgment ever is correct."

Sir, in this case 'tis rather overweening.

Let truth be sought, but let all passion yield;

Discussion's right, and disputation's wrong:

This have I said;—and that at court, in field,

Or town, one often should restrain one's tongue.

"But, my dear Sir, you've still a double sense;

"I can distinguish—" Sir, with all my heart;

I've told my thoughts with all due deference,

And crave the like indulgence on your part.

"My son, all *thinking* is a grievous crime;

"So, I'll denounce you without loss of time."

Blest would be they who, from fanatic power,

From carping censors, envious critics, free,

O'er Helicon might roam in liberty,

And unmolested pluck each fragrant flower!

So does the farmer, in his healthy fields,
 Far from the ills in swarming towns that spring,
 Taste the pure joys that our existence yields,
 Extract the honey and escape the sting.

DISTANCE.

A MAN who knows how to reckon the paces from one end of his house to the other, might imagine that nature had all at once taught him this distance, and that he has only need of a coup d'œil, as in the case of colours. He is deceived; the different distances of objects can only be known by experience, comparison, and habit. It is that which makes a sailor, on seeing a vessel afar off, able to say without hesitation what distance his own vessel is from it, of which distance a passenger would only form a very confused idea.

Distance is only the line from a given object to ourselves. This line terminates at a point; and whether the object be a thousand leagues from us or only a foot, this point is always the same to our eyes.

We have then no means of directly perceiving distances, as we have of ascertaining by the touch whether a body is hard or soft; by the taste if it is bitter or sweet; or by the ear whether of two sounds the one is grave and the other lively. For if I duly notice, the parts of a body which give way to my finger are the immediate cause of my sensation of softness; and the vibrations of the air, excited by the sonorous body, are the immediate cause of my sensation of sound. But as I cannot have an immediate idea of distance, I must find it out by means of an intermediate idea; but it is necessary that this intermediate idea be clearly understood, for it is only by the medium of things known that we can acquire a notion of things unknown.

I am told that such a house is distant a mile from such a river; but if I do not know where this river is, I certainly do not know where the house is situated. A body yields easily to the impression of my hand; I conclude immediately that it is soft. Another resists; I feel at once its hardness. I ought therefore to feel the angles formed in my eye, in order to determine the

distance of objects. But most men do not even know that these angles exist; it is evident, therefore, that they cannot be the immediate cause of our ascertaining distances.

He who, for the first time in his life, hears the noise of a cannon or the sound of a concert, cannot judge whether the cannon be fired, or the concert be performed, at the distance of a league or of twenty paces. He has only the experience which accustoms him to judge of the distance between himself and the place whence the noise proceeds. The vibrations, the undulations of the air, carry a sound to his ears, or rather to his sensorium; but this noise no more carries to his sensorium the place whence it proceeds, than it teaches him the form of the cannon or of the musical instruments. It is the same thing precisely with regard to the rays of light which proceed from an object, but which do not at all inform us of its situation.

Neither do they inform us more immediately of magnitude or form. I see from afar a little round tower; I approach, perceive, and touch a great quadrangular building. Certainly, this which I now see and touch cannot be that which I saw before. The little round tower which was before my eyes cannot be this large square building. One thing in relation to us, is the measurable and tangible object, another the visible object. I hear, from my chamber, the noise of a carriage; I open my window and see it; I descend and enter it. Yet this carriage that I have heard, this carriage that I have seen, and this carriage which I have touched, are three objects absolutely distinct to three of my senses, which have no immediate relation to one another.

Further, it is demonstrated that there is formed in my eye an angle a degree larger when a thing is near, when I see a man four feet from me, as when I see the same man at a distance of eight feet. However, I always see this man of the same size. How does my mind thus contradict the mechanism of my organs? The object is really a degree smaller to my eyes, and yet I see it the same. It is in vain that

we attempt to explain this mystery, by the route which the rays follow, or by the form taken by the crystalline humour of the eye. Whatever may be supposed to the contrary, the angle at which I see a man at four feet from me is always nearly double the angle at which I see him at eight feet. Neither geometry nor physics will explain this difficulty.

These geometrical lines and angles are not really more the cause of our seeing objects in their proper places, than that we see them of a certain size and at a certain distance. The mind does not consider, that if this part were to be painted at the bottom of the eye, it could collect nothing from lines that it saw not. The eye looks down only to see that which is near the ground, and is uplifted to see that which is above the earth. All this might be explained and placed beyond dispute, by any person born blind, to whom the sense of sight was afterwards attained. For if this blind man, the moment that he opens his eyes, can correctly judge of distances, dimensions, and situations, it would be true that the optical angles suddenly formed in his retina were the immediate cause of his decisions. Doctor Berkeley asserts, after Locke (going even further than Locke) that neither situation, magnitude, distance, nor figure, would be any of them discerned by a blind man thus suddenly gifted with sight.

In fact a man, born blind, was found in 1729, by whom this question was indubitably decided. The famous Cheselden, one of those celebrated surgeons who join manual skill to the most enlightened minds, imagined that he could give sight to this blind man by couching, and proposed the operation. The patient was with great difficulty brought to consent to it. He did not conceive that the sense of sight could much augment his pleasures. Except that he desired to be able to read and write, he cared indeed little about seeing. He proved by this indifference, that it is impossible to be rendered unhappy by the privation of pleasures of which we have never formed an idea,—a very important truth. However this may be, the operation was performed, and succeeded. This young

man at fourteen years of age saw the light for the first time, and his experience confirmed all that Locke and Berkeley had so ably foreseen. For a long time he distinguished neither dimension, distance, nor form. An object about the size of an inch, which was placed before his eyes, and which concealed a house from him, appeared as large as the house itself. All that he saw seemed to touch his eyes, and to touch them as objects of feeling touch the skin. He could not at first distinguish that which, by the aid of his hands, he had thought round, from that which he had supposed square; nor could he discern, with his eyes, if that which his hands had felt to be tall and short, were so in reality. He was so far from knowing any thing about magnitude, that after having at last conceived by his sight that his house was larger than his chamber, he could not conceive how sight could give him this idea. It was not until after two months' experience he could discover that pictures represented existing bodies; and when, after this long development of his new sense in him, he perceived that bodies, and not surfaces only, were painted in the pictures, he took them in his hands, and was astonished at not finding those solid bodies of which he had begun to perceive the representation, and demanded which was the deceiver, the sense of feeling or that of sight.

Thus was it irrevocably decided, that the manner in which we see things follows not immediately from the angles formed in the eye. These mathematical angles were in the eyes of this man the same as in our own, and were of no use to him, without the help of experience and of his other senses.

The adventure of the man born blind was known in France towards the year 1735. The author of the Elements of Newton, who had seen a great deal of Cheselden, made mention of this important discovery, but did not take much notice of it. And even when the same operation of the cataract was performed at Paris on a young man who was said to have been deprived of sight from his cradle, the operators neglected to attend to the daily development of the sense of sight

in him, and to the progress of nature. The fruit of this operation was therefore lost to philosophy.

How do we represent to ourselves dimensions and distances? In the same manner that we imagine the passions of men, by the colours with which they vary their countenances, and by the alteration which they make in their features. There is no person who cannot read joy or grief on the countenance of another. It is the language that nature addresses to all eyes; but experience only teaches this language. Experience alone teaches us, that when an object is too far, we see it confusedly and weakly; and from thence we form ideas, which always afterwards accompany the sensation of sight. Thus every man who at ten paces distance sees his horse five feet high, if, some minutes after, he sees this horse of the size of a sheep, his mind, by an involuntary judgment, immediately concludes that the horse is much further from him.

It is very true, that when I see my horse of the size of a sheep, a much smaller picture is formed in my eye; — a more acute angle; but it is a fact which accompanies, not which causes my opinion. In like manner, it makes a different impression on my brain, when I see a man blush from shame and from anger; but these different impressions would tell me nothing of what was passing in this man's mind, without experience; whose voice alone is attended to.

So far from the angle being the immediate cause of my thinking that a horse is far off when I see it very small, it happens that I see my horse equally large at ten, twenty, thirty, or forty paces, though the angle at ten paces may be double, treble, or quadruple. I see at a distance, through a small hole, a man posted on the top of a house; the remoteness and fewness of the rays at first prevent me from distinguishing that it is a man; the object appears to me very small. I think I see a statue two feet high at most; the object moves, I then judge that it is a man, and from that instant the man appears to me of his ordinary size. Whence come these two judgments so different? When I believed that I saw a statue, I imagined it to be two feet

high, because I saw it at such an angle; experience had not led my mind to falsify the traits imprinted on my retina; but as soon as I judged that it was a man, the association established in my mind by experience between a man and his known height of five or six feet, involuntarily obliged me to imagine that I saw one of a certain height; or, in fact, that I saw the height itself.

It must therefore be absolutely concluded, that distance, dimension, and situation are not, properly speaking, visible things; that is to say, the proper and immediate objects of sight. The proper and immediate object of sight is nothing but coloured light; all the rest we only discover by long acquaintance and experience. We learn to see precisely as we learn to speak and to read. The difference is, that the art of seeing is more easy, and that nature is equally mistress of all.

The sudden and almost uniform judgments which, at a certain age, our minds form of distance, dimension, and situation, make us think that we have only to open our eyes to see in the manner in which we do see. We are deceived; it requires the help of the other senses. If men had only the sense of sight, they would have no means of knowing extent in length, breadth, and depth, and a pure spirit perhaps would not know it, unless God revealed it to him. It is very difficult, in our understanding, to separate the extent of an object from its colour. We never see anything but what is extended, and from that we are led to believe that we really see the extent. We can scarcely distinguish in our minds the yellow that we see in a louis d'or from the louis d'or in which we see the yellow. In the same manner, as when we hear the word louis d'or pronounced, we cannot help attaching the idea of the money from the word which we hear spoken.

If all men spake the same language, we should be always ready to believe in a necessary connexion between words and ideas. But all men in fact do possess the same language of imagination. Nature says to them all, When you have seen colours for a certain

time, imagination will represent the bodies to which these colours appear attached to all alike. This prompt and summary judgment once attained, will be of use to you during your life; for if to estimate the distances, magnitudes, and situations of all that surrounds you, it were necessary to examine the visual angles and rays, you would be dead before you had ascertained whether the things of which you have need were ten paces from you or a hundred thousand leagues, and whether they were of the size of a worm or of a mountain. It would be better to be born blind.

We are then, perhaps, very wrong, when we say that our senses deceive us. Every one of our senses performs the function to which it was destined by nature. They mutually aid one another to convey to our minds, through the medium of experience, the measure of knowledge that our being allows. We ask from our senses what they are not made to give us. We would have our eyes acquaint us with solidity, dimension, distance, &c. but it is necessary for the touch to agree for that purpose with the sight, and that experience should second both. If father Mallebranche had looked at this side of nature, he would perhaps have attributed fewer errors to our senses, which are the only sources of all our ideas.

We should not, however, extend this species of metaphysics to every case before us. We should only call it to our aid when the mathematics are insufficient.*

DIVINITY OF JESUS.

THE Socinians, who are regarded as blasphemers, do not recognise the divinity of Jesus Christ. They dare to pretend, with the philosophers of antiquity, with the Jews, the Mahometans, and most other nations, that the idea of a god-man is monstrous; that the distance from God to man is infinite; and that it

* We retain this argument, because popularly illustrative, although scarcely necessary at present, except probably to prevent credulity now and then, in respect to the supernatural pretensions of some future Misses M'Avoy.—T.

is impossible for a perishable body to be infinite, immense, or eternal.

They have the confidence to quote Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, in their favour, who, in his Ecclesiastical History, book i. chap. 9, declares that it is absurd to imagine the uncreated and unchangeable nature of Almighty God taking the form of a man. They cite the fathers of the church, Justin and Tertullian, who have said the same thing: Justin, in his Dialogue with Triphonius, and Tertullian, in his Discourse against Praxeas.

They quote St. Paul, who never calls Jesus Christ God, and who calls him man very often. They carry their audacity so far as to affirm, that the christians passed three entire ages in forming by degrees the apotheosis of Jesus; and that they only raised this astonishing edifice by the example of the pagans, who had deified mortals. At first, according to them, Jesus was only regarded as a man inspired by God, and then as a creature more perfect than others. They gave him some time after a place above the angels, as St. Paul tells us. Every day added to his greatness. He in time became an emanation, proceeding from God. This was not enough; he was even born before time. At last he was made God consubstantial with God. Crellius, Voquelsius, Natalis Alexander, and Hornbeck, have supported all these blasphemies by arguments, which astonish the wise and mislead the weak. Above all, Faustus Socinus spread the seeds of this doctrine in Europe; and at the end of the sixteenth century, a new species of christianity was established.* There were already more than three hundred.

DIVORCE.

IN the article DIVORCE, in the Encyclopædia, it is said that the custom of divorce having been brought into Gaul by the Romans, it was therefore that

* Not in common law, says a great legal character; but what says common sense?—T.

Bissine, or Bazine, quitted the king of Thuringia, her husband, in order to follow Childeric, who married her. Why not say, that because the Trojans established the custom of divorce in Sparta, Helen repudiated Menelaus according to law, to run away with Paris into Phrygia?

The agreeable fable of Paris, and the ridiculous one of Childeric, who never was king of France, and who it is pretended carried off Bazine, the wife of Bazin, have nothing to do with the law of divorce.

They all quote Cheribert, ruler of the little town of Lutetia, near Issy—Lutetia Parisiorum—who repudiated his wife. The abbé Velli, in his History of France, says, that this Cheribert, or Caribert, divorced his wife Ingoberg to espouse Mirefleur, the daughter of an artisan; and afterwards Theudegild, the daughter of a shepherd, who was raised to the first throne of the French empire.

There was at that time neither first nor second throne among these barbarians, whom the Roman empire never recognised as kings. There was no French empire.

The empire of the French only commenced with Charlemagne. It is very doubtful whether the word mirefleur was in use either in the Welch or Gallic languages, which were a *patois* of the Celtic jargon. This *patois* had no expressions so soft.

It is also said that the ruler or governor Chilperic, lord of the province of Soissonnais, whom they call king of France, divorced his queen Andovere or Andove; and here follows the reason of this divorce.

This Andovere, after having given three male children to the lord of Soissons, brought forth a daughter. The Franks having been in some manner christians since the time of Clovis, Andovere, after her recovery, presented her daughter to be baptised. Chilperic of Soissons, who was apparently very tired of her, declared that it was an unpardonable crime in her to be the godmother of her infant, and that she could no longer be his wife by the laws of the church. He therefore married Fredegond, whom he subsequently

put away also, and espoused a Visigoth. To conclude, this scrupulous husband ended by taking Fredegonde back again.

There was nothing legal in all this, and it ought no more to be quoted than anything which passed in Ireland or the Orcades.

The Justinian code, which we have adopted in several points, authorises divorce; but the canonical law, which the catholics have placed before it, does not permit it.

The author of the article says that divorce is practiced in the states of Germany, of the Confession of Augsburg.

He might have added, that this custom is established in all the countries of the north, among the reformed of all professions, and among all the followers of the Greek church.

Divorce is probably of nearly the same date as marriage. I believe, however, that marriage is some weeks more ancient; that is to say, men quarrelled with their wives at the end of five days, beat them at the end of a month, and separated from them after six weeks' cohabitation.

Justinian, who collected all the laws made before him, to which he added his own, not only confirms that of divorce, but he extends it still further; so that every woman, whose husband is not a slave, but simply a prisoner of war during five years, may, after the five years have expired, contract another marriage.

Justinian was a christian, and even a theologian; how is it then that the church derogates from his laws? It was when the church became the sovereign and the legislator. The popes had not much trouble to substitute their decretals instead of the civil code in the west, which was plunged in ignorance and barbarism. They took, indeed, so much advantage of the prevailing ignorance, that Honorius III. Gregory IX. and Innocent III. by their bulls, forbade the civil law to be taught. It may be said of this audacity, that it is not credible, but true.

As the church alone took cognizance of marriage

it alone judged of divorce. No prince effected a divorce and married a second wife, without previously obtaining the consent of the pope. Henry VIII. king of England, did not marry without his consent, until after having a long time solicited his divorce in the court of Rome in vain.

This custom, established in ignorant times, is perpetuated in enlightened ones only because it exists. All abuse eternises itself; it is an Augean stable, and requires an Hercules to cleanse it.

Henry IV. could not be the father of a king of France without the permission of the pope; which must have been given, as has already been remarked, not by pronouncing a *divorce*, but a *lie*; that is to say, by pretending that there had not been previous marriage* with Margaret de Valois.†

DOG.

It seems as if nature had given the dog to man for his defence and pleasure; it is of all animals the most faithful; it is the best possible friend of man.

It appears that there are several species absolutely different. How can we believe that a greyhound comes originally from a spaniel? it has neither its hair, legs, shape, ears, voice, scent, nor instinct. A man who had never seen any dogs but barbets or spaniels, and who saw a greyhound for the first time, would take it rather for a dwarf horse than for an animal of the spaniel race. It is very likely that each race was always what it now is, with the exception of the mixture of a small number of them.‡

It is astonishing that, in the Jewish law, the dog was considered unclean as well as the griffin, the hare, the pig, and the eel; there must have been some moral or physical reason for it, which we have not yet discovered.

* See ADULTERY.

† Napoleon managed his divorce from Josephine with infinitely more dignity.—T.

‡ We apprehend that the dogs themselves decide the point the other way.—T.

That which is related of the sagacity, obedience, friendship, and courage of dogs, is as extraordinary as true. The military philosopher Ulloa,* assures us that, in Peru, the Spanish dogs recognise the men of the Indian race, pursue them, and tear them to pieces; and that the Peruvian dogs do the same with the Spaniards. This would seem to prove that each species of dog still retained the hatred which was inspired in it at the time of the discovery, and that each race always fought for its master with the same valour and attachment.

Why then has the word dog become an injurious term? We say, for tenderness, my sparrow, my dove, my chicken; we even say, my kitten, though this animal is famed for treachery, and, when we are angry, we call people dogs! The Turks, when not even angry, speak with horror and contempt of the christian dogs. The English populace, when they see a man who, by his manner or dress, has the appearance of having been born on the banks of the Seine or of the Loire, commonly call him a French dog,—a figure of rhetoric which is neither just to the dog nor polite to the man.

The delicate Homer introduces the divine Achilles telling the divine Agamemnon that he is as impudent as a dog—a classical justification of the English populace.

The most zealous friends of the dog must, however, confess, that this animal carries audacity in its eyes; that several are morose; that they often bite strangers whom they take for their master's enemies, as sentinels assail passengers who approach too near the counter-scarp. These are probably the reasons which have rendered the epithet dog insulting; but we dare not decide.

Why was the dog adored and revered (as has been seen) by the Egyptians? Because the dog protects man. Plutarch tells us† that after Cambyzes had killed their bull Apis, and had had it roasted, no ani-

* Ulloa's Voyage to Peru.

† Plutarch, chapter of Isis and Osiris.

mal, except the dog, dared to eat the remains of the feast, so profound was the respect for Apis: the dog, not so scrupulous, swallowed the god without hesitation. The Egyptians, as may be imagined, were exceedingly scandalised at this want of reverence, and Anubis lost much of his credit.

The dog, however, still bears the honour of being always in the heavens, under the names of the great and little dog. We regularly record the dog-days.

But of all dogs Cerberus has had the greatest reputation; he had three heads. We have remarked, that anciently, all went by threes—Isis, Osiris, and Orus, the three first Egyptian divinities; the three brother gods of the Greek world, Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; the three Fates, the three Furies, the three Graces, the three judges of hell, and the three heads of this infernal dog.

We perceive here, with grief, that we have omitted the article cats; but we console ourselves by referring to their history.* We will only remark, that there are no cats in the heavens as there are goats, crabs, bulls, rams, eagles, lions, fishes, hares, and dogs; but, in recompense, the cat has been consecrated, or revered, or adored (*de dulie*) as partaking of divinity or saintship in several towns, and (*de latrie*) as altogether divine by no small number of women.

DOGMAS.

WE know that all belief taught by the church is a dogma which we must embrace. It is a pity that there are dogmas received by the Latin church, and rejected by the Greek. But if unanimity is wanting, charity replaces it. It is, above all, between hearts, that union is required.

I think that we can relate a dream to this purpose, which has already found favour in the estimation of many peaceably disposed persons.

“On the 18th of February, in the year 1766 of the

By Monciffre, of the French Academy.

vulgar era, the sun entering the sign of the fishes, I was transported to heaven, as all my friends can bear witness. The mare Borac, of Mahomet, was not my steed, neither was the fiery chariot of Elijah my carriage. I was not carried on the elephant of Somo-nocodom, the Siamese; on the horse of St. George, the patron of England; nor on St. Anthony's pig. I avow with frankness that my journey was made I know not how.

"It will be easily believed that I was dazzled; but it will not so easily be credited, that I witnessed the judgment of the dead. And who were the judges? they were—do not be displeased at it—all those who have done good to man. Confucius, Solon, Socrates, Titus, Antoninus, Epictetus, Charron, De Thou, Chancellor de l'Hospital, and all the great men who, having taught and practised the virtues that God requires, seemed to be the only persons possessing the right of pronouncing his decrees.

"I shall not describe on what thrones they were seated, nor how many celestial beings were prostrated before the eternal architect of all worlds, nor what a crowd of the inhabitants of these innumerable worlds appeared before the judges. I shall not even give an account of several little interesting peculiarities which were exceedingly striking.

"I remarked that every spirit who pleaded his cause, and displayed his specious pretensions, had beside him all the witnesses of his actions. For example, when cardinal Lorraine boasted of having caused some of his opinions to be adopted by the council of Trent, and demanded eternal life as the price of his orthodoxy, there immediately appeared around him twenty ladies of the court, all bearing on their foreheads the number of their interviews with the cardinal. I also saw those who had concerted with him the foundations of the infamous league. All the accomplices of his wicked designs surrounded him.

"Over against cardinal Lorraine was John Calvin, who boasted, in his gross patois, of having trampled upon the papal idol, after others had overthrown "

'I have written against painting and sculpture,' said he; 'I have made it apparent that good works are of no avail, and I have proved that it is diabolical to dance a minuet. Send away cardinal Lorraine quickly, and place me by the side of St. Paul.'

"As he spoke, there appeared by his side a lighted pile: a dreadful spectre, wearing round his neck a Spanish frill, arose half burnt from the midst of the flames, with dreadful shrieks. 'Monster,' cried he, 'execrable monster, tremble! recognise that Servetus whom thou causedst to perish by the most cruel torments, because he had disputed with thee on the manner in which three persons can form one substance. Then all the judges commanded that cardinal Lorraine should be thrown into the abyss, but that Calvin should be punished still more rigorously.'

"I saw a prodigious crowd of spirits, each of which said, 'I have believed, I have believed!' but on their foreheads it was written, 'I have acted,' and they were condemned.

"The jesuit Le Tellier appeared boldly with the bull *Unigenitus* in his hand. But there suddenly arose at his side a heap, consisting of two thousand lettres de cachet. A jansenist set fire to them, and Le Tellier was burnt to a cinder; while the jansenist, who had no less caballed than the jesuit, had his share of the flames.

"I saw approach, from right and left, troops of fakirs, talapouts, bonzes, and black, white, and grey monks, who all imagined that, to make their court to the Supreme Being, they must either sing, scourge themselves, or walk quite naked. 'What good have you done to men?' was the query. A dead silence succeeded to this question. No one dared to answer; and they were all conducted to the mad-houses of the universe, the largest buildings imaginable.

"One cried out that he believed in the metamorphoses

* This is not just. Cardinal Lorraine had lighted more piles than Calvin. *French Editor*.—True; but he did not betray private correspondence, and sacrifice a former friend:—let them, however, be served both alike.—T.

of Xaca, another in those of Semonocedom. 'Bacchus stopped the sun and moon!' said this one—'The gods resuscitated Pelops!' said the other—'Here is the bull in *cena Domini*!' said a new comer—and the officer of the court exclaimed, 'To Bedlam, to Bedlam!'

"When all these causes were gone through, I heard this proclamation:—'By the eternal Creator, Preserver, Rewarder, Revenger, Forgiver, &c. be it known to all the inhabitants of the hundred thousand millions of millions of worlds that it hath pleased us to form, that we never judge any sinners in reference to their own shallow ideas, but only as to their actions. Such is our JUSTICE.'

"I own that this was the first time I ever heard such an edict; all those which I had read, on the little grain of dust on which I was born, ended with these words: 'Such is our PLEASURE.'"

DONATIONS.

THE Roman republic, which seized so many states, also gave some away. Scipio made Massinissa king of Numidia.

Lucullus, Sylla, and Pompey, each gave away half a dozen kingdoms. Cleopatra received Egypt from Cæsar. Antony, and afterwards Octavius, gave the little kingdom of Judæa to Herod.

Under Trajan, the famous medal was struck of *regna assignata*, kingdoms bestowed.

Cities and provinces given in sovereignty to priests and to colleges, for the greater glory of God, or of the gods, are seen in every country. Mahomet, and the caliphs his heirs, took possession of many states in the propagation of their faith; but they did not make donations of them. They held by nothing but their Koran and their sabre.

The christian religion, which was at first a society of poor people, existed for a long time on alms alone. The first donation was that of Arrianas and Sapphira.

his wife. It was in ready money, and was not precarious to the donors.

The Donation of Constantine.

The celebrated donation of Rome and all Italy to pope Sylvester by the emperor Constantine, was maintained as a part of the creed of Rome until the sixteenth century. It was believed that Constantine, being at Nicomedia, was cured of a leprosy at Rome by the baptism which he received from bishop Sylvester, though he was not baptised at all; and that by way of recompense, he gave forthwith the city of Rome and all its western provinces, to this Sylvester. If the deed of this donation had been drawn up by the doctor of the Italian comedy, it could not have been more pleasantly conceived. It is added, that Constantine declared all the canons of Rome consuls and patricians—"patricios et consules effeci"—that he himself held the bridle of the mare on which the new bishop was mounted—"tenentes frenum equi illius." It is astonishing to reflect, that this fine story was held an article of faith, and respected by the rest of Europe for eight centuries, and that the church persecuted as heretics all those who doubted it.

Donation of Pepin.

At present people are no longer persecuted for doubting that Pepin the usurper gave, or was able to give, the exarchate of Ravenna to the pope. It is at most an evil thought, a venial sin, which does not endanger the loss of body or of soul.

The reasoning of the German lawyers, who have samples in regard to this donation, is as follows:

First. The librarian Anastatius, whose evidence is always cited, wrote one hundred and forty years after the event.

Secondly. It is not likely that Pepin, who was not firmly established in France, and against whom Aquis-

* See the "Essay on Manners," &c. vol. i. pages 363, 364, in which this donation is translated.

taine made why could give away, in Italy, states which already belonged to the emperor, resident at Constantinople.

Thirdly. Pope Zacharias recognised the Roman-Greek emperor for the sovereign of those lands; disputed by the Lombards, and had administered the oath to him; as may be seen by the letters of this bishop, Zacharias of Rome to bishop Boniface of Mayence. Pepin could not give to the pope the imperial territories.

Fourthly. When pope Stephen II. produced a letter from Heaven, written in the hand of St. Peter, to Pepin, to complain of the grievances of the king of the Lombards, Astolphus, St. Peter does not mention in his letter that Pepin had made a present of the exarchate of Ravenna to the pope; and certainly St. Peter would not have failed to do so, even if the thing had been fully equivocal: he understands his interest too well.

Finally, this deed of this donation has never been produced; and what is still stronger, the fabrication of a false one cannot be ventured. The only proofs are vague recitals, mixed up with fables. Instead of certainty, there are only the absurd writings of monks, copied from age to age, from one another.

The Italian advocate, who wrote in 1722 to prove that Parma and Placentia had been conceded to the holy see as a dependency of the exarchate,* asserts that the Greek emperors were justly despoiled of their rights, because they had excited the people against God. Can lawyers write thus in our days? Yes, it appears, but only at Rome. Cardinal Bellarmine goes still farther. "The first Christians," says he, "supported the emperors only because they were not the strongest." The avowal is frank, and I am persuaded that Bellarmine is right.

The Donation of Charlemagne.

At a time when the court of Rome believed itself deficient in titles, it pretended that Charlemagne had

confirmed the donation of the exarchate, and that he added to it Sicily, Venice, Benevento, Corsica, and Sardinia. But as Charlemagne did not possess any of these states, he could not give them away; and as to the town of Ravenna, it is very clear that he kept it, since in his will he made a legacy to his city of Ravenna as well as to his city of Rome. It is surprising enough that the popes have obtained Ravenna and Rome; but as to Venice, it is not likely that the diploma which granted them the sovereignty will be found in the palace of St. Mark.

All these acts, instruments, and diplomas, have been subjects of dispute for ages. But it is a confirmed opinion, says Giannoni, that martyr to truth, that all these pieces were forged in the time of Gregory VII.* “E costante opinione presso i più gravi scrittori che tutti questi istromenti e diplomi furono supposti nè tempi d’Ildebrando.”

Donation of Benevento by the Emperor Henry III.

The first well attested donation which was made to the see of Rome was that of Benevento, and that was an exchange of the emperor Henry III. with pope Leo IX. It only wanted one formality, which was, that the emperor, who gave away Benevento, was not the owner of it. It belonged to the dukes of Benevento, and the Roman-Greek emperors reclaimed their rights on this duchy. But history supplies little beyond a list of those who have accommodated themselves with the property of others.

Donation of the Countess Matilda.

The most authentic and considerable of these donations was that of all the possessions of the famous countess Matilda to Gregory VII. She was a young widow, who gave all to her spiritual director. It is supposed that the deed was twice executed, and afterwards confirmed by her will.

However, there still remains some difficulty. It was always believed at Rome that Matilda had given all her states, all her possessions, present and to come, to her friend Gregory VII. by a solemn deed in her castle of Canossa, in 1077, for the relief of her own soul and that of her parents. And to corroborate this precious instrument, a second is shown to us, dated in the year 1102, in which it is said, that it is to Rome that she made this donation; that she recalled it, and that she afterwards renews it; and always for the good of her soul.

How could so important a deed be recalled? Was the court of Rome so negligent? How could an instrument written at Canossa have been written at Rome? What do these contradictions mean? All that is clear is, that the souls of the receivers fared better than the soul of the giver, who to save it was obliged to deprive herself of all she possessed in favour of her physicians.

In short, in 1102 a sovereign was deprived of the power of disposing of an acre of land; yet after this deed, and to the time of her death, in 1115, there are still found considerable donations of lands made by this same Matilda to canons and monks. She had not, therefore, given all. Finally, this deed was very likely made by some ingenious person after her death.

The court of Rome still includes among its titles the testament of Matilda, which confirmed her donations. The popes, however, never produce this testament.

It should also be known whether this rich countess had the power to dispose of her possessions, which were most of them fiefs of the empire.

The emperor Henry V. her heir, possessed himself of all, and recognised neither testament, donation, deed, nor right. The popes, in temporising, gained more than the emperors in exerting their authority; and in time these Cæsars became so weak, that the popes finally obtained the succession of Matilda, which is now called the patrimony of St. Peter.

Donation of the Sovereignty of Naples to the Popes.

The Norman gentlemen who were the first instruments of the conquest of Naples and Sicily, achieved the finest exploit of chivalry that was ever heard of. From forty to fifty men only delivered Salerno at the moment it was taken by an army of Saracens. Seven other Norman gentlemen, all brothers, sufficed to chase these same Saracens from all the country, and to take prisoner the Greek emperor, who had treated them ungratefully. It was very natural that the people, whom these heroes had inspired with valour, should be led to obey them through admiration and gratitude.

Such were the first rights to the crown of the two Sicilies. The bishops of Rome could no more give those states in fief than the kingdoms of Boutan or Cachemire.

They could not even grant the investiture which would have been demanded of them; for, in the time of the anarchy of the fiefs, when a lord would hold his free land as a fief for his protection, he could only address himself to the sovereign or the chief of the country in which it was situated. And certainly the pope was neither the sovereign of Naples, Apulia, nor Calabria.

Much has been written about this pretended vassalage, but the source has never been discovered. I dare say that it is as much the fault of the lawyers as of the theologians. Every one deduces from a received principle consequences the most favourable to himself or his party. But is the principle true? Is the first fact by which it is supported incontestible? It is this which should be well examined. It resembles our ancient romance-writers, who all take it for granted that Francus brought the helmet of Hector to France. This casque was impenetrable, no doubt; but had Hector really worn it? The holy Virgin's milk is also very respectable; but do the twenty sacristies, who boast of having a gill of it, really possess it?

Men of the present time, as wicked as foolish, do not shrink from the greatest crimes, and yet fear an

excommunication, which would render them execrable to people still more wicked and foolish than themselves.

Robert and Richard Guiscard, the conquerors of Apulia and Calabria, were excommunicated by pope Leo IX.. They were declared vassals of the empire; but the emperor Henry III., discontented with these feudatory conquerors, engaged Leo IX. to launch the excommunication at the head of an army of Germans. The Normans, who did not fear these thunderbolts like the princes of Italy, beat the Germans, and took the pope prisoner. But to prevent the popes and emperors hereafter from coming to trouble them in their possessions, they offered their conquests to the church under the name of *oblata*. It was thus that England paid the Peter's pence; that the first kings of Spain and Portugal, on recovering their states from the Saracens, promised two pounds of gold a year to the church of Rome. But England, Spain, or Portugal, never regarded the pope as their sovereign master.

Duke Robert *oblat* of the church, was therefore no feudatory of the pope: he could not be so, since the popes were not the sovereigns of Rome. This city was then governed by its senate, and the bishop only possessed influence. The pope was, at Rome, precisely what the elector is at Cologne. There is a prodigious difference between the *oblat* of a saint and the feudatory of a bishop.

Baronius, in his Acts, relates the pretended homage done by Robert duke of Apulia and Calabria to Nicholas II.; but this deed is suspected like many others; it has never been seen, it has never been found in any archives. Robert entitled himself *duke by the grace of God and St. Peter*; but certainly St. Peter had given him nothing, nor was that saint king of Rome.

The other popes, who were kings no more than St. Peter, received without difficulty the homage of all the princes who presented themselves to reign over Naples, particularly when these princes were the most powerful.

Donation of England and Ireland to the Popes by King John.

In 1213 king John, vulgarly called Lackland, or more properly Lackvirtue, being excommunicated, and seeing his kingdom laid under an interdict, gave it away to pope Innocent III. and his successors.. "Not constrained by fear, but with my full consent and the advice of my barons, for the remission of my sins against God and the church, I resign England and Ireland to God, St. Peter, St. Paul, and our lord the pope Innocent, and to his successors in the apostolic chair."

He declared himself feudatory lieutenant of the pope, paid about eight thousand pounds sterling in ready money to the legate Pandulph; promised to pay a thousand more every year, gave the first year in advance to the legate who trampled upon him, and swore on his knees that he submitted to lose all, in the event of not paying at the time appointed.

The jest of this ceremony was, that the legate departed with the money, and forgot to remove the excommunication.

Examination of the Vassalage of Naples and England.

It may be asked which was the most valuable, the donation of Robert Guiscard or that of John Lackland; both had been excommunicated, both had given their states to St. Peter, and became only the farmers of them. If the English barons were indignant at the infamous bargain of their king with the pope, and cancelled it, the Neapolitan barons could have equally cancelled that of baron Robert; and that which they could have done formerly, they certainly can do at present.

Were England and Apulia given to the pope, according to the law of the church or of the fiefs,—as to a bishop or to a sovereign? If to a bishop, it is precisely contrary to the law of Jesus, who so often forbids his disciples to take anything, and who declares to them that his kingdom is not of this world.

If as to a sovereign, it was high treason to his imperial majesty: the Normans had already done homage to the emperor. Thus no right, spiritual or temporal, belonged to the popes in this affair. When the principle is erroneous, all the deductions are so of course. Naples no more belonged to the pope than England.

There is still another method of providing against this ancient bargain; it is the right of the people, which is stronger than the right of fiefs. The people's right will not suffer one sovereign to belong to another, and the most ancient law is to be master of our own, at least when we are not the weakest.

Of Donations made by the Popes.

If principalities have been given to the bishops of Rome, they have given away many more. There is not a single throne in Europe to which they have not made a present. As soon as a prince had conquered a country, or even wished to do it, the popes granted it to him in the name of St. Peter. Sometimes they even made the first advances, and it may be said that they have given away every kingdom but that of heaven.

Few people in France know that Julius II. gave the states of king Louis XII. to the emperor Maximilian, who could not put himself in possession of them. They do not sufficiently remember that Sixtus V. Gregory XIV. and Clement VIII. were ready to make a present of France to whomsoever Philip II. would have chosen for the husband of his daughter Clara Eugenia.

As to the emperors, there is not one since Charlemagne that the court of Rome has not pretended to nominate. This is the reason why Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, says, "that lord Peter became suddenly mad, and that Martin and Jack, his brothers, confined him by the advice of their relations." We simply relate this drollery as a pleasant blasphemy of an English priest against the bishop of Rome.

All these donations disappear before that of the East and West Indies, with which Alexander VI. of his divine power and authority invested Spain and Por-

tugal. It was giving almost all the earth. He could in the same manner have given away the globes of Jupiter and Saturn with their satellites.

Particular Donations.

The donations of citizens are treated quite differently. The codes are unanimously agreed that no one can give away the property of another, as well as that no person can take it. It is an universal law.

In France, jurisprudence was uncertain on this object, as on almost all others; until the year 1731, when the equitable chancellor d'Aguesseau, having conceived the design of making the law uniform, very weakly began the great work, by the edict on donations. It is digested in forty-seven articles; but, in wishing to render all the formalities concerning donations uniform, Flanders was excepted from the general law, and in excepting Flanders, Artois was forgotten, which should have enjoyed the same exception; so that in six years after the general law, a particular one was obliged to be made for Artois.

These new edicts concerning donations and testaments, were principally made to do away with all the commentators, who had considerably embroiled the laws, having already compiled six commentaries upon them.

It may be remarked, that donations, or deeds of gift, extend much farther than to the particular person to whom a present is made. For every present there must be paid to the farmers of the royal domain—the duty of control, the duty of “*insinuation*,” the duty of the hundredth penny, the tax of two *sous* in the *livre*, the tax of eight *sous* in the *livre*,* &c.

So that every time you make a present to a citizen you are much more liberal than you imagine. You have also the pleasure of contributing to the enriching

* Of course all this is now done away; but, as more than once observed, it is useful to reserve some of these strictures, in order to show the vicious nature of the French government, and of the priestly abuses engrafted on it. But after all, these taxes on deeds of gift fall far short in rapacity to our own legacy tax.—T.

of the farmers-general; but, after all, this money does not go out of the kingdom like that which is paid to the court of Rome.

DRINKING HEALTHS.

WHAT was the origin of this custom? Has it existed since drinking commenced?—It appears natural to drink wine for our own health, but not for the health of others.

The *propino* of the Greeks, adopted by the Romans, does not signify “I drink to your good health,” but I drink first that you may drink afterwards—I invite you to drink.

In their festivals they drank to celebrate a mistress, not that she might have good health. See in Martial;

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

Six cups for Nævia, for Justina seven.

The English, who pique themselves upon renewing several ancient customs, drink to the honour of the ladies, which they call toasting; and it is a great subject of dispute among them whether a lady is toast-worthy or not—whether she is worthy to be toasted.

They drank at Rome for the victories of Augustus, and for the return of his health. Dion Cassius relates that after the battle of Actium the senate decreed that, in their repasts, libations should be made to him in the second service. It was a strange decree. It is more probable that flattery had voluntarily introduced this meanness. Be it as it may, we read in Horace:

Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum,
Te multâ precæ; te prosequitur nero
Defuso pateris; et laribus tuum
Miscet numen; uti Græcia Castoris
Et magni nemor Herculis.
Longas ô utinam, dux bone serias
Præstes Hesperia: dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi;
Quum sol oceano subest.

DRINKING HEALTHS.

To thee he chants the sacred song,
 To thee the rich libation pours;
 Thee placed his household gods among,
 With solemn daily prayer adores:
 So Castor and great Hercules of old
 Were with her gods by graceful Greece enroll'd.

Gracious and good, beneath thy reign
 May Rome her happy hours employ,
 And grateful hail thy just domain
 With pious hymns and festal joy:
 Thus, with the rising sun we sober pray,
 Thus, in our wine beneath his setting ray.

It is very likely that hence the custom arose, among barbarous nations, of drinking to the health of their guests; an absurd custom, since we may drink four bottles without doing them the least good.

The dictionary of Trévoux tells us that we should not drink to the health of our superiors in their presence. This may be the case in France or Germany, but in England it is a received custom. The distance is not so great from one man to another at London as at Vienna.

It is of importance in England to drink to the health of a prince who pretends to the throne; it is to declare yourself his partisan.

It has cost more than one Scotchman and Hibernian dear for having drank to the health of the Stuarts.

All the whigs, after the death of king William, drank not to his health, but to his memory. A tory named Brown, bishop of Cork in Ireland, a great enemy to William in Ireland, said, "that he would put a cork in all those bottles which were drank to the glory of this monarch." He did not stop at this silly pun: he wrote in 1702 an episcopal address, to show the Irish that it was an atrocious impiety to drink to the health of kings; and above all to their memory; that the latter, in particular, is a profanation of these words of Jesus Christ: "Drink this in remembrance of me."

It is astonishing that this bishop was not the first who conceived such a folly. Before him, the presbyterian Prynne had written a great book against the impious custom of drinking to the health of christians.

Finally, there was one John Geza, vicar of the parish of St. Faith, who published "The Divine Potion to preserve Spiritual Health, by the Cure of the inveterate Malady of Drinking Healths; with clear and solid Arguments against this Criminal Custom; all for the Satisfaction of the Public, at the Request of a worthy Member of Parliament, in the Year of our Salvation 1648."

Our reverend father Garasse, our reverend father Patouillet, and our reverend father Nonotte, are nothing superior to these profound Englishmen. We have a long time wrestled with our neighbours for the superiority—To which is it due?

THE DRUIDS.

The Scene is in Tartarus.—The Furies entwined with Serpents, and Whips in their Hands.

COME along, Barbaraquincorix, Celtic Druid, and thou, detestable Grecian hierophant, Calchas; the moment of your just punishment has returned again; the hour of vengeance has arrived—the bell has sounded!

THE DRUID AND CALCHAS.

Oh, heavens! my head, my sides, my eyes, my ears! pardon, ladies, pardon!

CALCHAS.

Mercy! two vipers are penetrating my eye-balls!

DRUID.

A serpent is devouring my entrails!

CALCHAS.

Alas, how I am mangled! And must my eyes be every day restored, to be torn again from my head?

DRUID.

Must my skin be renewed only to dangle in ribbons from my lacerated body?

TISIPHONE.

It will teach thee how to palm off a miserable parasitical plant for an universal remedy another time.—Wilt thou still sacrifice boys and girls to thy god Theutates, priest?—still burn them in osier baskets, to the sound of a drum?

DRUID.
Never, never, dear lady, a little mercy, I beseech you.

TSIPHONE.
Thou never hadst any thyself. Seize him, serpents, and now another lash!

ALECTO.
Let them curry well this Calchas, who advances towards us—

“With cruel eye, dark mien, and bristled hair.”

CALCHAS.
My hair is torn away; I am scorched, flayed, impaled!

ALECTO.
Wretch! Wilt thou again cut the throat of a beautiful young girl, in order to obtain a favourable gale, instead of uniting her to a good husband?

CALCHAS AND THE DRUID.
Oh, what torments! and yet we die not.

TSIPHONE.
Hey-day! God forgive me, but I hear music! It is Orpheus; why our serpents, sister, have become as gentle as lambs!

CALCHAS.
My sufferings cease; how very strange!

THE DRUID.
I am altogether recovered. Oh, the power of good music!—And who art thou, divine man, who thus curest wounds, and rejoicest hell itself?

ORPHEUS.
My friends, I am a priest like yourselves, but I never deceived any one; nor cut the throat of either boy or girl in my life. When on earth, instead of making the gods hated, I rendered them beloved, and softened the manners of the men whom you made ferocious. I shall exert myself in the like manner in hell. I met, just now, two barbarous priests whom they were scourging beyond measure; one of them formerly

* Verse in the *Iphigenia* of Racine, descriptive of Calchas:—

“L’œil farouche, l’air sombre et le poil hérissé.”

hewed a king in pieces before the Lord, and the other cut the throat of his queen and sovereign at the horse gate. I have terminated their punishment; and, having played to them a tune on the violin, they have promised me, that when they return into the world, they will live like honest men.

DRUID AND CALCHAS.

We promise the same thing, on the word of a priest.

ORPHEUS.

Yes, but "*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.*"*

[*The Scene closes with a figure Dance, performed by Orpheus, the Condemned, and the Furies, to light and agreeable music.*]

EASE.

EASY applies not only to a thing easily done, but also to a thing which appears to be so. The pencil of Correggio is easy, the style of Quinault is much more easy than that of Despreaux, and the style of Ovid surpasses in facility that of Persius.

This facility in painting, music, eloquence, and poetry, consists in a natural and spontaneous felicity, which admits of nothing that implies research, strength, or profundity. Thus the pictures of Paul Veronese have a much more easy and less finished air than those of Michael Angelo. The symphonies of Rameau are superior to those of Lulli, but appear less easy. Bossuet is more truly eloquent and more easy than Fletcher. Rousseau, in his epistles, has not near the facility and truth of Despreaux.

The commentator of Despreaux says "that this exact and laborious poet taught the illustrious Racine to make verses with difficulty, and that those which appear easy are those which have been made with the most difficulty."

It is true, that it often costs much pains to express ourselves with clearness, as also that the natural may

* "*The danger over, the saint is defrauded.*" An Italian saying, in allusion to vows of offerings to saints in the hour of peril, which are frequently forgotten when the danger is past.

be arrived at by effort; but it is also true that a happy genius often produces easy beauties without any labour, and that enthusiasm goes much further than art.

Most of the impassioned expressions of our good poets have come finished from their pen, and appear as easy as if they had in reality been composed without labour; the imagination therefore often conceives and brings forth easily. It is not thus with didactic works; which require art to make them appear easy. For example, there is much less ease than profundity in Pope's Essay on Man.

Bad works may be rapidly constructed, which having no genius will appear easy, and it is often the lot of those who, without genius, have the unfortunate habit of composing.* It is in this sense that a personage of the old comedy, called the Italian, says to another,

"Thou makest bad verses admirably well."

The term easy is an insult to a woman, but is sometimes in society praise for a man; it is, however, a fault in a statesman.

The manners of Atticus were easy; he was the most amiable of the Romans; the easy Cleopatra gave herself as easily to Anthony as to Cæsar; the easy Claudius allowed himself to be governed by Agrippina: easy applied to Claudius is only a lenitive; the proper expression is *weak*.

An easy man is in general one possessed of a mind which easily gives itself up to reason and remonstrance—a heart which melts at the prayers that are made to it; while a weak man is one who allows too much authority over him.

ECLIPSE.

In the greatest part of the known world every extraordinary phenomenon was, for a long time, believed to be the presage of some happy or miserable event. Thus the Roman historians have not failed to observe, that an eclipse of the sun accompanied the birth of Romulus, that another announced his death, and that a third attended the foundation of the city of Rome.

* "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."—T.

We have already spoken of the article entitled the **VISION OF CONSTANTINE**, of the apparition of the cross which preceded the triumph of christianity; and under the article **PROPHECY**, we shall treat of the new star which enlightened the birth of Jesus. We will therefore here confine ourselves to what has been said of the darkness with which all the earth was covered when he gave up the ghost.

The writers of the Greek and Romish churches have quoted as authentic two letters attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite,* in which he relates, that being at Helio-
polis in Egypt, with his friend Apollophanes, he suddenly saw, about the sixth hour, the moon pass underneath the sun, which caused a great eclipse. Afterwards, in the ninth hour, they perceived the moon quitting the place which she occupied and return to the opposite side of the diameter. They then took the rules of Philip Aridæus, and, having examined the course of the stars, they found that the sun could not have been naturally eclipsed at that time. Further, they observed that the moon, contrary to her natural motion, instead of going to the west to range herself under the sun, approached on the eastern side, and that she returned behind on the same side; which caused Apollophanes to say, "These, my dear Dionysius, are changes of divine things:" to which Dionysius replied, "Either the author of nature suffers, or the machine of the universe will be soon destroyed."

Dionysius adds, that having remarked the exact time and year of this prodigy, and compared them with what Paul afterwards told him, he yielded up to the truth as well as his friend. This is what led to the belief that the darkness happening at the death of Jesus Christ was caused by a supernatural eclipse; and what has extended this opinion is, that Maldonat says it is that of almost all the catholics. How is it possible to resist the authority of an ocular, enlightened, and disinter-

* This article repeats and amplifies the information contained in that headed **DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE**, and it has been thought advisable to put up with a slight repetition, in order to obtain the additional matter which could not be well separated from it.—T.

ested witness; since it was supposed that when he saw this eclipse, Dionysius was a pagan?

As these pretended letters of Dionysius were not forged until towards the fifteenth or sixteenth century, Eusebius of Cæsarea was contented with quoting the evidence of Phlegon, a freed man of the emperor Adrian. This author was also a pagan, and had written the history of the Olympiads in sixteen books, from their origin to the year 140 of the vulgar era. He is made to say, that in the fourth year of the two hundred and second Olympiad, there was the greatest eclipse of the sun that had ever been seen: the day was changed to night at the sixth hour, the stars were seen, and an earthquake overthrew several edifices in the city of Niceas in Bithynia. Eusebius adds, that the same events are related in the ancient monuments of the Greeks, as having happened in the eighteenth year of Tiberius. It is thought that Eusebius alluded to Thallus, a Greek historian already cited by Justin, Tertullian, and Julius Africanus; but neither the work of Thallus, nor that of Phlegon, having reached us, we can only judge of the accuracy of these two quotations by reasoning.

It is true that the Paschal Chronicle of the Greeks, as well as St. Jerome Anastatius, the author of the *Historia Miscella*, and Freculphus of Luxem, among the Latins, all unite in representing the fragment of Phlegon in the same manner. But it is known that these five witnesses, so uniform in their depositions, translated or copied the passage, not from Phlegon himself but from Eusebius; while John Philoponus, who had read Phlegon, far from agreeing with Eusebius, differs from him by two years. We could also name Maximus and Malèla, who lived when the work of Phlegon still existed; and the result of an examination of the whole is, that five of the quoted authors copy Eusebius. Philoponus, who really saw the work of Phlegon, gives a second reading, Maximus a third, and Malèla a fourth; so that they are far from relating the passage in the same manner.

In short, the calculations of Hodgson, Halley, Whiston, and Gale Morris, have demonstrated that Phlegon and Thallus speak of a natural eclipse which happened on the 24th of November, in the first year of the two hundred and second Olympiad, and not in the fourth year, as Eusebius pretends. Its size at Nicea in Bithynia was only, according to Whiston, from nine to ten digits; that is to say, two thirds and a half of the sun's disk. It began at a quarter past eight, and ended at five minutes past ten; and between Cairo in Egypt and Jerusalem, according to Mr. Gale Morris, the sun was totally obscured for near two minutes. At Jerusalem the middle of the eclipse happened about an hour and a quarter after noon.

But what ought to spare all this discussion is, that Tertullian* says, the day became suddenly dark whilst the sun was in the midst of his career; that the pagans believed that it was an eclipse, not knowing that it had been predicted by the prophet Amos in these words,† “I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day.”—“They,” adds Tertullian, “who have sought for the cause of this event, and could not discover it, have denied it; but the fact is certain, and you will find it noted in your archives.”

Origen,‡ on the contrary, says that it is not astonishing foreign authors have said nothing about the darknesses of which the evangelists speak, since they only appeared in the environs of Jerusalem; Judea, according to him, being designated under the name of all the earth, in more than one place in scripture. He also avows, that the passage in the gospel of St. Luke,§ in which we read that in his time all the earth was covered with darkness, on account of an eclipse of the sun, had been thus falsified by some ignorant christian, who thought thereby to throw a light on the text of the evangelist; or by some ill-intentioned enemy, who wished a pretext to calumniate the church, as if the

* Apology, chap. xxi.

† Chap. viii. 9.

‡ On St. Matthew, chap. xxvii.

§ Chap. xxiii. 25.

evangelists had remarked an eclipse at a time when it was very evident that it could not have happened. "It is true," adds he, "that Phlegon says that there was one under Tiberius: but as he does not say that it happened at the full moon, there is nothing wonderful in that."

"These obscurations," continues Origen, "were of the nature of those which covered Egypt in the time of Moses, and were not felt in the quarter in which the Israelites dwelt. Those of Egypt lasted three days, while those of Jerusalem only lasted three hours; the first were after the manner of the second; and even as Moses raised his hands to heaven, and invoked the Lord to draw them down on Egypt, so Jesus Christ, to cover Jerusalem with darkness, extended his hands on the cross against an ungrateful people, who had cried—'Crucify him, crucify him!'"

We may, in this case, exclaim with Plutarch; the darkness of superstition is more dangerous than that of eclipses.

ECONOMY (RURAL).*

THE primitive economy, that which is the foundation of all the rest, is rural. In early times it was exhibited in the patriarchal life, and especially in that of Abraham, who made a long journey through the arid deserts of Memphis to buy corn. I shall continue, with due respect, to discard all that is divine in the history of Abraham, and attend to his rural economy alone.

I do not learn that he ever had a house; he quitted the most fertile country of the universe, and towns in which there were commodious houses, to go wandering in countries, the languages of which he did not understand.

He went from Sodom into the desert of Gerar,

* Under the general head Economy, Voltaire comprises political as well as social and domestic economy; but so much of it is exclusively applicable to France under the old regime, and superseded by extensive subsequent research and discovery, a few passages only are retained.—T.

without forming the least establishment. When he turned away Hagar and the child Ismael, it was still in a desert, and all the food he gave them was a morsel of bread and a cruise of water. When he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac to the Lord, it was again in a desert. He cut the wood himself to burn the victim, and put it on the back of Isaac, whom he was going to immolate.

His wife died in a place called Kirgath-arba, or Hebron; he had not six feet of earth in which to bury her, but was obliged to buy a cave to deposit her body. This was the only piece of land which he ever possessed.

However, he had many children; for, without reckoning Isaac and his posterity, his second wife Keturah, at the age of one hundred and forty years, according to the ordinary calculation, bore him five male children, who departed towards Arabia.

It is not said that Isaac had a single piece of land in the country in which his father died; on the contrary, he went into the desert of Gerar with his wife Rebecca to the same Abimelech, king of Gerar, who had been in love with his mother.

This king of the desert became also amorous of his wife Rebecca, whom her husband caused to pass for his sister, as Abraham had acted with regard to Sarah and this same king Abimelech forty years before. It is rather astonishing that in this family the wife always passed for the sister when there was anything to be gained; but as these facts are consecrated, it is for us to maintain a respectful silence.

Scripture says that Abraham enriched himself in this horrible country, which became fertile for his benefit, and that he became extremely powerful. But it is also mentioned that he had no water to drink, that he had a great quarrel with the king's herdsmen for a well; and it is easy to discover that he still had not a house of his own.

His children, Esau and Jacob, had not a greater establishment than their father. Jacob was obliged to seek his fortune in Mesopotamia, from whence Abraham

came; he served seven years for one of the daughters of Laban, and seven other years to obtain the second daughter. He fled with his wives and the flocks of his father-in-law, who pursued him. A precarious fortune, that of Jacob.

Esau is represented as wandering like Jacob. None of the twelve patriarchs, the children of Jacob, had any fixed dwelling, or a field of which they were the proprietors. They only reposed in their tents like Bedouin Arabs.

It is clear that this patriarchal life would not conveniently suit the temperature of our atmosphere. A good cultivator, such as Pignoux of Auvergne, must have a convenient house, with an aspect towards the east; large barns and stables; stalls properly built; the whole amounting to about fifty thousand francs of our present money in value. He must sow a hundred acres with corn, besides having good pastures; he should possess some acres of vineyard, and about fifty for inferior grain and herbs; thirty acres of wood; a plantation of mulberries, silk-worms, and bees. With all these advantages well economised, he can maintain a family in abundance. His land will daily improve; he will support them without fearing the irregularity of the seasons and the weight of taxes, because one good year repairs the damages of two bad ones. He will enjoy in his domain a real sovereignty which will only be subject to the laws. It is the most natural state of man; the most tranquil, the most happy, and unfortunately the most rare.

The son of this venerable patriarch seeing himself rich, is disgusted with paying the humiliating tax of the *taille*. Having unfortunately learned some Latin, he repairs to town, buys a post which exempts him from the tax, and which bestows nobility. He sells his domain to pay for his vanity; marries a girl brought up in luxury, who dishonours and ruins him: he dies in beggary, and his only son wears a livery in Paris.*

* Voltaire loses no opportunity of ridiculing the folly and effeminacy of a mere Parisian existence; and of showing the superiority of provincial independence. The above sketch is pleasantly filled

ECONOMY OF SPEECH—

TO SPEAK BY ECONOMY.

THIS is an expression consecrated in its appropriation by the fathers of the church and even by the primitive propagators of our holy religion: it signifies the application of oratory to circumstances.

For example: * St. Paul, being a christian, comes to the temple of the Jews to perform the Judaic rites, in order to show that he does not forsake the Mosaic law; he is recognised at the end of a week, and accused of having profaned the temple. Loaded with blows, he is dragged along by the mob; the tribune of the cohort (*tribunis cohortis*) arrives, and binds him with a double chain. The next day this tribune assembles the council, and carries Paul before it, when the high-priest Ananias commences proceedings by giving him a box on the ear; † on which Paul salutes him with the epithet of “a whited wall.” ‡

“But when Paul § perceived that the one part were sadducees and the other pharisees, he cried out in the council, ‘Men and brethren, I am a pharisee, the son of a pharisee; of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.’ And when he had so said, there arose a dissension between the pharisees and the sadducees: and the multitude was divided. For the sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the pharisees confess both.”

It is very evident from the text, that Paul was not a

up in his tale of Jeanot and Colin. The slavish and impudent distinction of noble and roturier, continually brought to mind by the infamous poll-tax or *taille*, from which the former was free, was always exciting minor French vanity to overleap the disgusting barrier by purchase of office, title, or other empty vanities, to the eternal increase of the general corruption, and the destruction of everything manly and independent, either in sentiment or conduct.—T.

* Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxi.

† Chap. xxii.

‡ A box on the ear among the Asiatics was a legal punishment. Even now in China, and the country beyond the Ganges, a man is condemned to a dozen boxes on the ear, or smittings of the face.

§ Chap. xxiii.

pharisee after he became a christian, and that there was in this affair no question either of resurrection or hope, of angel or spirit.

The text shows that Paul only spoke thus to embroil the pharisees and sadducees. This was speaking with economy, that is to say, with prudence; it was a pious artifice, which perhaps would not have been permitted to any but an apostle.

It is thus that almost all the fathers of the church have spoken "with economy." St. Jerome develops this method admirably in his fifty-fourth letter to Pamachus. Weigh his words.

After having said that there are occasions when it is necessary to present a loaf and to throw a stone, he continues thus:

"Pray read Demosthenes, read Cicero; and if these rhetoricians displease you, because their art consists in speaking of the seeming rather than the true, read Plato, Theophrastus, Xenophon, Aristotle, and all those who, having dipped into the fountain of Socrates, drew different waters from it. Is there among them any candour, any simplicity? What terms among them are not ambiguous, and what sense do they not make free with to bear away the palm of victory? Origen, Methodius, Eusebius, Apollinarus, have written a million of arguments against Celsus and Porphyry. Consider with what artifice, with what problematic subtlety they combat the spirit of the devil. They do not say what they think, but what it is expedient to say: *Non quod sentiunt, sed quod necesse est dicunt*. And not to mention other Latins, Tertullian, Cyprian, Minutius, Victorinus, Lactantius, and Hilarius, whom I will not cite here; I will content myself with relating the example of the apostle Paul," &c. &c.

St. Augustin often writes with economy. He so accommodates himself to time and circumstances, that in one of his epistles he confesses that he only explained the Trinity because he must say something.

Assuredly this was not because he doubted the holy Trinity; but he felt how ineffable this mystery is, and wished to content the curiosity of the people.

This method was always received in theology. It employed an argument against the Eucertics; which was the cause of triumph to the Carpocratians; and when it afterwards disputed with the Carpocratians, its arms were changed.

It is asserted that Jesus Christ died for many, when the number of rejected is set forth; but when his universal bounty is to be manifested, he is said to have died for all. Here you take the real sense for the figurative; there the figurative for the real; as prudence and expediency direct.

Such practices are not admitted in justice. A witness would be punished who told the *pour* and *contre* of a capital offence. But there is an infinite difference between vile human interests, which require the greatest clearness, and divine interests, which are hidden in an impenetrable abyss. The same judges who require indubitable demonstrative proofs, will be contented in sermons with moral proofs, and even with declamations exhibiting no proofs at all.

St. Augustin speaks with economy, when he says, "I believe, because it is absurd;—I believe, because it is impossible." These words, which would be extravagant in all worldly affairs, are very respectable in theology. They signify, that which is absurd and impossible to mortal eyes is not so to the eyes of God: God has revealed to me these pretended absurdities; these apparent impossibilities; therefore I ought to believe them.

An advocate would not be allowed to speak thus at the bar. They would shut up in a lunatic asylum a witness who might say, "I assert that the accused, while shut up in a country house in Martinique, killed a man in Paris; and I am the more certain of this homicide, because it is absurd and impossible." But revelation, miracles, and faith, are quite a distinct order of things.

The same St. Augustin observes, in his 153d letter, "It is written* that the whole world belongs to the

* In the 18th chapter of Proverbs, but not according to the Septuagint.

faithful, and infidels have not law/obedience that they possess legitimately." If upon this principle a brace of bankers were to wait upon me, to assure me that they were of the faithful, and in that capacity had appropriated the property belonging to me, a miserable worldling, to themselves, it is certain that they would be committed to the Châtelet, in spite of the economy of the language of St. Augustin.

St. Irenæus asserts, that we must not condemn the incest of the two daughters of Lot, nor that of Thamar with her father-in-law, because the holy scripture has not expressly declared them criminal. This verbal economy prevents not the legal punishment of incest among ourselves. It is true, that if the Lord expressly ordered people to commit incest, it would not be sinful; which is the economy of Irenæus. His laudable object is to make us respect everything in the holy scriptures; but as God has not expressly praised the foregoing doings of the daughters of Lot and of Judah, we are permitted to condemn them.

All the first christians, without exception, thought of war like the quakers and dunkers of the present day, and the bramins both ancient and modern. Tertulian is the father who who is most explicit against this legal species of murder, which our vile human nature renders expedient. "No custom, no rule," says he, "can render this criminal destruction legitimate."

Nevertheless, after assuring us that no christian can carry arms, he says, "by economy," in the same book, in order to intimidate the Roman empire, "although of such recent origin, we fill your cities and your armies."

It is in the same spirit he asserts that Pilate was a christian in his heart; and the whole of his apology is filled with similar assertions, which redoubled the zeal of his proselytes.

Let us terminate these examples of the economical style, which are numberless, by a passage of St. Jerome, in his controversy with Jovian upon second mar-

riages. The holy Jerome roundly asserts that it is plain, by the formation of the two sexes, in the description of which he is rather particular, that they are destined for one another, and for propagation. It follows, therefore, that they are to make love without ceasing, in order that their respective faculties may not be bestowed in vain. This being the case, why should not men and women marry again? Why, indeed, is a man to deny his wife to his friend, if a cessation of attention on his own part be personally convenient? He may present the wife of another with a loaf of bread, if she be hungry; and why may not her other wants be supplied, if they are urgent? Functions are not given to lie dormant, &c. &c.

After such a passage, it is useless to quote any more; but it is necessary to remark, by the way, that the economical style, so intimately connected with the polemical, ought to be employed with the greatest circumspection; and that it belongs not to the profane to imitate the things hazarded by the saints, either as regards the heat of their zeal, or the piquancy of their delivery.

ELEGANCE.

According to some authors, this word comes from *electus*, chosen; it does not appear that its etymology

* We deem it prudent, as Gibbon observes, to keep the passage veiled in the decent obscurity of a dead language; not that we fear the societies, either Constitutional or Suppressive, whose tendency to the peccadilloes and pruriencies of *saints* have never been called in question, but simply as a matter of profane taste.—T.

“Quoniam ipsa organa et genitalium fabrica, et nostra seminarumque discretio, et receptacula vulvæ, ad suscipiendos et coelendos, fœtus condita, sexus differentium prædicant, hoc breviter respondebo. Nunquam ergo ceseamus a libidine, ne frustra hujusmodi membra portemus. Cur enim maritus se abtineat ab uxore? Cur casta vidua perseveret, si ad hoc tantum nati sumus ut pecuniam more vivamus? Aut quid mihi nocebit si cum uxore meâ alius concubuerit? Quomodo enim dentium officium est mandere, et in alvum ea, qua sunt mansa, transmittere, et non habet crimen, qui conjugii meæ panem dederit; ita si genitalium hoc est officium, ut semper fruantur naturâ suâ, meam lassitudinem alterius vires superent, et uxoris, ut ita dixerim, ardentissimam gulam, fortuita libido restinguat.”

can be derived from any other Latin word, since all his choice that is elegant. Elegance is the result of regularity and grace.

This word is employed in speaking of painting and sculpture. *Elegans signum* is opposed to *ignum rigens*;—a proportionate figure, the rounded outlines of which are expressed with softness, to a cold and badly-finished figure.

The severity of the ancient Romans gave an odious sense to the word *elegantia*. They regarded all kinds of elegance as affectation and far-fetched politeness, unworthy the gravity of the first ages: “*Vitii, non laudis fuit*,” says Aulus Gellius. They called him an *elegant man*, who in these days we designate a *petit-maitre* (*bellus homuncio*) and which the English call a *beau*; but towards the time of Cicero, when manners received their last degree of refinement, *elegans* was always deemed laudatory. Cicero makes use of this word in a hundred places, to describe a man or a polite discourse. At that time even a *repat* was called *elegant*; which is scarcely the case among us.*

This term among the French, as among the ancient Romans, is confined to sculpture, painting, eloquence, and still more to poetry: it does not precisely mean the same thing as *grace*.

The word *grace* applies particularly to the countenance; and we do not say an elegant face, as we say elegant contours; the reason is, that *grace* always relates to something in motion, and it is in the countenance that the mind appears: thus we do not say an elegant gait; because gait includes motion.

The elegance of a discourse is not its eloquence; it is a part of it; it is neither the harmony nor metre alone; it is clearness, metre, and choice of words, united.

There are languages in Europe in which nothing is more scarce than an elegant expression. Rude terminations, frequent consonants, and auxiliary verbs grammatically repeated in the same sentence, offend the ears even of the natives themselves.

* It is, however, naturalised in England.—T.

A discourse may be elegant without being good, elegance being, in reality, only a choice of words; but a discourse cannot be absolutely good without being elegant. Elegance is still more necessary to poetry than eloquence, because it is a part of that harmony so necessary to verse.

An orator may convince and affect, even without elegance, purity, or number; a poet cannot really do so without being elegant: it is one of the principal merits of Virgil. Horace is much less elegant in his satires and epistles, so that he is much less of a poet *sermoni proprior*.

The great point in poetry and the oratorical art is, that the elegance should never appear forced; and the poet in that, as in other things, has greater difficulties than the orator; for harmony being the base of his art, he must not permit a succession of harsh syllables. He must even sometimes sacrifice a little of the thought to elegance of expression, which is a constraint that the orator never experiences.

It should be remarked, that if elegance always appears easy, all that is easy and natural is not, however, elegant.

It is seldom said of a comedy that it is elegantly written. The simplicity and rapidity of a familiar dialogue exclude this merit, so proper to all other poetry. Elegance would seem inconsistent with the comic. A thing elegantly said would not be laughed at; though most of the verses of Moliere's *Amphitruon*, with the exception of those of mere pleasantry, are elegantly written. The mixture of gods and men in this piece, so unique in its kind, and the irregular verses, forming a number of madrigals, are perhaps the cause.

A madrigal requires to be more elegant than an epigram, because the madrigal bears somewhat the nature of the ode, and the epigram belongs to the comic. The one is made to express a delicate sentiment, the other a ludicrous one.

Elegance should not be attended to in the sublime: it would weaken it. If we read of the elegance of the

Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, it would be a satire. The elegance of the Venus of Praxiteles may be properly alluded to.

ELIAS OR ELIJAH, AND ENOCH.

ELIAS and ENOCH are two very important personages of antiquity. They are the only mortals who have been taken out of the world without having first tasted of death. A very learned man has pretended that these are allegorical personages. The father and mother of Elias are unknown. He believes that his country, Gilead, signifies nothing but the circulation of time. He proves it to have come from Galgala, which signifies revolution. But what signifies the name of the village of Galgala !

The word Elias has a sensible relation to that of Elios, the sun. The burnt sacrifice offered by Elias, and lighted by fire from heaven, is an image of that which can be done by the united rays of the sun. The rain which falls, after great heats, is also a physical truth.

The chariot of fire and the fiery horses, which bore Elias to heaven, are a lively image of the four horses of the sun. The return of Elias at the end of the world seems to accord with the ancient opinion, that the sun would extinguish itself in the waters, in the midst of the general destruction that was expected; for almost all antiquity was for a long time persuaded that the world would sooner or later be destroyed.

We do not adopt these allegories; we only stand by those related in the Old Testament.

Enoch is as singular a personage as Elias, only that Genesis names his father and son, while the family of Elias is unknown. The inhabitants of both east and west have celebrated this Enoch.

The holy scripture, which is our infallible guide, informs us that Enoch was the father of Methusala or Methusalem, and that he only dwelt on the earth three hundred and sixty-five years, which seems a very

short life for one of the first patriarchs. It is said that he walked in the way of God, and that he appeared no longer, because God carried him away. "It is that," says Calmet, "which makes the holy fathers and most of the commentators assure us that Enoch still lives; that God has borne him out of the world as well as Elias; that both will come before the last judgment, to oppose the antichrist; that Elias will preach to the Jews, and Enoch to the gentiles."

St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews (which has been contested) says expressly, "by faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death, because death had translated him."

St. Justin, or somebody who had taken his name, says that Elias and Enoch are in a terrestrial paradise, and that they there wait the second coming of Jesus Christ.

St. Jerome, on the contrary, believes* that Enoch and Elias are in heaven. It is the same Enoch, the seventh man after Adam, who is pretended to have written the book quoted by St. Jude.†

Tertullian‡ says that this work was preserved in the ark, and even that Enoch made a second copy of it after the deluge.

This is what the holy scripture and the holy fathers relate of Enoch; but the profane writers of the east tell us much more. They believe that there really was an Enoch, and that he was the first who made slaves of prisoners of war: they sometimes call him Enoc, and sometimes Edris. They say that he was the same who gave laws to the Egyptians under the name of Thaut, called by the Greeks Hermes Trismegistus. They give him a son named Sabi, the author of the religion of the Sabæans.

There was a tradition in Phrygia on a certain Anach, the same whom the Hebrews call Enoch. The Phrygians held this tradition from the Chaldeans or Baby-

* Jerome's Commentary on Amos.

† See Apocryphal books.

‡ Book i. *De cultu fœminarum*.

lonians, who also recognised an Enoch, or Anach, as the inventor of astronomy.

They wept for Enoch one day in the year in Phrygia, as they wept for Adonis among the Phenicians.

The ingenious and profound writer, who believes Elias a person purely allegorical, thinks the same of Enoch. He believes that Enoch, Anach, Annoch, signified the year; that the orientals wept for it, as for Adonis, and that they rejoiced at the commencement of the new year.

That Janus, afterwards known in Italy, was the ancient Anach, or Annoch, of Asia.

That not only Enoch formerly signified, among all nations, the beginning and the end of the year, but the last day of the week.

That the names of Anne, John, Januarius, Janvier, and January, all come from the same source.

It is difficult to penetrate the depths of ancient history. When we seize truth in the dark, we are never sure of retaining her. It is absolutely necessary for a christian to hold by the scriptures, whatever difficulty he may have in understanding them.

ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE was created before the rules of rhetoric, as the languages are formed before grammar.

Nature renders men eloquent under the influence of great interests or passions. A person much excited sees things with a different eye from other men. To him all is the object of rapid comparison and metaphor. Without premeditation, he vivifies all, and makes all who listen to him partake of his enthusiasm.

A very enlightened philosopher has remarked, that people often express themselves by figures; that nothing is more common or more natural than the turns called tropes.

Thus, in all languages, the heart burns, courage is kindled, the eyes sparkle; the mind is oppressed, it is divided, it is exhausted; the blood freezes, the head is turned upside down; we are inflated with pride, intoxi-

cated with vengeance. Nature is everywhere painted in these strong images, which have become common.

It is from her that instinct learns to assume a modest tone and air, when it is necessary. The natural desire of captivating our judges and masters; the concentrated energies of a profoundly stricken soul, which prepares to display the sentiments which oppress it, are the first teachers of this art.

It is the same nature which sometimes inspires lively and animated sallies; a strong impulse on a pressing danger, prompts the imagination suddenly. Thus a captain of the first caliphs, seeing the mussulmen fly from the field of battle, cried out: "Where are you running to? your enemies are not there."

This speech has been given to many captains: it is attributed to Cromwell. Strong minds much oftener accord than fine wits.

Rasi, a mussulman, captain of the time of Mahomet, seeing his Arabs frightened at the death of their general Derar, said to them: "What does it signify that Derar is dead? God is living, and observes your actions."

Where is there a more eloquent man than that English sailor who decided the war against Spain in 1740? "When the Spaniards, having mutilated me, were going to kill me, I recommended my soul to God, and my vengeance to my country!"

Nature, then, elicits eloquence; and if it be said that poets are created and orators formed, it is applicable only when eloquence is forced to study the laws, the genius of the judges, and the manners of the times. Nature alone is spontaneously eloquent.

The precepts always follow the art. Tisias was the first who collected the laws of eloquence, of which nature gives the first rules. Plato afterwards said, in his Gorgias, that an orator should have the subtlety of the logician, the science of the philosopher, almost the diction of the poet, and the voice and gesture of the greatest actors.

Aristotle, also, showed that true philosophy is the secret guide to perfection in all the arts. He disco-

vered the sources of eloquence in his book of Rhetoric. He showed that logic is the foundation of the art of persuasion, and that to be eloquent is to know how to demonstrate.

He distinguished three kinds of eloquence; the deliberative, the demonstrative, and the judiciary. The deliberative, is employed to exhort those who deliberate in taking a part in war, in peace, &c.; the demonstrative, to show that which is worthy of praise or blame; the judiciary, to persuade, absolve, condemn, &c.

He afterwards treats of the manners and passions with which all orators should be acquainted.

He examines the proofs which should be employed in these three species of eloquence, and finally he treats of elocution, without which all would languish. He recommends metaphors, provided they are just and noble; and, above all, he requires consistency and decorum.

All these precepts breathe the enlightened precision of a philosopher, and the politeness of an Athenian; and, in giving the rules of eloquence, he is eloquent with simplicity.

It is to be remarked, that Greece was the only country in the world in which the laws of eloquence were then known, because it was the only one in which true eloquence existed.

The grosser art was known to all men; sublime traits have everywhere escaped from nature at all times; but to rouse the minds of the whole of a polished nation; to please, convince, and affect at the same time, belonged only to the Greeks.

The Orientals were almost all slaves; and it is one of the characteristics of servitude to exaggerate every thing. Thus the Asiatic eloquence was monstrous. The west was barbarous in the time of Aristotle.

True eloquence began to show itself in the time of the Gracchi, and was not perfected until the time of Cicero. Mark Antony, the orator Hortensius, Curion, Cæsar, and several others, were eloquent men.

This eloquence perished with the republic, like that

of Athens. Sublime eloquence, it is said, belongs only to liberty; it consists in telling bold truths, in displaying strong reasons and representations. A man often dislikes truth, fears reason, and likes a well-turned compliment better than the sublimest eloquence.

Cicero, after having given the examples in his harangues, gave the precepts in his book of the Orator; he followed almost all the methods of Aristotle, and explained himself in the style of Plato.

It distinguishes the simple species, the temperate, and the sublime.

Rollin has followed this division in his Treatise on Study; and he pretends that which Cicero does not, that the 'temperate' is a beautiful river, shaded with green forests on both sides; the 'simple,' a properly-served table, of which all the meats are of excellent flavour, and from which all refinement is banished; that the 'sublime' thunders forth and is an impetuous current which overthrows all that resists it.

Without sitting down to this table, without following this thunderbolt, this current; or this river, every man of sense must see that simple eloquence is that which has simple things to expose, and that clearness and elegance are all that are necessary to it.

There is no occasion to read Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian, to feel that an advocate who begins by a pompous exordium on the subject of a partition wall is ridiculous; it was, however, the fault of the bar until the middle of the seventeenth century; they spoke with emphasis of the most trivial things. Volumes of these examples might be compiled; but all might be reduced to this speech of a witty advocate, who, observing that his adversary was speaking of the Trojan war and of Scamander, interrupted him by saying, "The court will observe that my client is not called Scamander, but Michaut."

The sublime species can only regard powerful interests, treated of in a great assembly.

There may still be seen lively traces of it in the Parliament of England: several harangues partook of it which were pronounced there in 1739, when they de-

hated about declaring war against Spain. The spirits of Cicero and Demosthenes seem to have dictated several passages in their speeches; but they will not descend to posterity like those of the Greeks and Romans, because they want the art and charm of diction, which place the seal of immortality on good works.

The temperate species is that of those preparatory discourses, of those public speeches, and of those studied compliments, in which the deficiency of matter must be concealed with flowers.

These three species are often mingled, as also the three objects of eloquence, according to Aristotle: the great merit of the orator consists in uniting them with judgment.

Great eloquence can scarcely be known to the bar in France, because it does not conduct to honours, as in Athens, Rome, and at present in London; neither has it great public interests for its object; it is confined to funeral orations, in which it borders a little upon poetry.

Bossuet, and after him Flechier, seem to have obeyed that precept of Plato, which teaches us that the elocution of an orator may sometimes be the same as that of a poet.

Pulpit oratory had been almost barbarous until P. Bourdaloue; he was one of the first who caused reason to be spoken there.

The English did not arrive at that art until a later date, as is avowed by Burnet, bishop of Salisbury. They knew not the funeral oration; they avoided, in their sermons, all those vehement turns which appeared not to them consistent with the simplicity of the Gospel; and they were diffident of using those far-fetched divisions which are condemned by archbishop Fenelon, in his dialogues "*Sur l'Eloquence.*"

Though our sermons turn on the most important subjects to man, they supply few of those striking parts which, like the fine passages of Cicero and Demosthenes, are fit to become the models of all the western nations. The reader will therefore be glad to learn the effect produced by M. Massillon, since bishop

of Clermont, the first time that he preached his famous sermon on the small number of the elect. A kind of transport seized all the audience; they rose involuntarily; the murmurs of acclamation and surprise were so great as to disturb the orator; and this confusion only served to augment the pathos of his discourse. The following is the passage:—

“I will suppose that this is our last hour, that the heavens open over our heads, that time is past and that eternity commences; that Jesus Christ is going to appear to judge us according to our works, and that we are all here to receive from him the sentence of eternal life or death: I ask you, overwhelmed with terror like yourselves, without separating my lot from your own, and putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God our judge,—if Jesus Christ, were now to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you believe that the greatest part would be saved? Do you believe that the number of the righteous would be in the least degree equal to the number of the sinners? Do you believe that, if he now discussed the works of the great number which is in this church, he would find ten righteous souls among us? Would he find a single one?”

There are several different editions of this discourse, but the substance is the same in all of them.

This figure, the boldest which was ever employed, and the best timed, is one of the finest turns of eloquence which can be read either among the ancients or moderns; and the rest of the discourse is not unworthy of this brilliant appeal.

Preachers who cannot imitate these fine models would do well to learn them by heart, and deliver them to their congregations (supposing that they have the rare talent of declamation) instead of preaching to them, in a languishing style, things as common-place as they are useless.

It is demanded, if eloquence be permitted to historians? That which belongs to them consists in the art of arranging events, in being always elegant in their expositions, sometimes lively and impressive, sometimes

elaborate and florid; in being strong and true in their pictures of general manners and principal personages, and in the reflections naturally incorporated with the narrative, so that they should not appear to be obtruded. The eloquence of Demosthenes belongs not to Thucydides; a studied harangue, put into the mouth of a hero who never pronounced it, is, in the opinion of many enlightened minds, nothing more than a splendid defect.

If, however, these licences be permitted, the following is an occasion in which Mezerai, in his great history, may obtain grace for a boldness so approved by the ancients, to whom he is equal, at least on this occasion. It is at the commencement of the reign of Henry IV. when that prince, with very few troops, was opposed near Dieppe by an army of thirty thousand men, and was advised to retire into England, Mezerai excels himself in making a speech for marshal Biron, who really was a man of genius, and might have said a part of that which the historian attributes to him:—

“What, sire, are you advised to cross the sea, as if there was no other way of preserving your kingdom than by quitting it? If you were not in France, your friends would have you run all hazards and surmount all obstacles to get there; and now you are here, they would have you depart, would have you voluntarily do that to which the greatest efforts of your enemies ought not to constrain you? In your present state, to go out of France only for four-and-twenty hours, would be to banish yourself from it for ever. As to the danger, it is not so great as represented; those who think to overcome us are either the same whom we shut up so easily in Paris, or people who are not much better, and will rapidly have more subjects of dispute among themselves than against us. In short, sire, we are in France, and we must remain here; we must show ourselves worthy of it; we must either conquer it or die for it; and even when there is no other safety for your sacred person than in flight, I well know that you would a thousand times rather die planted in the soil, than save yourself by such means. Your majesty would never

suffer it to be said, that a younger brother of the house of Lorraine had made you retire, and, still less, that you had been seen to beg at the door of a foreign prince. No, no, sire, there is neither crown nor honour for you across the sea; if you thus demand the succour of England, it will not be granted; if you present yourself at the port of Rochelle, as a man anxious to save himself, you will only meet with reproaches and contempt. I cannot believe that you would rather trust your person to the inconstancy of the waves, or the mercy of a stranger, than to so many brave gentlemen and old soldiers, who are ready to serve you as ramparts and bucklers; and I am too much devoted to your majesty to conceal from you, that if you seek your safety elsewhere than in their virtue, they will be obliged to seek theirs in a different party from your own."

This fine speech which Mezerai puts into the mouth of marshal Biron, is no doubt what Henry IV. felt in his heart.

Much more might be said upon the subject; but the books treating of eloquence have already said too much; and in an enlightened age, genius, aided by examples, knows more of it than can be taught by all the masters in the world.

EMBLEMS.

FIGURES, ALLEGORIES, SYMBOLS, &c.

IN antiquity, every thing is emblematical and figurative. The Chaldeans began with placing a ram, two kids, and a bull among the constellations, to indicate the productions of the earth in spring. In Persia, fire is the emblem of the divinity; the celestial dog gives notice to the Egyptians of the inundations of the Nile; the serpent, concealing its tail in its head, becomes the image of eternity. All nature is painted and disguised.

There are still to be found in India many of those gigantic and terrific statues which we have already mentioned, representing virtue furnished with ten arms, with which it may successfully contend against

the vices, and which our poor missionaries mistook for representations of the devil; taking it for granted, that all those who did not speak French or Italian, were worshippers of the devil.

Show all these symbols devised by antiquity to a man of clear sense, but who has never heard them at all mentioned or alluded to, and he will not have the slightest idea of their meaning. It would be to him a perfectly new language.

The ancient poetical theologians were under the necessity of ascribing to the deity eyes, heads, and feet; of describing him under the figure of a man.

St. Clement of Alexandria * quotes verses from Xenophanes the Colophonian, which state that every species of animal supplies metaphor to aid the imagination in its ideas of the deity,—the wings of the bird, the speed of the horse, and the strength of the lion. It is evident, from these verses of Xenophanes, that it is by no means a practice of recent date for men to represent God after their own image. The ancient Thracian Orpheus, the first theologian among the Greeks, who lived long before Homer, according to the same Clement of Alexandria, describes God as seated upon the clouds, and tranquilly ruling the whirlwind and the storm. His feet reach the earth, and his hands extend from one ocean to the other. He is the beginning, middle, and end of all things.

Everything being thus represented by figure and emblem, philosophers, and particularly those among them who travelled to India, employed the same method; their precepts were emblems, were enigmas.

“Stir not the fire with a sword:” that is, aggravate not men who are angry.

“Place not a lamp under a bushel:” conceal not the truth from men.

“Abstain from beans:” frequent not popular assemblies, in which votes were given by white or black beans.

“Have no swallows about your house:” keep away babblers.

"During a tempest, worship the echo:" while civil broils endure, withdraw into retirement.

"Never write on snow:" throw not away instruction upon weak and imbecile minds.

"Never devour either your heart or your brains:" never give yourself up to useless anxiety or intense study.

Such are the maxims of Pythagoras, the meaning of which is sufficiently obvious.

The most beautiful of all emblems is that of God, whom Timæus of Locris describes under the image of "A circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere." Plato adopted this emblem, and Pascal inserted it among his materials for future use, which he entitled his "Thoughts."

In metaphysics and in morals, the ancients have said everything. We always encounter or repeat them. All modern books of this description are merely repetitions.

The farther we advance eastward the more prevalent and established we find the employment of emblems and figures: but, at the same time, the images in use are more remote from our own manners and customs.

The emblems which appear most singular to us, are those which were in frequent if not in sacred use among the Indians, Egyptians, and Syrians. These people bore aloft in their solemn processions, and with the most profound respect, the appropriate organs for the perpetuation of the species—the symbols of life. We smile at such practices, and consider these people as simple barbarians. What would they have said on seeing us enter our temples wearing at our sides the weapons of destruction?

At Thebes, the sins of the people were represented by a goat. On the coast of Phenicia, a naked woman with the lower part of her body like that of a fish was the emblem of nature.

We cannot be at all surprised if this employment of symbols extended to the Hebrews, as they constituted a people near the Desart of Syria.

Of some Emblems used by the Jewish Nation.

One of the most beautiful emblems in the Jewish books, is the following exquisite passage in Ecclesiastes:—

“When the grinders shall cease because they are few; when those that look out of the windows shall be darkened; when the almond tree shall flourish; when the grasshopper shall become a burden; when desire shall fail; the silver cord be loosed; the golden bowl be fractured; and the pitcher broken at the fountain.”—

The meaning is, that the aged lose their teeth; that their sight becomes impaired; that their hair becomes white, like the blossom of the almond tree; that their feet become like the grasshopper;* that their hair drops off like the leaves of the fir tree; that they have lost the power of communicating life; and that it is time for them to prepare for their long journey.

The Song of Songs, as is well known, is a continued emblem of the marriage of Jesus Christ with the church.

“Let him kiss me with a kiss of his mouth, for thy breasts are better than wine. Let him put his left hand under my head, and embrace me with his right hand. How beautiful art thou, my love: thy eyes are like those of the dove; thy hair is as a flock of goats; thy lips are like a ribband of scarlet, and thy cheeks like pomegranates; how beautiful is thy neck! how thy lips drop honey! my beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him; thy navel is like a round goblet; thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies; thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins; thy neck is like a tower of ivory; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon; thy head is like mount Carmel; thy stature is that of a palm tree. I said, I will ascend the palm tree and will gather of its fruits. What shall we do

* This is some allusion which possibly the natural history of the grasshopper will bear out, but it is certainly not obvious, any more than the English scriptural translation of the passage, “When the grasshopper shall become a burden.”—T.

for our little sister? she has no breasts. If she be a wall, we will build upon her a tower of silver; if she be a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar."

It would be necessary to translate the whole canticle, in order to see that it is an emblem from beginning to end. The ingenious Calmet, in particular, demonstrates, that the palm tree which the lover ascended is the cross to which our Lord Jesus Christ was condemned. It must however be confessed, that sound and pure moral doctrine is preferable to these allegories.

We find in the books of this people a great number of emblems and types which shock at the present day, and excite at once our incredulity and ridicule, but which, to the Asiatics, appear clear, natural, and unexceptionable.

God appeared to Isaiah, the son of Amos, and said to him,* "Go take thy girdle from thy loins and thy shoes from thy feet; and he did so, walking naked and barefoot. And the Lord said, like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign upon Egypt and Ethiopia, so shall the king of Assyria lead away the Egyptian and Ethiopian prisoners, young and old, naked and barefoot, with their hind parts uncovered, to the shame of Egypt."

This appears to us exceedingly strange: but let us inform ourselves a little about what is passing in our own times among Turks, and Africans, and in India, where we go to trade with so much avidity and so little success. We shall learn that it is by no means unusual to see the santons there absolutely naked, and not only in that state preaching to women, but permitting them to salute particular parts of their body, yet neither indulging nor inspiring the slightest portion of licentious or unchaste feeling. We shall see on the banks of the Ganges an innumerable company both of men and women naked from head to foot, extending their arms towards heaven, and waiting for the moment of an eclipse to plunge into the river.

* Isaiah, cxx. 2, &c.

The citizens of Paris and Rome should not be too ready to think all the rest of the world bound down to the same modes of living and thinking as themselves.

Jeremiah, who prophesied in the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Jerusalem,* in favour of the king of Babylon, puts chains and cords about his neck, by order of the Lord, and sends them to the kings of Edom, Ammon, Tyre and Sidon, by their ambassadors who had been sent to Zedekiah at Jerusalem. He commands them to address their master in these words :—

“ Thus saith the Lord of Hosts the God of Israel, thus shall ye say unto your masters : I have made the earth, the men, and the beasts of burden which are upon the ground, by my great power and by my outstretched arm, and have given it unto whom it seemed good unto me. And now have I given all these lands into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, my servant, and all the beasts of the field have I given him besides, that they may serve him. I spake also all these words to Zedekiah, king of Judah, saying unto him, submit your neck to the yoke of the king of Babylon, serve him, him and his people, and you shall live,” &c.

Accordingly, Jeremiah was accused of betraying his king, and of prophesying in favour of the enemy for the sake of money. It has even been asserted that he was stoned.

It is clear that the cords and chains were the emblem of that servitude to which Jeremiah was desirous that the nation should submit.

In a similar manner we are told by Herodotus, that one of the kings of Scythia sent Darius a present of a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. This emblem implied that, if Darius did not fly as fast as a bird, a mouse, or a frog, he would be pierced by the arrows of the Scythians. The allegory of Jeremiah was that of weakness ; the emblem of the Scythians was that of courage.

Thus also, when Sextus Tarquinius, consulting his

* Jeremiah, xxvii. 2, &c.

father, whom we call Tarquinius Superbus; about the policy he should adopt to the Gauls,—Tarquin, who was walking in his garden, answered only by striking off the heads of the tallest poppies. His son caught his meaning, and put to death the principal citizens among them. This was the emblem of tyranny.

Many learned men have been of opinion that the history of Daniel, of the dragon, of the den of seven lions who devoured every day two sheep and two men, and the history of the angel who transported Habakkuk by the hair of his head to dine with Daniel in the lion's den, are nothing more than a visible allegory, an emblem of the continual vigilance with which God watches over his servants. But it seems to us a proof of greater piety to believe that it is a real history, like many we find in the sacred scriptures, displaying without figure and type the divine power, and which profane minds are not permitted to explore. Let us consider those only as genuine emblems and allegories, which are indicated to us as such by holy scripture itself.

“In the thirteenth year and the fifteenth day of the fourth month, as I was in the midst of the captives on the banks of the river Chobar, the heavens were opened, and I saw the visions of God,”* &c. “The word of the Lord came to Ezekiel the priest, the son of Buzi, in the land of the Chaldeans by the river Chobar, and the hand of the Lord was upon him.”

It is thus that Ezekiel begins his prophecy; and, after having seen a fire and a whirlwind, and in the midst of the fire four living animals resembling a man, having four faces and four wings with feet resembling those of calves, and a wheel which was upon the earth, and which had four parts, the four parts of the wheel going at the same time, &c.

He goes on to say, †“The spirit entered into me and placed me firm upon my feet; . . . Then the Lord

* Ezekiel, i.

† Ezekiel, ii. 2, and iii. 1, &c.

said unto me : ' Son of man, eat that thou findest ; eat this book, and go and speak to the children of Israel.' So I opened my mouth, and he caused me to eat that book. And the spirit entered into me and made me stand upon my feet. And he said unto me : ' Go and shut thyself up in the midst of thy house. Son of man, these are the chains with which thou shalt set thy face firm against it ; thou shalt be bound,' " &c. " ' And thou, son of man,* take a tile and place it before thee, and pourtray thereon the city of Jerusalem,' " &c.

" ' Take also a pan of iron, and thou shalt place it as a wall of iron between thee and the city ; thou shalt be before Jerusalem as if thou didst besiege it ; it is a sign to the house of Israel.' "

After this command, God orders him to sleep three hundred and ninety days on his left side, on account of the iniquities of the house of Judah.

Before we go farther we will transcribe the words of that judicious commentator Calmet, on this part of Ezekiel's prophecy, which is at once a history and an allegory, a real truth and an emblem. These are the remarks of that learned benedictine :—

" There are some who think that the whole of this occurred merely in vision ; that a man cannot continue lying so long on the same side without a miracle ; that, as the scripture gives us no intimation that this is a prodigy, we ought not to multiply miraculous acts without necessity ; that, if the prophet continued lying in that manner for three hundred and ninety days, it was only during the nights ; in the day he was at liberty to attend to his affairs. But we do not see any necessity for recurring to a miracle, nor for any circuitous explanation of the case here stated. It is by no means impossible for a man to continue chained and lying on his side for three hundred and ninety days. We have every day before us cases which prove the possibility among prisoners, sick persons, and persons deranged and chained in a state of raving madness. Prado testifies, that he saw a mad person who continued

* Ezekiel, iv. 1, &c.

bound and lying quite naked on his side upwards of fifteen years. If all this had occurred only in vision, how could the Jews of the captivity have comprehended what Ezekiel meant to say to them? How would that prophet have been able to execute the divine commands? We must in that case admit likewise that he did not prepare the plan of Jerusalem, that he did not represent the siege, that he was not bound, that he did not eat the bread of different kinds of grain in any other than the same way; namely, that of vision, or ideally."

We cannot but adopt the opinion of the learned Calmet, which is that of the most respectable interpreters. It is evident that the holy scripture recounts the matter as a real truth, and that such truth is the emblem, type, and figure of another truth.

"Take* unto thee wheat and barley, and beans and lentiles, and millet and vetches, and make cakes of them for as many days as thou art to sleep on thy side. Thou shalt eat for three hundred and ninety days. . . thou shalt eat it as barley cakes, and thou shalt cover it with human ordure.† Thus shall the children of Israel eat their bread defiled."

It is evident that the Lord was desirous that the Israelites should eat their bread defiled. It follows therefore that the bread of the prophet must have been defiled also. This defilement was so real, that Ezekiel expressed actual horror at it. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "my life (my soul) has not hitherto been polluted," &c. And the Lord says to him, "I allow thee, then, cow's dung instead of man's, and with that shalt thou prepare thy bread."

It appears, therefore, to have been absolutely essen-

* Ezekiel, iv. 9, 12.

† It is alleged that God proposes to the prophet merely to bake his bread under the ashes with human or animal faeces. In fact, in some barren and sandy districts where fuel is scarcely procurable, the dry dung of animals is frequently used in dressing food; but it is not bread baked under ashes that is prepared with a fire of this description; and even were we to adopt this explanation of certain commentators, there would remain cause enough for the prophet's disgust.—*French Ed.*

tial that the food should be defiled in order to its becoming an emblem or type. The prophet in fact put cow-dung with his bread for three hundred and ninety days, and the case includes at once a fact and a symbol.

Of the Emblem of Aholah and Aholibah.

The holy scripture expressly declares that Aholah is the emblem of Jerusalem.* “Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother was a Hittite:” The prophet then, without any apprehension of malignant interpretations or wanton raileries, addresses the young Aholah in the following words:—

“Ubera tua intumuerunt, et pilus tuus germinavit: et eras nuda et confusione plena.”

Thy breasts were fashioned, and thy hair was grown, and thou wast naked and confused.

“Et transivi per te; et ecce tempus tuum, tempus amantium; et expandi amictum meum super te et operui ignominiam tuam. Et juravi tibi, et ingressus sum pactum tecum, (ait Dominus Deus), et facta es mihi.”

I passed by and saw thee; and saw thy time was come, thy time for lovers; and I spread my mantle over thee, and concealed thy shame. And I swore to thee, and entered into a contract with thee, and thou becamest mine.†

“Et habens fiduciam in pulchritudine tua fornicata es in nomine tuo; et exposuisti fornicationem tuam omni transeunti, ut ejus fieres.”

And, proud of thy beauty, thou didst commit fornication without disguise, and hast exposed thy fornication to every passer by, to become his.

“Et ædificavisti tibi lupanar, et fecisti tibi prostibulum in cunctis plateis.”

* Ezekiel, xvi. 2, &c.

† These adventures are not unusual in the streets of the Moors, the actors always being real or pretended ideots, whom the people regard as inspired. The bystanders even lend their mantles.—See CHENIER.

And thou hast built a high place for thyself, and a place of eminence in every public way.

“Et divisisti pedes tuos omni transeunti, et multiplicasti fornicationes tuas.”

And thou hast opened thy feet to every passer-by, and hast multiplied thy fornications.

“Et fornicata es cum filiis Egypti vicinis tuis, magnarum carnum; et multiplicasti fornicationem tuam ad irritandum me.”

And thou hast committed fornication with the Egyptians thy neighbours, powerful in the flesh: and thou hast multiplied thy fornication to provoke me.

The article of Aholibah, which signifies Samaria, is much stronger, and still farther removed from the propriety and decorum of modern manners and language.

“Denudavit quoque fornicationes suas, discooperuit ignominiam suam.”

And she has made bare her fornications, and discovered her shame.

“Multiplicavit enim fornicationes suas, recordans dies adolescentiæ suæ.”

For she has multiplied her fornications, remembering the days of her youth.

“Et insanivit libidine super concubitum eorum carnes sunt ut carnes asinorum, et sicut fluxus equorum, fluxus eorum.”

And she has maddened for the embraces of those whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and whose issue is as the issue of horses.

These images strike us as licentious and revolting. They were at that time simply plain and ingenuous. There are numerous instances of the like in the Song of Songs, intended to celebrate the purest of all possible unions. It must be attentively considered, that these expressions and images are always delivered with seriousness and gravity, and that in no book of equally high antiquity is the slightest jeering or raillery ever applied to the great subject of human production. When dissoluteness is condemned, it is so in natural

and undisguised terms, but such are never used to stimulate voluptuousness or pleasantry.

This high antiquity has not the slightest touch of similarity to the licentiousness of Martial, Catullus, or Petronius.

Of Hosea, and some other Emblems.

We cannot regard as a mere vision, as simply a figure, the positive command given by the Lord to Hosea, to take to himself* a wife of whoredoms, and have by her three children. Children are not produced in a dream. It was not in a vision that he made a contract with Gomer, the daughter of Diblaim, by whom he had two boys and a girl. It was not in a vision that he afterwards took to himself an adulteress, by the express order of the Lord, giving her fifteen pieces of silver, and a measure and a half of barley. The first of these disgraced women signified Jerusalem, and the second Samaria. But the two unions with these worthless persons, the three children, the fifteen pieces of silver, and the bushel and half of barley, were not the less real for having included or been intended as an emblem.

It was not in a vision that the patriarch Salmon married the harlot Rahab, the grandmother of David. It was not in a vision that Judah committed incest with his daughter-in-law Tamar, from which incest sprang David. It was not in a vision that Ruth, David's other grandmother, placed herself in the bed with Boaz. It was not in a vision that David murdered Uriah, and committed adultery with Bathsheba, of whom was born king Solomon. But, subsequently, all these events became emblems and figures, after the things which they typified were accomplished.

It is perfectly clear, from Ezekiel, Hosea, Jeremiah, and all the Jewish prophets, and all the Jewish books, as well as from all other books which give us any information concerning the usages of the Chaldeans, Persians, Phenicians, Syrians, Indians, and Egyptians:

* See the first chapters of the minor prophet Hosea.

it is, I say, perfectly clear that their manners were very different from ours, and that the ancient world was scarcely in a single point similar to the modern one.

Pass from Gibraltar to Mequinez, and the decencies and decorums of life are no longer the same; you no longer find the same ideas. Two sea leagues have changed everything.

ENCHANTMENT,

MAGIC, CONJURATION, SORCERY, &c.

It is not in the smallest degree probable that all these abominable absurdities are owing, as Pluche would have us believe, to the foliage with which the heads of Isis and Osiris were formerly crowned. What connection can this foliage have with the art of charming serpents, with that of resuscitating the dead, killing men by mere words, inspiring persons with love, or changing men into beasts?

Enchantment (*incantatio*) comes, say some, from a Chaldee word, which the Greeks translate "productive song." *Incantatio* comes from the Chaldee. Truly, the Bocharts are great travellers, and proceed from Italy to Mesopotamia in a twinkling! The great and learned Hebrew nation is rapidly explored, and all sorts of books, and all sorts of usages, are the fruits of the journey; the Bocharts are certainly not charlatans.

Is not a large portion of the absurd superstitions which have prevailed to be ascribed to very natural causes? There are scarcely any animals that may not be accustomed to approach at the sound of a bagpipe; or a simple horn, to take their food. Orpheus, or some one of his predecessors, played the bagpipe better than other shepherds, or employed singing. All the domestic animals flocked together at the sound of his voice. It was soon supposed that bears and tigers were among the number collected: this first step accomplished, there was no difficulty in believing that Orpheus made stones and trees dance.

If rocks and pine-trees can be thus made to dance a ballet, it will cost little more to build cities by ha-

mony, and the stones will easily arrange themselves at Amphion's song. A violin only will be wanted to build a city, and a ram's horn to destroy it.

The charming of serpents may be attributed to a still more plausible cause. The serpent is neither a voracious nor a ferocious animal. Every reptile is timid. The first thing a reptile does, at least in Europe, on seeing a man, is to hide itself in a hole, like a rabbit or a lizard. The instinct of man is to pursue everything that flies from him, and to fly from all that pursue him, except when he is armed, when he feels his strength; and above all when he is in the presence of many observers.

The serpent, far from being greedy of blood and flesh, feeds only upon herbs, and passes a considerable time without eating at all: if he swallows a few insects, as lizards and camelions do, he does us a service.

All travellers relate that there are some very long and large ones; although we know of none such in Europe. No man or child was ever attacked there by a large serpent or a small one. Animals attack only what they want to eat; and dogs never bite passengers but in defence of their masters. What could a serpent do with a little infant? What pleasure could it derive from biting it; it could not swallow even the fingers. Serpents do certainly bite, and squirrels also, but only when they are injured, or are fearful of being so.

I am not unwilling to believe that there have been monsters among serpents as well as among men. I will admit that the army of Regulus was put under arms, in Africa, against a dragon; and that there has since been a Norman there who fought against the water-spout. But it will be granted, on the other hand, that such cases are exceedingly rare.

The two serpents that came from Tenedos for the express purpose of devouring Laocoon, and two great lads twenty years of age, in the presence of the whole Trojan army, form a very fine prodigy, and one worthy of being transmitted to posterity by hexameter verses, and by statues which represent Laocoon like a giant, and his stout boys as pigmies.

I conceive this event to have happened in those times when a prodigious wooden horse* took cities which had been built by the gods, when rivers flowed backward to their fountains, when waters were changed to blood, and both sun and moon stood still on the slightest possible occasion.

Everything that has been related about serpents was considered probable in countries in which Apollo came down from heaven to slay the serpent Python.

Serpents were also supposed to be exceedingly sensible animals. Their sense consists in not running so fast as we do, and in suffering themselves to be cut in pieces.

The bite of serpents, and particularly of vipers, is not dangerous except when irritation has produced the fermentation of a small reservoir of very acrid humour which they have under their gums.† With this exception, a serpent is no more dangerous than an eel.

Many ladies have tamed and fed serpents, placed them on their toilets, and wreathed them about their arms.

The negroes of Guinea worship a serpent, which never injures any one.

There are many species of those reptiles, and some are more dangerous than others, in hot countries; but, in general, serpents are timid and mild animals: it is not uncommon to see them sucking the udder of a cow.

Those who first saw men more daring than themselves domesticate and feed serpents, inducing them to

* The wooden horse was a machine like that which was afterwards called a battering ram. It was a long beam with a horse's head at the end of it. It was preserved in Greece, and Pausanias says that he had seen it.

† See the work already quoted of M. Fontana. He there describes the vesicles which contain the yellow liquor of the viper, the manner in which the teeth which inclose this vesicle are reproduced, and the singular mechanism by which this juice penetrates into wounds. It is constantly venomous, even when the viper is not in a state of irritation.—Voltaire's Natural History is here defective.

come to them by a hissing sound in a similar way to that by which we induce the approach of bees, considered them as possessing the power of enchantment. The Psilli and Marsæ, who familiarly handled and fondled serpents, had a similar reputation. The apothecaries of Poitou, who take up vipers by the tail, might also if they chose be respected as magicians of the first order.

The charming of serpents was considered as a thing regular and constant. The sacred scripture itself, which always enters into our weaknesses, deigned to conform itself to this vulgar idea.

"The deaf adder, which shuts its ears that it may not hear the voice of the charmer."*

"I will send among you serpents which will resist enchantments."†

"The slanderer is like the serpent, which yields not to the enchanter."‡

The enchantment was sometimes so powerful as to make serpents burst asunder. The natural philosophy of antiquity made this animal immortal. If any rustic found a dead serpent in his road, some enchanter must inevitably have deprived it of its right to immortality:—

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.

VIRGIL, eclogue viii. 71.

Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.

DRYDEN.

Enchantment of the Dead, or Evocation.

To enchant a dead person, to resuscitate him, or barely to evoke his shade to speak to him, was the most simple thing in the world. It is very common to see the dead in dreams, in which they are spoken with and return answers. If any one has seen them during sleep, why may he not see them when he is awake? It is only necessary to have a spirit like the Pythoness; and, to bring this spirit of Pythonism into successful ope-

* Psalms, vii. 5, 6.

† Ecclesiastes, x. 11.

‡ Jeremiah, viii. 17.

ration, it is only necessary that one party should be a knave, and the other a fool: and no one can deny that such rencontres very frequently occur.

The evocation of the dead was one of the sublimest mysteries of magic. Sometimes there was made to pass before the eyes of the inquiring devotee a large black figure, moved by secret springs in dimness and obscurity. Sometimes the performers, whether sorcerers or witches, limited themselves to declaring that *they* saw the shade which was desired to be evoked, and their word was sufficient: this was called necromancy. The famous witch of Endor has always been a subject of great dispute among the fathers of the church. The sage Theodoret, in his sixty-second question on the book of Kings, asserts that it is universally the practice for the dead to appear with the head downwards, and that what terrified the witch was Samuel's being upon his legs.

St. Augustin, when interrogated by Simplicion, replies, in the second book of his Questions, that there is nothing more extraordinary in a witch's evoking a shade, than in the devil's transporting Jesus Christ through the air to the pinnacle of the temple on the top of a mountain.

Some learned men, observing that there were oracular spirits among the Jews, have ventured to conclude that the Jews began to write only at a late period, and that they built almost everything upon Greek fable; but this opinion cannot be maintained.

Of other Sorceries.

When a man is sufficiently expert to evoke the dead by words, he may yet more easily destroy the living; or at least threaten them with doing so, as the physician, *malgré lui*, told Lucas that he would give him a fever. At all events, it was not in the slightest degree doubtful that sorcerers had the power of killing beasts; and to ensure the stock of cattle, it was necessary to oppose sorcery to sorcery. But the ancients can with little propriety be laughed at by us, who are ourselves scarcely even yet extricated from the same barbarism.

A hundred years have not yet expired since sorcerers were burnt all over Europe; and even so recently as 1750, a sorceress, or witch, was burnt at Wurtzburg. It is unquestionable, that certain words and ceremonies will effectually destroy a flock of sheep, if administered with a sufficient portion of arsenic.

The Critical History of Superstitious Ceremonies, by Le Brun of the Oratory, is a singular work. His object is to oppose the ridiculous doctrine of witchcraft, and yet he is himself so ridiculous as to believe in its reality. He pretends that Mary Bucaille the witch, while in prison at Valogna, *appeared* at some leagues distance, according to the evidence given on oath to the judge of Valogna. He relates the famous prosecution of the shepherds of Brie, condemned in 1691, by the parliament of Paris, to be hanged and burnt. These shepherds had been fools enough to think themselves sorcerers, and villains enough to mix real poisons with their imaginary sorceries.

Father Le Brun solemnly asserts,* that there was much of what was "supernatural" in what they did, and that they were hanged in consequence. The sentence of the parliament is in direct opposition to this author's statement. "The court declares the accused duly attainted and convicted of superstitions, impieties, sacrileges, profanations, and poisonings."

The sentence does not state that the death of the cattle was caused by profanations, but by poison. A man may commit sacrilege without as well as with poison, without being a sorcerer.

Other judges, I acknowledge, sentenced the priest Ganfredi to be burnt, in the firm belief that, by the influence of the devil, he had had illicit commerce with all his female penitents. Ganfredi himself imagined that he was under that influence; but that was in 1611, a period when the majority of our provincial population was very little raised above the Caribs and negroes. Some of this description have existed even in our own times; as, for example, the jesuit Girard, the ex-jesuit

* See the Trial of the Shepherds of Brie, from page 516.

Nonotte, the jesuit Duplessis, and the ex-jesuit Malagrida; but this race of imbeciles is daily hastening to extinction.

With respect to lycanthropy, that is, the transformation of men into wolves by the power of enchantment, we may observe, that a young shepherd's having killed a wolf, and clothed himself with its skin, was enough to excite the terror of all the old women of the district, and to spread throughout the province, and thence through other provinces, the notion of a man's having been changed into a wolf. Some Virgil will soon be found to say:—

His ego sæpè lupum fieri, et se condere silvis
Mœrim sæpè animas imis exira sepulchris.*

Smear'd with these powerful juices on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train,
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts.

DRYDEN.

To see a man-wolf must certainly be a great curiosity; but to see human souls must be more curious still; and did not the monks of Mount Cassin see the soul of the holy Benedict or Bennet? Did not the monks of Tours see St. Martin's? and the monks of St. Denis that of Charles Martel?

Enchantments to kindle Love.

These were for the young. They were vended by the Jews at Rome and Alexandria, and are at the present day sold in Asia. You will find some of these secrets in the "Petit Albert;" but will become farther initiated by reading the pleading composed by Apuleius on his being accused by a christian, whose daughter he had married, of having bewitched her by philtres. Emilian, his father-in-law, alleged that he had made use of certain fishes, since, Venus having been born of the sea, fishes must necessarily have prodigious influence in exciting women to love.

What was generally made use of consisted of vervain, tenia, and hippomanes; or a small portion of the

* Eclogue viii. v. 97.

secundine of a mare that had just foaled, together with the little bird called wag-tail; in Latin, *motacilla*.

But Apuleius was chiefly accused of having employed shell-fish, lobster patties, sea-hedgehogs, spiced oysters, and cuttle-fish, which was celebrated for its productiveness.

Apuleius clearly explains the real philtre, or charm, which had excited Pudentilla's affection for him. He undoubtedly admits, in his defence, that his wife had called him a magician. "But what," says he, "if she had called me a consul, would that have made me one?"

The plant satyrion was considered, both among the Greeks and Romans, as the most powerful of philtres. It was called *planta aphrodisia*, the plant of Venus. That called by the Latins *eruca*, is now often added to the former.*

Et venerem revocans eruca morantem.

A little essence of amber is frequently used. Mandragora has gone out of fashion. Some exhausted debauchees have employed cantharides, which strongly affect the susceptible parts of the frame, and often produce severe and painful consequences.

Youth and health are the only genuine philtres.

Chocolate was for a long time in great celebrity with our debilitated petit-maitres. But a man may take twenty cups of chocolate without inspiring any attachment to his person.

. ut amoris amabilis esto.

OVID, A. A. ii. 107.

Wouldst thou be loved, be amiable.

END OF THE WORLD.

THE greater part of the Greek philosophers held the universe to be eternal, both with respect to commencement and duration. But as to this petty portion of the world or universe, this globe of stone and earth and water, of minerals and vapours, which we inhabit,

* Martial.

it was somewhat difficult to form an opinion: it was however deemed very destructible. It was even said that it had been destroyed more than once, and would be destroyed again. Every one judged of the whole world from his own particular country, as an old woman judges of all mankind from those in her own nook and neighbourhood.

This idea of the end of our little world, and its renovation, strongly possessed the imagination of the nations under subjection to the Roman empire, amidst the horrors of the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey. Virgil, in his *Georgics* (book i. v. 468), alludes to the general apprehension which filled the minds of the common people from this cause:—

Impiaque eternam timuerunt secula noctem.

And impious men now dread eternal night.

Lucan, in the following lines, expresses himself much more explicitly:—

Hos Cæsar populos, si nunc non usserit ignis

Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti.

Communis mundo superest rogas

PHARS. book vii. v. 812, 14.

Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world one common lot shall have;
One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waste you azure heavens, the earth and sea.

ROWE.

And Ovid, following up the observations of Lucan, says:—

Esse quoque in fati reminiscitur affore tempus,

Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli,

Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret.

MET. i. v. 256, 58.

For thus the stern unyielding fates decree,
That earth, air, heaven, with the capacious sea,
All shall fall victims to consuming fire,
And in fierce flames the blazing world expire.

Consult Cicero himself, the philosophic Cicero. He tells us, in his book concerning the Nature of the Gods,* the best work perhaps of all antiquity, unless we make

* On the Nature of the Gods, book ii. p. 46.

an exception in favour of his treatise on human duties, called "The Offices;" in that book, I say, he remarks:

"Ex quo eventurum nostri putant id, de quo Panætium addubitare dicebant; ut ad extremam omnis mundus ignesceret, cum, humore consumpto, neque terra alii posset, neque remearet aër cujus ortus, aqua omni exhausta, esse non posset; ita relinqui nihil præter ignem, a quo rursum animante ac Deo renovatio mundi fieret; atque idem ornatus oriretur."

"According to the stoics, the whole world will eventually consist only of fire; the water being then exhausted will leave no nourishment for the earth; and the air, which derives its existence from water, can of course no longer be supplied. Thus fire alone will remain, and this fire, re-animating everything with, as it were, godlike power and energy, will restore the world with improved beauty."

This natural philosophy of the stoics, like that indeed of all antiquity, is not a little absurd; it shows, however, that the expectation of a general conflagration was universal.

Prepare, however, for greater astonishment than the errors of antiquity can excite. The great Newton held the same opinion as Cicero. Deceived by an incorrect experiment of Boyle,* he thought that the moisture of the globe would at length be dried up, and that it would be necessary for God to apply his reforming hand "manum emendatricem." Thus we have the two greatest men of ancient Rome and modern England precisely of the same opinion, that at some future period fire will completely prevail over water.

This idea of a perishing and subsequently to be renewed world was deeply rooted in the minds of the inhabitants of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, from the time of the civil wars of the successors of Alexander. Those of the Romans augmented the terror, upon this subject, of the various nations which became the victims of them. They expected the destruction of the world and hoped for a new one. The Jews, who are

* Question at the end of the "Optics."

slaves in Syria, and scattered through every other land, partook of this universal terror.

Accordingly, it does not appear that the Jews were at all astonished when Jesus said to them, according to St. Matthew and St. Luke :* “Heaven and earth shall pass away.” He often said to them : “The kingdom of God is at hand.” He preached the gospel of the kingdom of God.

St. Peter announces† that the gospel was preached to them that were dead, and that the end of the world drew near. “We expect,” says he, “new heavens and a new earth.”

St. John, in his first epistle, says,† “There are, at present, many Antichrists, which shows that the last hour draws near.”

St. Luke, in much greater detail, predicts the end of the world and the last judgment. These are his words :—

“There shall be signs in the moon and in the stars, roarings of the sea and the waves ; men’s hearts failing them for fear shall look with trembling to the events about to happen. The powers of heaven shall be shaken ; and then shall they see the son of man coming in a cloud, with great power and majesty. Verily I say unto you, the present generation shall not pass away till all this be fulfilled.”

We do not dissemble that unbelievers upbraid us with this very prediction ; they want to make us blush for our faith, when we consider that the world is still in existence. The generation, they say, is passed away, and yet nothing at all of this is fulfilled. Luke, therefore, ascribes language to our Saviour which he never uttered, or we must conclude that Jesus Christ himself was mistaken, which would be blasphemy. But we close the mouth of these impious cavillers by observing, that this prediction, which appears so false in its literal meaning, is true in its spirit ; that the whole world meant Judea, and that the end of the world signified the reign of Titus and his successors.

* Matthew, xxiv. Luke, xvi.

† John, xvii. 18,

‡ I. Epistle of Peter, iv.

St. Paul expresses himself very strongly on the subject of the end of the world in his epistle to the Thesalonians: "We who survive, and who now address you, shall be taken up into the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

According to these very words of Jesus and St. Paul, the whole world was to have an end under Tiberius, or at latest under Nero. St. Paul's prediction was fulfilled no more than St. Luke's.

These allegorical predictions were undoubtedly not meant to apply to the times of the evangelists and apostles, but to some future time, which God conceals from all mankind.

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
HORACE, book i. ode xi.

Strive not, Leuconoë, to pry
Into the secret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try
To know our lives uncertain date.

FRANCIS.

It is still perfectly certain that all nations then known entertained the expectation of the end of the world, of a new earth and a new heaven. For more than sixteen centuries, we see that donations to monkish institutions have commenced with these words: "Adventante mundi vespere," &c. "The end of the world being at hand, I, for the good of my soul, and to avoid being one of the number of the goats on the left hand, &c. leave such and such lands to such a convent." Fear influenced the weak to enrich the cunning.

The Egyptians fixed this grand epoch at the end of thirty-six thousand five hundred years: Orpheus is stated to have fixed it at the distance of a hundred and twenty thousand years.

The historian Flavius Josephus asserts, that Adam, having predicted that the world would be twice destroyed, once by water and next by fire, the children of Seth were desirous of announcing to the future race of men the disastrous catastrophe. They engraved astro-

nomical observations on two columns, one made of bricks, which should resist the fire that was to consume the world; the other of stones, which would remain uninjured by the water that was to drown it. But what thought the Romans, when a few slaves talked to them about an Adam and a Seth unknown to all the world besides? They smiled.

Josephus adds, that the column of stones was to be seen in his own time, in Syria.

From all that has been said, we may conclude that we know exceedingly little of past events—that we are but ill acquainted with those present—that we know nothing at all about the future—and that we ought to refer every thing relating to them to God, the master of those three divisions of time and of eternity.

ENTHUSIASM.

THIS Greek word signifies “emotion of the bowels, internal agitation.” Was the word invented by the Greeks to express the vibrations experienced by the nerves, the dilation and shrinking of the intestines, the violent contractions of the heart, the precipitous course of those fiery spirits which mount from the viscera to the brain whenever we are strongly and vividly affected?

Or was the term *enthusiasm*, after painful affection of the bowels, first applied to the contortions of the Pythia, who, on the Delphian tripod, admitted the inspiration of Apollo in a place apparently intended for the receptacle of body rather than of spirit?

What do we understand by enthusiasm? How many shades are there in our affections! Approbation, sensibility, emotion, distress, impulse, passion, transport, insanity, rage, fury. Such are the stages through which the miserable soul of man is liable to pass.

A geometrician attends at the representation of an affecting tragedy. He merely remarks that it is a judicious, well-written performance. A young man who sits next him is so interested by the performance that he makes no remark at all; a lady sheds tears over it; another young man is so transported by the

exhibition, that to his great misfortune he goes home determined to compose a tragedy himself. He has caught the disease of enthusiasm.

The centurion or military tribune, who considers war simply as a profession by which he is to make his fortune, goes to battle coolly, like a tiler ascending the roof of a house. Cæsar wept at seeing the statue of Alexander.

Ovid speaks of love only like one who understood it: Sappho expressed the genuine enthusiasm of the passion; and if it be true that she sacrificed her life to it, her enthusiasm must have advanced to madness.

The spirit of party tends astonishingly to excite enthusiasm; there is no faction that has not its "energumens," its devoted and possessed partisans. An animated speaker, who employs gesture in his addresses, has in his eyes, his voice, his movements, a subtle poison which passes with an arrow's speed into the ears and hearts of his partial hearers. It was on this ground that queen Elizabeth forbade any one to preach, during six months, without an express license under her sign manual, that the peace of her kingdom might be undisturbed.

St. Ignatius, who possessed very warm and susceptible feelings, read the lives of the fathers of the desert after being deeply read in romances. He becomes, in consequence, actuated by a double enthusiasm. He constitutes himself knight to the virgin Mary; he performed the vigil of arms; he is eager to fight for his lady patroness; he is favoured with visions; the virgin appears and recommends to him her son, and she enjoins him to give no other name to his society than that of the "Society of Jesus."

Ignatius communicates his enthusiasm to another Spaniard, of the name of Xavier. Xavier hastens away to the Indies, of the language of which he is utterly ignorant; thence to Japan, without knowing a word of Japanese. That, however, is of no consequence; the flame of his enthusiasm catches the imagination of some young jesuits, who at length make themselves masters of that language. These disciples,

after Xavier's death, entertain not the shadow of a doubt that he performed more miracles than ever the apostles did, and that he resuscitated seven or eight persons, at the very least. In short, so epidemical and powerful becomes the enthusiasm, that they form in Japan what they denominate a Christendom (*une Chrétienté*). This Christendom ends in a civil war, in which a hundred thousand persons are slaughtered: the enthusiasm then is at its highest point, fanaticism; and fanaticism has become madness.

The young fakir, who fixes his eye on the tip of his nose when saying his prayers, gradually kindles in devotionārdour, until he at length believes that if he burdens himself with chains of fifty pounds weight, the Supreme Being will be obliged and grateful to him. He goes to sleep with an imagination totally absorbed by Bramah, and is sure to have a sight of him in a dream. Occasionally, even in the intermediate state between sleeping and waking, sparks radiate from his eyes; he beholds Bramah resplendent with light; he falls into extacies, and the disease frequently becomes incurable.

What is most rarely to be met with, is the combination of reason with enthusiasm. Reason consists in constantly perceiving things as they really are. He, who under the influence of intoxication, sees objects double, is at the time deprived of reason.

Enthusiasm is precisely like wine, it has the power to excite such a ferment in the blood vessels, and such strong vibrations in the nerves, that reason is completely destroyed by it. But it may also occasion only slight agitations, so as not to convulse the brain but merely to render it more active, as is the case in grand bursts of eloquence, and more especially in sublime poetry. Reasonable enthusiasm is the patrimony of great poets.

This reasonable enthusiasm is the perfection of their art. It is this which formerly occasioned the belief that poets were inspired by the gods; a notion which was never applied to other artists.

How is reasoning to controul enthusiasm? A poet

should, in the first instance, make a sketch of his design. Reason then holds the crayon. But when he is desirous to animate his characters, to communicate to them the different and just expressions of the passions, then his imagination kindles, enthusiasm is in full operation, and urges him onward like a fiery courser in his career. But his course has been previously traced with coolness and judgment.

Enthusiasm is admissible into every species of poetry which admits of sentiment: we occasionally find it even in the eclogue; witness the following lines of Virgil (Eclogue x. v. 58.)

Jam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantes
Ire; libet Partho torquere cydonia cornu
Spicula; tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat!

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now, methinks, through steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of Love appease.

The style of epistles and satires represses enthusiasm; we accordingly see little or nothing of it in the works of Boileau and Pope.

Our odes, it is said by some, are genuine lyrical enthusiasm; but, as they are not sung with us, they are in fact rather collections of verses, adorned with ingenious reflections, than odes.

Of all modern odes, that which abounds with the noblest enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that never abates, that never falls into the bombastic or the ridiculous, is *Timotheus, or Alexander's Feast*, by Dryden. It is still considered in England as an inimitable masterpiece, which Pope, when attempting the same stile and the same subject, could not even approach. This ode was sung, set to music; and if the musician had been worthy of the poet, it would have been the masterpiece of lyric poesy.

The most dangerous tendency of enthusiasm in this connection is that of urging on the poet to bombast, rant, and burlesque. A striking example of this oc-

curs in an ode on the birth of a prince of the blood royal:—

Où suis-je ? quel nouveau miracle
Tient encore mes sens enobantés
Quel vast, quel pompeux spectacle
Frappe mes yeux épouvantés ?
Un nouveau monde vient d'éclorre
L'univers se réforme encore
Dans les abymes du chaos ;
Et, pour reparer ses ruines,
Je vois des demeures divines
Descendre du peuples de héros.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.—*Ode on the Birth of the Duke of Bretagne.*

Here we find the poet's senses enchanted and alarmed at the appearance of a prodigy—a vast and magnificent spectacle—a new birth, which is to reform the universe, and redeem it from a state of chaos, &c. all which means simply that a male child is born to the house of Bourbon. This is as bad as, “*Je chante les vainqueurs, des vainqueurs de la terre.*”

We will avail ourselves of the present opportunity to observe, that there is a very small portion of enthusiasm in the Ode on the Taking of Namur.

ENVY.

WE all know what the ancients said of this disgraceful passion, and what the moderns have repeated. Hesiod is the first classic author who has spoken of it.

“The potter envies the potter, the artisan the artisan, the poor even the poor, the musician the musician, (or, if any one chuses to give a different meaning to the word *avidos*) the poet the poet.”

Long before Hesiod, Job had remarked, “Envy destroys the little-minded.”

I believe Mandeville, the author of the Fable of the Bees, is the first who has endeavoured to prove that envy is a very good thing, a very useful passion. His first reason is, that envy was natural to man as hunger and thirst; that it may be observed in all children, as well as in horses and dogs. If you wish your children should hate one another, caress one more than the other; the prescription is infallible.

He asserts, that the first thing two young women do

when they meet together, is to discover matter for ridicule, and the second to flatter each other.

He thinks that without envy the arts would be only moderately cultivated, and that Raphael would never have been a great painter if he had not been jealous of Michael Angelo.

Mandeville, perhaps, mistook emulation for envy; perhaps also emulation is nothing but envy restricted within the bounds of decency.

Michael Angelo might say to Raphael, your envy has only induced you to study and execute still better than I do; you have not depreciated me, you have not caballed against me before the pope, you have not endeavoured to get me excommunicated for placing in my picture of the Last Judgment one-eyed and lame persons in paradise, and pampered cardinals with beautiful women perfectly naked in hell! No; your envy is a laudable feeling; you are brave as well as envious; let us be good friends.

But if the envious person is an unhappy being without talents, jealous of merit as the poor are of the rich; if under the pressure at once of indigence and baseness he writes "News from Parnassus," "Letters from a celebrated Countess," or "Literary Annals," the creature displays an envy which is in fact absolutely good for nothing, and for which even Mandeville could make no apology.

Descartes said, "that envy forces up the yellow bile from the lower part of the liver, and the black bile that comes from the spleen, which diffuses itself from the heart by the arteries," &c. But as no species of bile is formed in the spleen, Descartes, when he spoke thus, deserved not to be envied for his physiology.

A person of the name of Poet or Poetius, a theological blackguard, who accused Descartes of atheism, was exceedingly affected by the black bile. But he knew still less than Descartes how his detestable bile circulated through his blood.

Madame Pernell is perfectly right:—

Les envieux mourront, mais non jamais l'envie.

The envious will die, but envy never.

Tartuffe, act v. scene 3.

That it is better to excite envy than pity, is a good proverb. Let us, then, make men envy us as much as we are able.

EPIC POETRY.

SINCE the word *epos*, among the Greeks, signified a discourse, an epic poem must have been a discourse: and it was in verse, because it was not the custom then to write in prose. This appears strange, but it is no less true. One Pherecides is supposed to have been the first Greek who made exclusive use of prose to compose one of those half-true* half-false histories so common to antiquity.

Orpheus, Linus, Thamýris, and Musæus, the predecessors of Homer, wrote in verse only. Hesiod, who was certainly contemporary with Homer, wrote his *Theogony* and his poem of "Works and Days" entirely in verse. The harmony of the Greek language so invited men to poetry, a maxim turned into verse was so easily engraved on the memory, that the laws, oracles, morals, and theology, were all composed in verse.

Of Hesiod.

He made use of fables, which had for a long time been received in Greece. It is clearly seen by the succinct manner in which he speaks of Prometheus and Epimetheus, that he supposes these notions already familiar to all the Greeks. He only mentions them to show that it is necessary to labour, and that an indolent repose, in which other mythologists have made the felicity of man to consist, is a violation of the orders of the Supreme Being.

Hesiod afterwards describes the four famous ages, of which he is the first who has spoken, at least among the ancient authors who remain to us. The first age is that which preceded Pandora,—the time in which men lived with the gods. The iron age, is that of the siege of Thebes and Troy. "I live in the fifth," says

* Half true! that is a great deal.—*French Ed.*

he, "and I would I had never been born." How many men, oppressed by envy, fanaticism, and tyranny, since Hesiod, have said the same!

It is in this poem of "Works and Days" that those proverbs are found which have been perpetuated: as—"the potter is jealous of the potter," and he adds, "the musician of the musician, and the poor even of the poor." We there find the original of our fable of the nightingale fallen into the claws of the vulture. The nightingale sings in vain to soften him; the vulture devours her. Hesiod does not conclude that a hungry belly has no ears, but that tyrants are not to be mollified by genius.

A hundred maxims worthy of Xenophon and Cato are to be found in this poem.

Men are ignorant of the advantage of society: they know not that the half is more valuable than the whole.

Iniquity is pernicious only to the powerless.

Equity alone causes cities to flourish.

One unjust man is often sufficient to ruin his country.

The wretch who plots the destruction of his neighbour, often prepares the way to his own.

The road to crime is short and easy. That of virtue is long and difficult; but towards the end it is delightful.

God has placed labour as a sentinel over virtue.

Lastly, his precepts on agriculture were worthy to be imitated by Virgil. There are also very fine passages in his Theogony. Love, who disentangles chaos; Venus, born of the sea from the genital parts of a god nourished on earth, always followed by Love, and uniting heaven, earth, and sea, are admirable emblems.

Why then has Hesiod had less reputation than Homer? They seem to me of equal merit; but Homer has been preferred by the Greeks, because he sung their exploits and victories over the Asiatics; their eternal enemies. He celebrated all the families which in his time reigned in Achaia and Peloponessus; he wrote the most memorable war of the first people in Europe against the most flourishing nation which was then known in Asia. His poem was almost the only

monument of that great epoch. There was no town or family which did not think itself honoured by having its name mentioned in these records of valour. We are even assured that a long time after him some differences between the Greek towns on the subject of adjacent lands were decided by the verses of Homer. He became, after his death, the judge of cities, in which it is pretended that he asked alms during his life; which proves, also, that the Greeks had poets long before they had geographers.

It is astonishing that the Greeks, so disposed to honour epic poems which immortalised the combats of their ancestors, produced no one to sing the battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Platea, and Salamis. The heroes of these times were much greater men than Agamemnon, Achilles, and Ajax.

Tyrtaeus, a captain, poet, and musician, like the king of Prussia in our days, made war and sang it. He animated the Spartans against the Messenians by his verses, and gained the victory. But his works are lost. It does not appear that any epic poem was written in the time of Pericles. The attention of genius was turned towards tragedy; so that Homer stood alone, and his glory increased daily. We now come to his *Iliad*.

Of the Iliad.

What confirms me in the opinion that Homer was of the Greek colony established at Smyrna, is the oriental style of all his metaphors and pictures:—The earth which shook under the feet of the army when it marched like the thunderbolts of Jupiter on the hills which overwhelmed the giant Typhon; a wind blacker than night winged with tempests; Mars and Minerva followed by Terror, Flight, and insatiable Discord, the sister and companion of Homicide, the god of battles, who raises tumults wherever she appears, and who, not content with setting the world by the ears, even exalts her proud head into heaven. The *Iliad* is full of these images, which caused the sculptor Bouchardon

to say, "When I read Homer, I believe myself twenty feet high."

His poem, which is not at all interesting to us, was very precious to the Greeks. His gods are ridiculous to reasonable but they were not so to partial eyes, and it was for partial eyes that he wrote.

We laugh and shrug up our shoulders at these gods, who abused one another, fought one another, and combatted with men—who were wounded, and whose blood flowed: but such was the ancient theology of Greece and of almost all the Asiatic people. Every nation, every little village, had its particular god, which conducted it to battle.

The inhabitants of the clouds, and of the stars which were supposed in the clouds, had a cruel war. The combat of the angels against one another, was from time immemorial the foundation of the religion of the bramins. The battle of the Titans, the children of heaven and earth, against the chief gods of Olympus, was also the leading mystery of the Greek religion. Typhon, according to the Egyptians, had fought against Oshiret, whom we call Osiris, and cut him to pieces.

Madame Dacier, in her preface to the Iliad, remarks very sensibly, after Eustatius, bishop of Thessalonica, and Huet, bishop of Avranches, that every neighbouring nation of the Hebrews had its god of war. Indeed, does not Jephthah say to the Ammonites,* "Wilt not thou possess that which Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess? So, whomsoever the Lord our God shall drive out from before us, from them will we possess."

Do we not see the God of Judah a conqueror in the mountains and repulsed in the vallies?

As to men wrestling against divinities, that is a received idea. Jacob wrestled one whole night with an angel. If Jupiter sent a deceiving dream to the chief of the Greeks, the Lord also sent a deceiving spirit to king Ahab. These emblems were frequent, and astonished nobody. Homer has then painted the ideas of

* Judges, xi. 24.

his own age; he could not paint those of the generations which succeeded him.

Homer has great faults: Horace confesses it, and all men of taste agree to it; there is only one commentator who is blind enough not to see them. Pope, who was himself a translator of the Greek poet, says, "That it is a vast but uncultivated country, where we meet with all kinds of natural beauties, but which do not present themselves as regularly as in a garden; that it is an abundant nursery, which contains the seeds of all fruits; a great tree, that extends superfluous branches, which it is necessary to prune."

Madame Dacier sides with the vast country, the nursery, and the tree, and would have nothing curtailed. She was no doubt a woman superior to her sex, and has done great service to letters, as well as her husband; but when she became masculine and turned commentator, she so overacted her part, that she piqued people into finding fault with Homer. She was so obstinate as to quarrel even with Monsieur de la Motte. She wrote against him like the head of a college, and La Motte answered like a polite and witty woman. He translated the *Iliad* very badly; but he attacked Madame Dacier very well.

We will not speak of the *Odyssey* here; we shall say something of that poem while treating of Ariosto.

Of Virgil.

It appears to me that the second, fourth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* are as much above all Greek and Latin poets, without exception, as the statues of Girardon are superior to all those which preceded them in France.

It is often said that Virgil has borrowed many of the figures of Homer; and that he is even inferior to him in his imitations; but he has not imitated him at all in the three books of which I am speaking.—he is there himself touching and appalling to the heart. Perhaps he was not suited for terrific detail; but there had been battles enough. Horace had said of him, before he attempted the *Æneid*:—

——— Molle atque facetum

Virgilio anâuerunt gaudentes rare camœnæ.

Smooth flow his lines; and elegant his style;

On Virgil all the rural muses smile.

FRANCIS.

Facetum does not here signify facetious but agreeable. I do not know whether we shall not find a little of this happy and affecting softness in the fatal passion of Dido. I think at least that we shall there recognise the author of those admirable verses which we meet with in his eclogues:—

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!

I saw, I perish'd, yet indulg'd my pain.

DRYDEN.

Certainly the description of the descent into hell would not be badly matched with these lines from the fourth eclogue:—

Ille Deûm vitam accipiet, divisque videbit

Permistos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis—

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

The sons shall lead the lives of gods, and be

By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,

And with paternal virtues rule mankind.—DRYDEN.

I meet with many of these simple, elegant, and affecting passages in the three beautiful books of the *Æneid*.

All the fourth book is filled with touching verses, which move those who have any ear or sentiment at all even to tears; and to point out all the beauties of this book, it would be necessary to transcribe the whole of it.

And in the sombre picture of hell, how this noble and affecting tenderness breathes through every line.

It is well known how many tears were shed by the emperor Augustus, by Livia, and all the palace, at hearing this half line alone:—

Tu Marcellus eris.

A new Marcellus will in thee arise.

Homer never produces tears. The true poet, according to my idea, is he who touches the soul and softens

it; others are only fine speakers. I am far from proposing this opinion as a rule. "I give my opinion," says Montaigne, "not as being good, but as being my own."

Of Lucan.

If you look for unity of time and action in Lucan, you will lose your labour; but where else will you find it? If you expect to feel any emotion, or any interest, you will not experience it in the long details of a war, the subject of which is very dry, and the expressions bombastic; but if you would have bold ideas, an eloquent expatiation on sublime and philosophical courage, Lucan is the only one among the ancients in whom you will meet with it. There is nothing finer than the speech of Labienus to Cato at the gates of the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, if we except the answer of Cato itself:—

Hæremus cuncti superis ? temploque tacente
Nil facimus non sponte Dei.
. Steriles num legit arenas.

Ut caneret paucis ; mersit ne hæc pulvere verum !
Estne Dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aer,
Et cælum et virtus ? Superos quid quærimus ultra ?
Jupiter est quodcumque vides quocumque moveris.

And though our priests are mutes, and temples still,
We act the dictates of his mighty will :
Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind,
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian sands confin'd ?
That he would chuse this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around ?

Is there a place that God would chuse to lodge
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds the noblest throne of Jove ?
Why seek we farther, then ? Behold around ;
How all thou seest dost with the God abound,
Jove is seen everywhere, and always to be found.

Rowe.

Put together all that the ancient poets have said of the gods, and it is childish in comparison with this passage of Lucan; but in a vast picture, in which there is a hundred figures, it is not sufficient that one or two of them are finely designed.

Of Tasso.

Boileau has exposed the tinsel of Tasso; but if there be a hundred spangles of false gold in a piece of gold cloth, it is pardonable. There are many rough stones in the great marble building raised by Homer. Boileau knew it, felt it, and said nothing about it. We should be just.

We recal the reader's memory to what has been said of Tasso in the Essay on Epic Poetry; but we must here observe that his verses are known by heart all over Italy. If at Venice any one in a boat sings a stanza of the Jerusalem Delivered, he is answered from a neighbouring bark with the following one.

If Boileau had listened to these concerts, he could have said nothing in reply.

As enough is known of Tasso, I will not repeat here either eulogies or criticisms: I will speak more at length of Ariosto.

Of Ariosto.

Homer's *Odyssey* seems to have been the first model of the *Morgante*, of the *Orlando Innamorato* and the *Orlando Furioso*; and, what very seldom happens, the last of the poems is without dispute the best.

The companions of Ulysses changed into swine; the winds shut up in goats' skins; the musicians with fishes' tails, who ate all those who approached them; Ulysses, who followed the chariot of a beautiful princess who went to bathe quite naked; Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, who asked alms, and afterwards killed all the lovers of his aged wife, assisted only by his son and two servants,—are imaginations which have given birth to all the poetical romances which have since been written in the same style.

But the romance of Ariosto is so full of variety and so fertile in beauties of all kinds, that after having once read it quite through, I only wish to begin it again. How great the charm of natural poetry! I never could

read a single canto of this poem in a prose translation.

That which above all charms me in this wonderful work is, that the author is always above his subject, and treats it playfully. He says the most sublime things without effort, and he often finishes them by a turn of pleasantry which is neither misplaced nor far-fetched. It is at once the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and *Don Quixote*; for his principal knight-errant becomes mad like the Spanish hero, and is infinitely more pleasant.*

The subject of the poem which consists of so many things, is precisely that of the romance of *Cassandra*, which was formerly so much in fashion with us, and which has entirely lost its celebrity, because it had only the length of the *Orlando Furioso*, and few of its beauties; and even the few being in French prose: five or six stanzas of Ariosto will eclipse them all. His poem closes with the greater part of the heroes and princesses, who have not perished during the war, all meeting in Paris, after a thousand adventures; just as the personages in the romance of *Cassandra* all finally meet again in the house of Palemon.

The *Orlando Furioso* possesses a merit unknown to the ancients—it is that of its exordiums. Every canto is like an enchanted palace, the vestibule of which is always in a different taste—sometimes majestic, sometimes simple, and even grotesque. It is moral, lively, or gallant, and always natural and true.†

* We suspect that Voltaire will induce few Englishmen to agree with him. His notion in this respect is very Gallic. Florian has translated *Don Quixote* into French, omitting every particle of the broad humour by way of improvement!—T.

† Here Voltaire enters into a formal critique of the *Orlando Furioso*, which he follows with another upon the *Paradise Lost*, neither of which would interest the English reader. The latter indeed is entirely out of the question; and possibly the whole article might have been spared, but for the vivacity with which the author advances his opinions of every sort. The deprecation of Homer in comparison with Virgil will be little relished in England.—T.

EPIPHANY:

The Manifestation, the Appearance, the Illustration, the Radiance.

It is not easy to perceive what relation this word can have to the three kings or magi, who came from the east under the guidance of a star. That brilliant star was evidently the cause of bestowing on the day of its appearance the denomination of the Epiphany.

It is asked, whence came these three kings? What place had they appointed for their rendezvous? One of them, it is said, came from Africa: he did not, then, come from the east. It is said they were three magi; but the common people have always preferred the interpretation of three kings. The feast of the kings is everywhere celebrated, but that of the magi nowhere: people eat king's-cake and not magi-cake; and exclaim "the king drinks"—not "the magi drink."

Moreover, as they brought with them much gold, incense, and myrrh, they must necessarily have been persons of great wealth and consequence. The magi of that day were by no means very rich. It was not then as in the times of the false Smerdis.

Tertullian is the first who asserted that these three travellers were kings. St. Ambrose, and St. Cæsar of Arles, suppose them to be kings; and the following passages of the lxxi. psalm are quoted in proof of it:—"The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall offer him gifts. The kings of Arabia and of Saba shall bring him presents." Some have called these three kings Magalat, Galgalat, and Saraim; others, Athos, Satos, and Paratoras. The catholics knew them under the names of Gaspard, Melchior, and Balthazar. Bishop Osorius relates that it was a king of Cranganor, in the kingdom of Calicut, who undertook this journey with two magi, and that this king on his return to his own country built a chapel to the holy virgin.

It has been enquired how much gold they gave Joseph and Mary. Many commentators declare that

they made them the richest presents; they build on the authority of the gospel of the Infancy, which states that Joseph and Mary were robbed in Egypt by Titus and Dismachus; "but," say they, "these men would never have robbed them if they had not had a great deal of money." These two robbers were afterwards hanged; one was the good thief and the other the bad one. But the gospel of Nicodemus gives them other names; it calls them Dimas and Gestas.

The same gospel of the Infancy says that they were magi and not kings who came to Bethlem; that they had in reality been guided by a star, but that the star having ceased to appear while they were in the stable, an angel made his appearance in the form of a star to act in its stead. This gospel asserts that the visit of the three magi had been predicted by Zerdusht, whom we call Zoroaster.

Suarez has investigated what became of the gold which the three kings or magi presented; he maintains that the amount must have been very large, and that three kings could never make a small or moderate present. He says that the whole sum was afterwards given to Judas, who, acting as steward, turned out a rogue and stole the whole amount.

All these puerilities can do no harm to the Feast of the Epiphany, which was first instituted by the Greek church, as the term implies, and was afterwards celebrated by the Latin church.

EQUALITY.

NOTHING can be clearer than that men enjoying the faculties of their common nature are in a state of equality; they are equal when they perform their animal functions, and exercise their understandings. The king of China, the great Mogul, or the Turkish pacha, cannot say to the lowest of his species, "I forbid you to digest your food, to discharge your faeces, or to think." All animals of every species are on an equality with one another; and animals have by nature, beyond ourselves, the advantages of indepen-

dence. If a bull, while paying his attentions to a heifer, is driven away by the horns of another bull stronger than himself, he goes to seek a new mistress in another meadow, and lives in freedom. A cock, after being defeated, finds consolation in another hen-roost. It is not so with us. A petty vizir banishes a bostangi to Lemnos; the vizir Azem banishes the petty vizir to Tenedos; the pacha banishes the vizir Azem to Rhodes; the janissaries imprison the pacha, and elect another, who will banish the worthy mussulmen just when and where he pleases, while they will feel inexpressibly obliged to him for so gentle a display of his authority.

If the earth were, in fact, what it might be supposed it should be,—if men found upon it everywhere an easy and certain subsistence, and a climate congenial to their nature, it would be evidently impossible for one man to subjugate another. Let the globe be covered with wholesome fruits; let the air on which we depend for life convey to us no diseases and premature death; let man require no other lodging than the deer or roebuck; in that case the Gengis-Khans and Tamerlanes will have no other attendants than their own children, who will be very worthy persons, and assist them affectionately in their old age.

In that state of nature enjoyed by all undomesticated quadrupeds, and by birds and reptiles, man would be just as happy as they are. Domination would be a mere chimera, an absurdity which no one would think of; for why should servants be sought for when no service is required?

If it should enter the mind of any individual of a tyrannical disposition and nervous arm to subjugate his less powerful neighbour, his success would be impossible; the oppressed would be on the Danube before the oppressor had completed his preparations on the Wolga.

All men, then, would necessarily have been equal had they been without wants; it is the misery attached to our species which places one man in subjection to another: inequality is not the real grievance, but de-

pendence. It is of little consequence for one man to be called his highness and another his holiness; but it is hard for me to be the servant of another.

A numerous family has cultivated a good soil; two small neighbouring families live on lands unproductive and barren. It will therefore be necessary for the two poor families to serve the rich one, or to destroy it. This is easily accomplished. One of the two indigent families goes and offers its services to the rich one in exchange for bread; the other makes an attack upon it and is conquered. The serving family is the origin of domestics and labourers: the one conquered, is the origin of slaves.

It is impossible in our melancholy world to prevent men, living in society, from being divided into two classes, one of the rich who command, the other of the poor who obey; and these two are subdivided into various others, which have also their respective shades of difference.

You come and say, after the lots are drawn, I am a man as well as you; I have two hands and two feet; as much pride as yourself or more; a mind as irregular, inconsequent, and contradictory as your own. I am a citizen of St. Marino or Ragusa, or Vaugirard; give me my portion of land. In our known hemisphere are about fifty thousand millions of acres of cultivable land, good and bad. The number of our two-footed featherless race, within these bounds, is a thousand millions; that is just fifty acres for each: do me justice; give me my fifty acres.

The reply is, go and take them among the Caffres, the Hottentots, and the Samoieds; arrange the matter amicably with them; here all the shares are filled up. If you wish to have food, cloathing, lodging, and warmth among us, work for us as your father did—serve us or amuse us, and you shall be paid; if not, you will be obliged to turn beggar, which would be highly degrading to your sublime nature, and certainly preclude that actual equality with kings, or even village curates, to which you so nobly pretend.

All the poor are not unhappy. The greater number

are born in that state, and constant labour prevents them from too sensibly feeling their situation; but when they do strongly feel it, then follow wars such as those of the popular party against the senate at Rome; and those of the peasantry in Germany, England, and France. All these wars ended soon or late in the subjection of the people, because the great have money, and money in a state commands every thing: I say in a state, for the case is different between nation and nation. That nation which makes the best use of iron will always subjugate another that has more gold but less courage.

Every man is born with an eager inclination for power, wealth, and pleasure, and also with a great taste for indolence. Every man, consequently, would wish to possess the fortunes and the wives or daughters of others, to be their master, to retain them in subjection to his caprices, and to do nothing, or at least nothing but what is perfectly agreeable. You clearly perceive that, with such amiable dispositions, it is as impossible for men to be equal, as for two preachers or divinity professors not to be jealous of each other.

The human race, constituted as it is, cannot subsist unless there be an infinite number of useful individuals possessed of no property at all; for most certainly, a man in easy circumstances will not leave his own land to come and cultivate yours; and if you want a pair of shoes you will not get a lawyer to make them for you. Equality, then, is at the same time the most natural and the most chimerical thing possible.

As men carry everything to excess if they have it in their power to do so, this inequality has been pushed too far; it has been maintained in many countries that no citizen has a right to quit that in which he was born. The meaning of such a law must evidently be: "This country is so wretched and ill-governed, we prohibit every man from quitting it, under an apprehension that otherwise all would leave it." Do better: excite in all your subjects a desire to stay with you, and in foreigners a desire to come and settle among you.

Every man has a right to entertain a private opinion of his own equality to other men; but it follows not

that a cardinal's cook should take it upon him to order his master to prepare his dinner. The cook, however, may say: "I am a man as well as my master; I was born like him in tears, and shall like him die in anguish, attended by the same common ceremonies. We both perform the same animal functions. If the Turks get possession of Rome, and I then become a cardinal and my master a cook, I will take him into my service." This language is perfectly reasonable and just; but, while waiting for the grand Turk to get possession of Rome, the cook is bound to do his duty, or all human society is subverted.

With respect to a man who is neither a cardinal's cook, nor invested with any office whatever in the state; with respect to an individual who has no connections, and is disgusted at being everywhere received with an air of protection or contempt, who sees very clearly that many men of quality and title have not more knowledge, wit, or virtue than himself, and is wearied by being occasionally in their antichambers,—what ought such a man to do? He ought to stay away.

ESSENIANS.

THE more superstitious and barbarous any nation is, the more obstinately bent on war, notwithstanding its defeats; the more divided into factions, floating between royal and priestly claims; and the more intoxicated it may be by fanaticism; the more certainly will be found among that nation a number of citizens associated together in order to live in peace.

It happens, during a season of pestilence, that a small canton forbids all communication with large cities. It preserves itself from the prevailing contagion, but remains a prey to other maladies.

Of this description of persons were the Gymnosophists in India, and certain sects of philosophers among the Greeks. Such also were the Pythagoreans in Italy and Greece, and the therapeutæ in Egypt. Such at the present day are those primitive people, called quakers and dunkers, in Pennsylvania; and very near-

such were the first christians who lived together remote from cities.

Not one of these societies was acquainted with the dreadful custom of binding themselves by oath to the mode of life which they adopted, of involving themselves into perpetual chains, of depriving themselves, on a principle of religion, of the grand right and first principle of human nature, which is liberty; in short, of entering into what we call vows. St. Basil was the first who conceived the idea of those vows, of this oath of slavery. He introduced a new plague into the world, and converted into a poison, that which had been invented as a remedy.

There were in Syria societies precisely similar to those of the Essenians. This we learn from the Jew Philo, in his treatise on the Freedom of the Good. Syria was always superstitious and factious, and always under the yoke of tyrants. The successors of Alexander made it a theatre of horrors. It is by no means extraordinary, that among such numbers of oppressed and persecuted beings, some, more humane and judicious than the rest, should withdraw from all intercourse with great cities, in order to live in common, in honest poverty, far from the blasting eyes of tyranny.

During the civil wars of the latter Ptolemies, similar asylums were formed in Egypt; and when that country was subjugated by the Roman arms, the therapeutæ established themselves in a sequestered spot, in the neighbourhood of the lake Mæris.

It appears highly probable that there were Greek, Egyptian, and Jewish therapeutæ. Philo, after eulogizing Anaxagorus, Democritus, and other philosophers, who embraced their way of life, thus expresses himself:—

“Similar societies are found in many countries; Greece and other regions enjoy institutions of this consoling character. They are common in Egypt in every district, and particularly in that of Alexandria. The most worthy and moral of the population have withdrawn beyond Lake Mæris to a secluded but convenient spot, forming a gentle declivity. The air is very

salubrious, and the villages in the neighbourhood sufficiently numerous," &c.

Thus we perceive that there have everywhere existed societies of men who have endeavoured to find a refuge from disturbances and factions, from the insolence and rapacity of oppressors. All, without exception, entertained a perfect horror of war, considering it precisely in the same light in which we contemplate highway robbery and murder.

Such, nearly, were the men of letters who united in France, and founded the Academy. They quietly withdrew from the factious and cruel scenes which desolated the country in the reign of Louis XIII. Such also were the men who founded the Royal Society at London, while the barbarous idiots called puritans and episcopalians were cutting one anothers throats about the interpretation of a few passages from three or four old and unintelligible books.

Some learned men have been of opinion that Jesus Christ, who condescended to make his appearance for some time in the small district of Capernaum, in Nazareth, and some other small towns of Palestine; was one of those Essenians, who fled from the tumult of affairs, and cultivated virtue in peace. But the name "Essenian" never even once occurs in the four gospels, in the apocrypha, or in the acts, or the epistles of the apostles.

Although, however, the name is not to be found, a resemblance is, in various points, observable—confraternity, community of property, strictness of moral conduct, manual labour, detachment from wealth and honors; and, above all, detestation of war. So great is this detestation, that Jesus Christ commands his disciples when struck upon one cheek to offer the other also, and when robbed of a cloak to deliver up the coat likewise. Upon this principle the christians conducted themselves, during the two first centuries, without altars, temples, or magistracies,—all employed in their respective trades or occupations, all leading secluded and quiet lives.

Their early writings attest that they were not permitted to carry arms. In this they perfectly resem-

bled our Pennsylvanians, anabaptists, and Mennonites of the present day, who take a pride in following the literal meaning of the gospel. For although there are in the gospel many passages which, when incorrectly understood, might breed violence,—as the case of the merchants scourged out of the temple avenues, the phrase “compel them to come in,” the dangers into which they were thrown who had not converted their master’s one talent into five talents, and the treatment of those who came to the wedding without the wedding garment,—although, I say, all these may seem contrary to the pacific spirit of the gospel, yet there are so many other passages which enjoin sufferance instead of contest, that it is by no means astonishing that, for a period of two hundred years, christians held war in absolute execration.

Upon this foundation was the numerous and respectable society of Pennsylvanians established, as were also the minor sects which have imitated them. When I denominate them respectable, it is by no means in consequence of their aversion to the splendour of the catholic church. I lament, undoubtedly, as I ought to do, their errors. It is their virtue, their modesty, and their spirit of peace, that I respect.

Was not the great philosopher Bayle right, then, when he remarked, that a christian of the earliest times of our religion would be a very bad soldier, or that a soldier would be a very bad christian?

This dilemma appears to be unanswerable; and in this point, in my opinion, consists the great difference between ancient christianity and ancient judaism.

The law of the first Jews expressly says: “As soon as you enter any country with a view to possess it, destroy everything by fire and sword; slay, without mercy, aged men, women, and children at the breast; kill even all the animals; sack everything and burn everything. It is your God who commands you so to do.” This injunction is not given in a single instance, but on twenty different occasions, and is always followed.

Mahomet, persecuted by the people of Mecca, de-

sends himself like a brave man. He compels his vanquished persecutors to humble themselves at his feet and become his disciples. He establishes his religion by proselytism and the sword.

Jesus, appearing between the times of Moses and Mahomet, in a corner of Galilee, preaches forgiveness of injuries, patience, mildness, and forbearance, dies himself under the infliction of capital punishment, and is desirous of the same fate for his first disciples.

I ask candidly, whether St. Bartholomew, St. Andrew, St. Matthew, and St. Barnabas, would have been received among the cuirassiers of the emperor, or among the royal guards of Charles XII.?

Would St. Peter himself, though he cut off Malchus's ear, have made a good officer? Perhaps St. Paul, accustomed at first to carnage, and having had the misfortune to be a bloody persecutor, is the only one who could have been made a warrior. The impetuosity of his temperament, and the fire of his imagination, would have made him a formidable commander. But, notwithstanding these qualities, he made no effort to revenge himself on Gamaliel by arms. He did not act like the Judases, the Theudases, and the Barchochebases, who levied troops: he followed the precepts of Jesus Christ; he suffered; and, according to an account we have of his death, he was beheaded.

To compose an army of christians, therefore, in the early period of christianity, was a contradiction in terms.

It is certain that christians were not enlisted among the troops of the empire till the spirit by which they were animated was changed. In the two first centuries they entertained a horror for temples, altars, tapers, incense, and lustral water. Porphyry compares them to the foxes who said "the grapes are sour."—"If," said he, "you could have had beautiful temples burnished with gold, and large revenues for a clergy, you would then have been passionately fond of temples." They afterwards addicted themselves to all that they had abhorred. Thus, having detested the profes

of arms, they at length engaged in war. The christians in the time of Dioclesian were as different from those of the time of the apostles as we are from the christians of the third century.

I cannot conceive how a mind so enlightened and bold as Montesquieu's, could severely censure another genius much more accurate than his own, and oppose the following just remark made by Bayle,* "that a society of real christians might live happily together, but that they would make a bad defence on being attacked by an enemy."

"They would," says Montesquieu, "be citizens infinitely enlightened on the subject of their duties, and ardently zealous to discharge them. They would be fully sensible of the rights of natural defence. The more they thought they owed religion, the more they would think they owed their country. The principles of christianity deeply engraven on their hearts would be infinitely more powerful than the false honour of monarchies, the human virtues of republics, or the servile fear which operates under despotism."

Surely the author of the "Spirit of Laws" did not reflect upon the words of the gospel, when saying that real christians would be fully sensible of the rights of natural defence. He did not recollect the command to deliver up the coat after the cloak had been taken; and, after having received a blow upon one cheek, to present the other also. Here the principle of natural defence is most decidedly annihilated. Those whom we call quakers have always refused to fight; but in the war of 1756, if they had not received assistance from the other English, and suffered that assistance to operate, they would have been completely crushed.

Is it not unquestionable, that men who thought and felt as martyrs would fight very ill as grenadiers? Every sentence of that chapter of the "Spirit of Laws" appears to me false. "The principles of christianity, deeply engraven on their hearts, would be infinitely more powerful," &c. Yes, more powerful to prevent

* Combination of "Divers Thoughts," art. cxxiv.

their exercise of the sword, to make them tremble at shedding their neighbour's blood, to make them look on life as a burden of which it would be their highest happiness to be relieved.

"If," says Bayle, "they were appointed to drive back veteran corps of infantry, or to charge regiments of cuirassiers, they would be seen like sheep in the midst of wolves."

Bayle was perfectly right. Montesquieu did not perceive that, while attempting to refute him, he contemplated only the mercenary and sanguinary soldiers of the present day, and not the early christians. It would seem as if he had been desirous of preventing the unjust accusations which he experienced from the fanatics, by sacrificing Bayle to them. But he gained nothing by it. They are two great men, who appear to be of different opinions, but who, if they had been equally free to speak, would have been found to have the same.

"The false honour of monarchies, the human virtues of republics, the servile fear which operates under despotism;" nothing at all of this goes towards the composition of a soldier, as the "Spirit of Laws" pretends. When we levy a regiment, of whom a quarter part will desert in the course of a fortnight, not one of the men enlisted thinks about the honour of the monarchy: they do not even know what it is. The mercenary troops of the republic of Venice know their country; but nothing about republican virtue, which no one ever speaks of in the place of St. Mark. In one word, I do not believe that there is a single man on the face of the earth who has enlisted in his regiment from a principle of virtue.

Neither, again, is it out of a servile fear that Turks and Russians fight with the fierceness and rage of lions and tigers. Fear does not inspire courage. Nor is it by devotion that the Russians have defeated the armies of Mustapha. It would, in my opinion, have been highly desirable that so ingenious a man should have sought for truth rather than display. When we wish to instruct mankind, we ought to forget ourselves, and have nothing in view but truth.

ETERNITY.

IN my youth I admired all the reasonings of Samuel Clarke. I loved his person, although he was a determined Arian as well as Newton, and I still revere his memory, because he was a good man; but the impression which his ideas had stamped on my yet tender brain was effaced when that brain became more firm. I found, for example, that he had contested the eternity of the world with as little ability as he had proved the reality of infinite space.

I have so much respect for the book of Genesis, and for the church which adopts it, that I regard it as the only proof of the creation of the world five thousand seven hundred and eighteen years ago, according to the computation of the Latins, and seven thousand and seventy-eight years, according to the Greeks.

All antiquity believed matter, at least, to be eternal; and the greatest philosophers attributed eternity also to the arrangement of the universe.

They are all mistaken, as we well know; but we may believe, without blasphemy, that the eternal former of all things made other worlds beside ours.

EUCCHARIST.

ON this delicate subject, we shall not speak as theologians. Submitting in heart and mind to the religion in which we are born, and the laws under which we live, we shall have nothing to do with controversy; it is too hostile to all religions which it boasts of supporting, to all laws which it makes pretensions to explain, and especially to that harmony which in every period it has banished from the world.

One half of Europe anathematises the other on the subject of the Eucharist; and blood has flowed in torrents from the Baltic sea to the foot of the Pyrenees, for nearly two centuries, on account of a single word, which signifies gentle charity.

Various nations in this part of the world view with horror the system of transubstantiation. They exclaim against this dogma as the last effort of human folly. They quote the celebrated passage of Cicero, who says* that men, having exhausted all the mad extravagancies they are capable of, have yet never entertained the idea of eating the God whom they adore. They say, that as almost all popular opinions are built upon ambiguities and abuse of words, so the system of the Roman catholics concerning the eucharist and transubstantiation, is founded solely on an ambiguity; that they have interpreted literally what could only have been meant figuratively; and that for the sake of mere verbal contests, for absolute misconceptions, the world has for six hundred years been drenched in blood.

Their preachers in the pulpits, their learned in their publications, and the people in their conversational discussions, incessantly repeat that Jesus Christ did not take his body in his two hands to give his disciples to eat; that a body cannot be in a hundred thousand places at one time, in bread and in wine; that the God who formed the universe cannot consist of bread which is converted into fæces, and of wine which flows off in urine; and that the doctrine may naturally expose christianity to the derision of the least intelligent, and to the contempt and execration of the rest of mankind.

In this opinion the Tillotsons, the Smallridges, the Claudes, the Dailles, the Amyrauts, the Mestrezats, the Dumoulins, the Blondels, and the numberless multitude of the reformers of the sixteenth century, are all agreed; while the peaceable mahometan, master of Africa, and of the finest part of Asia, smiles with disdain upon our disputes, and the rest of the world are totally ignorant of them.

Once again I repeat, that I have nothing to do with controversy. I believe with a lively faith all that the catholic apostolic religion teaches on the subject of

* See Cicero on Divination.

the eucharist, without comprehending a single word of it.

The question is, how to put the greatest restraint upon crimes. The stoics said that they carried God in their heart. Such is the expression of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, the most virtuous of mankind, and who might be almost called gods upon earth. They understood by the words "I carry God within me," that part of the divine universal soul which animates every intelligent being.

The catholic religion goes farther. It says, "You shall have within you physically what the stoics had metaphysically. Do not set yourselves about enquiring what it is that I give you to eat and drink, or merely to eat. Only believe that what I so give you is God. He is within you. Shall your heart then be defiled by anything unjust or base?—Behold then men receiving God within them, in the midst of an august ceremonial, by the light of a hundred tapers, under the influence of the most exquisite and enchanting music, and at the footstool of an altar of burnished gold. The imagination is led captive, the soul is rapt in extasy and melted! The votary scarcely breathes; he is detached from every terrestrial object, he is united with God, he is in our flesh, and in our blood!—Who will dare, or who even will be able, after this, to commit a single fault, or to entertain even the idea of it? It was clearly impossible to devise a mystery better calculated to retain mankind in virtue."

Yet Louis XI. while receiving God thus within him, poisons his own brother; the archbishop of Florence, while making God, and the Pazzi while receiving him, assassinate the Medici in the cathedral. Pope Alexander VI., after rising from the bed of his bastard daughter, administers God to Cæsar Borgia his bastard son, and both destroy by hanging, poison, and the sword, all who are in possession of two acres of land which they find desirable.

Julius II. makes and eats God; but, with his cuirass on his back and his helmet on his head, he imbrues his hands in blood and carnage. Leo X. contains God in

his body, his mistresses in his arms, and the money extorted by the sale of indulgences, in his own and his sister's coffers.

Troll, archbishop of Upsal, has the senators of Sweden slaughtered before his face, holding a papal bull in his hand. Vangalen, bishop of Munster, makes war upon all his neighbours, and becomes celebrated for his rapine.

The abbé N . . . is full of God, speaks of nothing but God, imparts God to all the women, or weak and imbecile persons that he can obtain the direction of, and robs his penitents of their property.

What are we to conclude from these contradictions? That all these persons never really believed in God; that they still less, if possible, believed that they had eaten his body and drunk his blood; that they never imagined they had swallowed God; that if they had firmly so believed, they never would have committed any of those deliberate crimes; in a word, that this most miraculous preventive of human atrocities has been most ineffective. The more sublime such an idea, the more decidedly is it secretly rejected by human obstinacy.

The fact is, that all our grand criminals who have been at the head of government, and those also who have subordinately shared in authority, not only never believed that they received God down their throats, but never believed in God at all; at least they had entirely effaced such an idea from their minds. Their contempt for the sacrament which they created or administered was extended at length into a contempt of God himself. What resource then have we remaining against depredation, insolence, outrage, calumny, and persecution?—That of persuading the strong man who oppresses the weak that God really exists. He will at least not laugh at this opinion; and although he may not believe that God is within him, he yet may believe that God pervades all nature. An incomprehensible mystery has shocked him. But would he be able to say that the existence of a remunerating and avenging God is an incomprehensible mystery? Finally—

although he does not yield his belief to a catholic bishop who says to him, "Behold, that is your God, whom a man consecrated by myself has put into your mouth!" he may believe the language of all the stars and of all animated beings, at once exclaiming—"God is our creator!"

EXECUTION.

SECTION I.

Yes, we here repeat the observation,—a man that is hanged is good for nothing; although some executioner, as much addicted to quackery as cruelty, may have persuaded the wretched simpletons in his neighbourhood that the fat of a person hanged is a cure for the epilepsy.

Cardinal Richlieu, when going to Lyons to enjoy the spectacle of the execution of Cinque-Mars and de Thou, was informed that the executioner had broken his leg. "What a dreadful thing it is," says he to the chancellor Seguier, "we have no executioner!" I certainly admit that it must have been a terrible disaster. It was a jewel wanting in his crown. At last however an old worthy was found, who after twelve strokes of the sabre brought low the head of the innocent and philosophic de Thou. What necessity required this death? What good could be derived from the judicial assassination of marshal de Marillac?

I will go farther. If Maximilian, duke of Sully, had not compelled that admirable king Henry IV. to yield to the execution of marshal Biron, who was covered with wounds which had been received in his service, perhaps Henry would never have suffered assassination himself; perhaps that act of clemency, judiciously interposed after condemnation, would have soothed the still raging spirit of the league; perhaps the outcry would not then have been incessantly thundered into the ears of the populace,—the king always protects heretics, the king treats good catholics shamefully, the king is a miser, the king is an old debauchée, who at the age of fifty-seven fell in love with the young

princess of Condé, and forced her husband to fly the kingdom with her. All these embers of universal discontent would probably not have been alone sufficient to inflame the brain of the fanatical feuillant Ravailiac.

With respect to what is ordinarily called justice, that is, the practice of killing a man because he has stolen a crown from his master; or burning him, as was the case with Simon Morin, for having said that he had had conferences with the holy spirit; and as was the case also with a mad old jesuit of the name of Malagrida, for having printed certain conversations which the holy virgin held with St. Anne, her mother, while in the womb;—this practice, it must be acknowledged, is neither conformable to humanity or reason, and cannot possibly be of the least utility.

We have already enquired what advantage could ensue to the state from the execution of that poor man known under the name of the madman; who, while at supper with some monks, uttered certain nonsensical words, and who, instead of being purged and bled, was delivered over to the gallows?

We farther ask,—whether it was absolutely necessary that another madman, who was in the body-guards and who gave himself some slight cuts with a hanger, like many other impostors, to obtain remuneration, should be also hanged by the sentence of the parliament? Was this a crime of such great enormity? Would there have been any imminent danger to society in saving the life of this man?

What necessity could there be that La Barre should have his hand chopped off and his tongue cut out, that he should be put to the question ordinary and extraordinary, and be burnt alive?—Such was the sentence pronounced by the Solons and Lycurguses of Abbeville! What had he done? Had he assassinated his father and mother? Had people reason to apprehend that he would burn down the city?—He was accused of a want of reverence in some secret circumstances, which the sentence itself does not specify. He had, it was said, sung an old song, of which

no one could give an account; and had seen a procession of capuchins pass at a distance without saluting it.

It certainly appears as if some people took great delight in what Boileau calls murdering their neighbour in due form and ceremony, and inflicting on him unutterable torments. These people live in the forty-ninth degree of latitude, which is precisely the position of the Iroquois. Let us hope that they may, some time or other, become civilized.

Among this nation of barbarians there are always to be found two or three thousand persons of great kindness and amiability, possessed of correct taste, and constituting excellent society. These will at length polish the others.

I should like to ask those who are so fond of erecting gibbets, piles, and scaffolds, and pouring leaden balls through the human brain, whether they are always labouring under the horrors of famine, and whether they kill their fellow-creatures from any apprehension that there are more of them than can be maintained?

I was once perfectly horror-struck on seeing a list of deserters made out for the short period merely of eight years. They amounted to sixty thousand. Here were sixty thousand co-patriots, who were to be shot through the head at the beat of drum; and with whom, if well maintained and ably commanded, a whole province might have been added to the kingdom.

I would also ask some of these subaltern Dracos, whether there are no such things wanted in their country as highways or crossways, whether there are no uncultivated lands to be broken up, and whether men who are hanged or shot can be of any service?

I will not address them on the score of humanity, but of utility: unfortunately, they will often attend to neither; and although M. Beccaria met with the applauses of Europe for having proved that punishments ought only to be proportioned to crimes, the Iroquois soon found out an advocate, paid by a priest, who

maintained that to torture, hang, rack, and burn, in all cases whatsoever, was decidedly the best way.

SECTION II.

But it is England which, more than any other country, has been distinguished for the stern delight of slaughtering men with the pretended sword of the law. Without mentioning the immense number of princes of the blood, peers of the realm, and eminent citizens, who have perished by a public death on the scaffold, it is sufficient to call to mind the execution of queen Anne Boleyn, queen Catherine Howard, queen Jane Grey, queen Mary Stuart, and king Charles I. in order to justify the sarcasm which has been frequently applied, that the history of England ought to be written by the executioner.

Next to that island, it is alleged that France is the country in which capital punishments have been most common. I shall say nothing of that of queen Brune-
hault, for I do not believe it. I pass by innumerable scaffolds, and stop before that of count Montecuculi, who was cut into quarters in the presence of Francis I. and his whole court, because Francis the dauphin had died of a pleurisy.

That event occurred in 1536. Charles V., victorious on all the coasts of Europe and Africa, was then ravaging both Provence and Picardy. During that campaign, which commenced advantageously for him, the young dauphin, eighteen years of age, becomes heated at a game of tennis, in the small city of Tournon. When in high perspiration he drinks iced water, and in the course of five days dies of the pleurisy. The whole court and all France exclaim that the emperor Charles V. had procured the dauphin of France to be poisoned. This accusation, equally horrible and absurd, has been repeated from that time down to the present. Malherbe, in one of his odes, speaks of Francis, with whom Castile, unequal to cope in arms, bereaved of his son.

We will not stop to examine whether the emperor was unequal to the arms of Francis I. because he l

Provence after having completely sacked it, nor whether to poison a dauphin is to steal him; but these bad lines decidedly show that the poisoning of the dauphin Francis by Charles V. was received throughout France as an indisputable truth.

Daniel does not exculpate the emperor. Henault, in his Chronological Summary, says: "Francis, the dauphin, poisoned."

It is thus that all writers copy from one another. At length the author of the History of Francis I. ventures, like myself, to investigate the fact.

It is certain that count Montecuculi, who was in the service of the dauphin, was condemned by certain commissioners to be quartered, as guilty of having poisoned that prince.

Historians say that this Montecuculi was his cup-bearer. The dauphins have no such officer: but I will admit that they had. How could that gentleman, just at the instant, have mixed up poison in a glass of fresh water? Did he always carry poison in his pocket, ready whenever his master might call for drink? He was not the only person present with the dauphin, who was, it appears, wiped and rubbed dry by some of his attendants after the game of tennis was finished. The surgeons who opened the body declared, it is said, that the prince had taken arsenic. Had the prince done so, he must have felt intolerable pains about his throat, the water would have been coloured, and the case would not have been treated as one of pleurisy. The surgeons were ignorant pretenders, who said just what they were desired to say; a fact which happens every day.

What interest could this officer have in destroying his master? Who was more likely to advance his fortune?

But, it is said, it was intended also to poison the king. Here is a new difficulty and a new improbability.

Who was to compensate him for this double crime? Charles V. it is replied—another improbability equally strong. Why begin with a youth only eighteen years

and a half old, and who, moreover, had two brothers? How was the king to be got at? Montecuculi did not wait at his table.

Charles V. had nothing to gain by taking away the life of the young dauphin, who had never drawn a sword, and who certainly would have had powerful avengers. It would have been a crime at once base and useless. He did not fear the father, we are to believe, the bravest knight of the French court; yet he was afraid of the son, who had scarcely reached beyond the age of childhood!

But, we are informed, this Montecuculi, on occasion of a journey to Ferrara, his own country, was presented to the emperor, and that that monarch asked him numerous questions relating to the magnificence of the king's table and the economy of his household. This certainly is decisive evidence that the Italian was engaged by Charles V. to poison the royal family!

Oh! but it was not the emperor himself who urged him to commit this crime: he was impelled to it by Anthony de Leyva and the marquis de Gonzaga. Yes, truly, Anthony de Leyva, eighty years of age, and one of the most virtuous knights in Europe! and this noble veteran, moreover, was indiscreet enough to propose executing this scheme of poisoning in conjunction with a prince of Gonzaga. Others mention the marquis del Vasto, whom we call du Guast.—Contemptible impostors! Be at least agreed among yourselves. You say that Montecuculi confessed the fact before his judges. Have you seen the original documents connected with the trial?

You state that the unfortunate man was a chemist. These then are your only proofs, your only reasons, for subjecting him to the most dreadful of executions: he was an Italian, he was a chemist, and Charles V. was hated. His glory then provoked indeed a base revenge. Good God! Your court orders a man of rank to be cut into quarters upon bare suspicion; in the vain hope of disgracing that powerful emperor.

Some time afterwards your suspicions, always light and volatile, charge this poisoning upon Catherine

Medicis, wife of Henry II. then dauphin and subsequently king of France. You say that, in order to reign, she destroyed by poison the first dauphin, who stood between her husband and the throne. Miserable impostors! Once again, I say, be consistent! Catherine de Medicis was at that time only seventeen years of age!

It has been said that Charles V. himself imputed this murder to Catherine, and the historian Pera is quoted to prove it. This however is an error. These are the historian's words:—

“ This year the dauphin of France died at Paris with decided indications of poison. His friends ascribed it to the orders of the marquis del Vasto and Anthony de Leyva, which led to the execution of count Montecuculo, who was in habits of correspondence with them: base and absurd suspicion of men so highly honourable, as by destroying the dauphin little or nothing could be gained. He was not yet known by his valour any more than his brothers, who were next in the succession to him.

“ To one presumption succeeded another. It was pretended that this murder was committed by order of the duke of Orleans his brother, at the instigation of his wife Catherine de Medicis, who was ambitious of being a queen, which in fact she eventually was. It is well remarked by a certain author, that the dreadful death of the duke of Orleans, afterwards Henry II. was the punishment of heaven upon him for poisoning his brother (at least if he really did poison him); a practice too common among princes, by which they free themselves at little cost from stumbling-blocks in their career, but frequently and manifestly punished by God.”

Signor de Vera, we instantly perceive, is not an absolute Tacitus; besides, he takes Montecuculi, or Montecuculo as he calls him, for a Frenchman. He says the dauphin died at Paris, whereas it was at Tournon. He speaks of decided indications of poison upon public rumour; but it is clear that he attributes

the accusation of Catherine de Medicis only to the French.

This charge is equally unjust and extravagant with that against Montecuculi.

In fact, this volatile temperament, so characteristic of the French, has in every period of our history led to the most tragical catastrophes. If we go back from the iniquitous execution of Montecuculi to that of the knights templars, we shall see a series of the most atrocious punishments, founded upon the most frivolous presumptions. Rivers of blood have flowed in France in consequence of the thoughtless character and precipitate judgment of the French people.*

We may just notice the wretched pleasure that some men, and particularly those of weak minds, secretly enjoy in talking or writing of public executions, like that they derive from the subject of miracles and sorceries. In Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible you may find a number of fine engravings of the punishments in use among the Hebrews. These prints are absolutely sufficient to strike every person of feeling with horror. We will take this opportunity to observe, that neither the Jews nor any other people ever thought of

* The justice of this censure by Voltaire of his own countrymen is now universally acknowledged; and in consequence of it, the unjust conviction of innocent people has been more frequent in France than in any other country in Europe. The feelings both of the French authorities and populace have always been enlisted against the accused; which bias, aided by the infernal expedient of torture, has produced innumerable legal murders like that of Montecuculi. In Great Britain, generally speaking, the people at large are on the watch for every chance in favour of the accused; and sometimes to a most unreasonable extent, as in the case of Thurtell and others. In respect to confession of criminality too, our law is singularly opposed to the old law of France. Instead of extorting, we almost deprecate confession, and when irregularly induced, it may absolutely save the life of an unequivocal murderer, as in the instance of Hugh Jones, tried at the last Denbigh assizes for the murder of his father, and acquitted, although unequivocally guilty, because a constable had told him it would be better for him if he would confess the fact. Compare this with the old French law and its tortures, and the contrast is complete. Common sense is possibly at war with both extremes.—T.

fixing persons to the cross by nails; and that there is not even a single instance of it. It is the fiction of some painter, built upon an opinion completely erroneous.

SECTION III.

Ye sages who are scattered over the world (for some sages there are) join the philosophic Beccaria, and proclaim with all your strength that punishments ought to be proportioned to crimes:

That after shooting through the head a young man of the age of twenty, who has spent six months with his father and mother or his mistress, instead of re-joining his regiment, he can no longer be of any service to his country:

That if you hang on the public gallows* the servant girl who stole a dozen napkins from her mistress, she will be unable to add to the number of your citizens a dozen children, whom you may be considered as strangling in embryo with their parent; that there is no proportion between a dozen napkins and human life; and, finally, that you really encourage domestic theft, because no master will be so cruel as to get his coachman hanged for stealing a few of his oats; but every master would prosecute to obtain the infliction of a punishment which should be simply proportioned to the offence†:

That all judges and legislators are guilty of the death of all the children which unfortunate seduced women desert, expose, or even strangle, from a similar weakness to that which gave them birth.

On this subject I shall without scruple relate what has just occurred in the capital of a wise and powerful republic, which however, with all its wisdom, has unhappily retained some barbarous laws from those old, unsocial, and inhuman ages, called by some the ages of purity of manners. Near this capital a new-born infant

* A case which occurred at Lyons in 1772.

† We here perceive how Voltaire anticipates much of the humane and reasonable arguments in and out of parliament against the too indiscriminate punishment of death.—T.

was found dead; a girl was apprehended on suspicion of being the mother; she was shut up in a dungeon; she was strictly interrogated; she replied that she could not have been the mother of that child, as she was at the present time pregnant. She was ordered to be visited by a certain number of what are called (perfectly mal-a-propos in the present instance) wise women—by a commission of matrons. These poor imbecile creatures declared her not to be with child, and that the appearance of pregnancy was occasioned by improper retention. The unfortunate woman was threatened with the torture; her mind became alarmed and terrified; she confessed that she had killed her supposed child; she was capitally convicted; and during the actual passing of her sentence was seized with the pains of child-birth. Her judges were taught by this most impressive case not lightly to pass sentences of death.*

With respect to the numberless executions which weak fanatics have inflicted upon other fanatics equally weak, I will say nothing more about them; although it is impossible to say too much.

There are scarcely any highway robberies committed in Italy without assassinations, because the punishment of death is equally awarded to both crimes.

It cannot be doubted that M. de Beccaria, in his *Treatise on Crimes and Punishments*, has noticed this very important fact.

EXECUTIONER.

It may be thought that this word ought not to be permitted to degrade a dictionary of arts and sciences; it has a connection however with jurisprudence and history. Our great poets have not disdained frequently to avail themselves of this word in tragedy: Clytemnestra, in *Iphigenia*, calls Agamemnon the executioner of his daughter.

* A very striking and extraordinary fact.—T.

In comedy it is used with great gaiety; Mercury in the *Amphitruon* (act i. scene 2), says,—

Comment, bourreau ! tu fais des cris !

How, hangman ! thou bellowest !

And even the Romans permitted themselves to say,—

Quorsum vadis, carnifex ?

Whither goest thou, hangman ?

The *Encyclopædia*, under the word **EXECUTIONER**, details all the privileges of the Parisian executioner; but a recent author has gone farther. In a romance on education, not altogether equal to Xenophon's *Cyropædia* or Fenelon's *Telemachus*, he pretends that the monarch of a country ought, without hesitation, to bestow the daughter of an executioner in marriage on the heir apparent of the crown, if she has been well educated, and if she is of a sufficiently congruous disposition with the young prince. It is a pity that he has not mentioned the precise sum she should carry with her as a dower, and the honours that should be conferred upon her father on the day of marriage.

It is scarcely possible, with due *congruity*, to carry farther the profound morality, the novel rules of decorum, the exquisite paradoxes, and divine maxims with which the author I speak of has favoured and regaled the present age. He would undoubtedly feel the perfect *congruity* of officiating as bride-man at the wedding. He would compose the princess's epithalamium, and not fail to celebrate the grand exploits of her father. The bride may then possibly impart some acrid kisses; for be it known that this same writer, in another romance called *Heloise*, introduces a young Swiss, who had caught a particular disorder in Paris, saying to his mistress, "Keep your kisses to yourself; they are too acrid."

A time will come when it will scarcely be conceived possible that such works should have obtained a sort of celebrity; had the celebrity continued, it would have done no honour to the age. Fathers of families soon made up their minds that it was not exactly decorous

to marry their eldest sons to the daughters of executioners whatever congruity might appear to exist between the lover and the lady. There is a rule in all things, and certain limits which cannot be rationally passed.

*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

EXPIATION.

“ Dieu fit du repentir la vertu des mortels.”

THE repentance of man is accepted by God as virtue, and perhaps the finest institution of antiquity was that solemn ceremony which repressed crimes by announcing that they would be punished, and at the same time soothed the despair of the guilty by permitting them to redeem their transgressions by appointed modes of penance. Remorse, it is to be remembered, must necessarily have preceded expiation, for diseases are older than medicine, and necessities than relief.

There was, then, previously to all public and legal forms of worship, a natural or instinctive religion which inflicted grief upon the heart of any one who, through ignorance or passion, had committed an inhuman action. A man in a quarrel has killed his friend, or his brother, or a jealous and frantic lover has taken the life of her without whom he felt as if it were impossible to live. The chief of a nation has condemned to death a virtuous man and useful citizen. Such men, if they retain their senses and sensibility, become overwhelmed by despair. Their consciences pursue and haunt them; two courses only are open to them, reparation or to become hardened in guilt. All who have the slightest feeling remaining chuse the former; monsters adopt the latter.

As soon as religion was established, expiations were admitted. The ceremonies attending them were, unquestionably, ridiculous; for what connection is there between the water of the Ganges and a murder? How could a man repair homicide by bathing? We have already commented on the excess of absurdity and insanity which can imagine that what washes the bod

washes the soul also, and expunges from it the stain of evil actions.

The water of the Nile had afterwards the same virtue as that of the Ganges; other ceremonies were added to these ablutions. The Egyptians took two he-goats and drew lots which of the two should be cast out loaded with the sins of the guilty. This goat was called Hazazel, the expiator. What connection is there, pray, between a goat and the crime of a human being?

It is certainly true that in after times this ceremony was sanctified among our fathers the Jews, who adopted many of the Egyptian rites; but the souls of the Jews were undoubtedly purified, not by the goat but by repentance.

Jason having killed Absyrtes, his brother-in-law went, we are told, with Medea, who was more guilty than himself, to be absolved by Circe, the queen and priestess of *Æa*, who passed in those days for a most powerful sorceress. Circe absolved them with a sucking pig and salt cakes. This might possibly be a very good dish, but it could neither compensate for the blood of Absyrtes, nor make Jason and Medea more worthy people, unless while eating their pig they also manifested the sincerity of their repentance.

The expiation of Orestes, who had avenged his father by the murder of his mother, consisted in going and stealing a statue from the Tartars of the Crimea. The statue was probably extremely ill executed, and there appeared nothing to be gained by such an enterprise. In later times these things were contrived better: mysteries were invented, and the offenders might obtain absolution at these mysteries by submitting to certain painful trials, and swearing to lead a new life. It is from this oath that the persons taking it had attached to them, among all nations, a name corresponding to that of initiated, "*qui ineunt vitam novam*,"—who begin a new career, who enter upon the path of virtue.

We have seen under the article BAPTISM that the christian catechumens were not called initiated till after they had been baptised.

It is indisputable, that persons had not their sins washed away in these mysteries, but by virtue of their oath to become virtuous: the hierophant in all the Grecian mysteries, when dismissing the assembly, pronounced the two Egyptian words, "Koth, ompheth," watch, be pure; which at once proves that the mysteries came originally from Egypt, and that they were invented solely to make mankind better.

Wise men, we thus see, have, in every age, done all in their power to inspire the love of virtue, and to prevent the weakness of man from sinking under despair; but, at the same time, there have existed crimes of such magnitude and horror, that no mystery could admit of their expiation. Nero, although an emperor, could not obtain initiation into the mysteries of Ceres. Constantine, according to the narrative of Zozimus, was unable to procure the pardon of his crimes: he was polluted with the blood of his wife, his son, and all his relations. It was necessary, for the protection of the human race, that crimes so flagitious should be deemed incapable of expiation, that the prospect of absolution might not invite to their committal, and that hideous atrocity might be checked by universal horror.

The Roman catholics have expiations which they call penances. We have seen, under the article AUSTERITIES, how grossly so salutary an institution has been abused.

According to the laws of the barbarians who subverted the Roman empire, crimes were expiated by money. This was called compounding: "Let the offender compound by paying ten, twenty, thirty shillings." Two hundred sous constituted the composition price for killing a priest, and four hundred for killing a bishop; so that a bishop was worth exactly two priests.

After having thus compounded with men, God himself was compounded with, when the practice of confession became generally established. At length pope John XXII. established a tariff of sins.

The absolution of incest, committed by a layman, cost four livres tournois: "Ab incestu pro laico in for

conscientie turonenses quatuor." For a man and woman who have committed incest, eighteen livres tournois, four ducats, and nine carlines. This is certainly unjust; if one person pays only four livres tournois, two persons ought not to pay more than eight.

Even crimes against nature have actually their affixed rates, amounting to ninety livres tournois, twelve ducats, and six carlins: "Cum inhibitione turonenses 90, ducatos 12, carlinos 6," &c.

It is scarcely credible that Leo X. should have been so imprudent as to print this book of rates or indulgences, in 1514, which, however, we are assured he did; at the same time it must be considered that no spark had then appeared of that conflagration, kindled afterwards by the reformers; and that the court of Rome reposed implicitly upon the credulity of the people, and neglected to throw even the slightest veil over its impositions. The public sale of indulgences, which soon followed, shows that that court took no precaution whatever to conceal its gross abominations from the various nations which had been so long accustomed to them. When the complaints against the abuses of the Romish church burst forth, it did all in its power to suppress this publication, but all was in vain.

If I may give my opinion upon this book of rates, I must say that I do not believe the editions of it are genuine: the rates are not in any kind of proportion and do not at all coincide with those stated by d'Aubigné, the grandfather of madame Maintenon, in the confession of Sanci. Depriving a woman of her virginity is estimated at six gros, and committing incest with a mother or a sister, at five gros. This is evidently ridiculous. I think that there really was a system of rates or taxes established for those who went to Rome to obtain absolution or purchase dispensations, but that the enemies of the Holy See added largely, in order to increase the odium against it. Consult Bayle, under the articles Bank, Pinet, Drelincourt.

It is at least positively certain, that these rates were never authorised by any council; that they constituted an enormous abuse, invented by avarice, and

respected by those who were interested in its not being abolished. The sellers and the purchasers equally found their account in it; and, accordingly, none opposed it before the breaking out of the disturbances attending the reformation. It must be acknowledged that an exact list of all these rates or taxes would be eminently useful in the formation of a history of the human mind.

EXTREME.

WE will here attempt to draw from the word 'extreme' an idea that may be attended with some utility.

It is every day disputed, whether in war success is ascribable to conduct or to fortune?

Whether in diseases, nature or medicine is most operative in healing or destroying?

Whether in law, it is not judicious for a man to compromise although he is in the right, and to defend a cause although he is in the wrong?

Whether the fine arts contribute to the glory or to the decline of a state?

Whether it is wise or injudicious to encourage superstition in a people?

Whether there is any truth in metaphysics, history, or morals?

Whether taste is arbitrary, and whether there is in reality a good and a bad taste? &c.

In order to decide at once all these questions, take an example of the extreme cases under each, compare these two extremes, and you will immediately discover the truth.

You wish to know whether success in war can be infallibly decided by conduct; consider the most extreme case, the most opposed situations in which conduct alone will infallibly triumph. The hostile army must necessarily pass through a deep mountain gorge; your commander knows this circumstance; he makes a forced march, gets possession of the heights, and completely encloses the enemy in the defile: there

they must either perish or surrender. In this extreme case fortune can have no share in the victory. . It is demonstrable, therefore, that skill may decide the success of a campaign, and it hence necessarily follows that war is an art.

Afterwards imagine an advantageous but not a decisive position; success is not certain, but it is exceedingly probable. And thus, from one gradation to another, you arrive at what may be considered a perfect equality between the two armies. Who shall then decide? Fortune; that is, some unexpected circumstance or event; the death of a general officer while going to execute some important order; the derangement of a division in consequence of a false report, the operation of sudden panic, or various other causes for which prudence can find no remedy; yet it is still always certain that there is an art, that there is a science in war.

The same must be observed concerning medicine; the art of operating with the head or hand to preserve the life which appears likely to be lost.

The first who applied bleeding as speedily as possible to a patient under apoplexy; the first who conceived the idea of plunging a bistoury into the bladder to extract the stone from it, and of closing up the wound; the first who found out the method of stopping gangrene in any part of the human frame, were undoubtedly men almost divine, and totally unlike the physicians of Molière.

Descend from this strong and decisive example to cases less striking and more equivocal; you perceive fevers and various other maladies cured without its being possible to ascertain whether this is done by the physician or by nature: you perceive diseases, the issue of which cannot be judged of; various physicians are mistaken in their opinions of the seat or nature of them; he who has the acutest genius, the keenest eye, develops the character of the complaint. There is then an art in medicine, and the man of superior mind is acquainted with its niceties. Thus it was that Peyronius discovered that one of the courtiers had swallowed a sharp bone,

which had occasioned an ulcer and endangered his life; and thus also did Boerhaave discover the complaint, as unknown as it was dreadful, of a countess of Wassenaar. There is therefore, it cannot be doubted, an art in medicine, but in every art there are Virgils and Mæviuses.

In jurisprudence, take a case that is clear, in which the law pronounces decisively; a bill of exchange correctly drawn and regularly accepted; the acceptor is bound to pay it in every country in the world. There is therefore a useful jurisprudence, although in innumerable cases sentences are arbitrary, because, to the misery of mankind, the laws are ill framed.

Would you wish to know whether the fine arts are beneficial to a nation? Compare the two extremes: Cicero and a perfect ignoramus. Decide whether the fall of Rome was owing to Pliny or to Attila.

It is asked whether we should encourage superstition in the people? Consider for a moment what is the greatest extreme on this baleful subject, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the massacres of Ireland, or the crusades; and the question is decided.

Is there any truth in metaphysics? Advert to those points which are most striking and true. Something exists, something therefore has existed from all eternity. An eternal being exists of himself; this being cannot be either wicked or inconsistent. To these truths we must yield; almost all the rest is open to disputation, and the clearest understanding discovers the truth.

It is in everything else as it is in colours; bad eyes can distinguish between black and white; better eyes, and eyes much exercised, can distinguish every nicer gradation.

Usque adeò quod tangit idem est, tamen ultima distant.

EZEKIEL.

Of some singular Passages in this Prophet, and of certain Ancient Usages.

It is well known, that we ought not to judge of ancient usages by modern ones; he that would ref-

the court of Alcinous in the *Odyssey*, upon the model of the grand Turk, or Louis XIV. would not meet with a very gentle reception from the learned : he who is disposed to reprehend Virgil for having described king Evander covered with a bear's skin, and accompanied by two dogs, at the introduction of ambassadors, is a contemptible critic.

The manners of the ancient Egyptians and Jews are still more different from ours, than those of king Alcinous, his daughter Nausica, and the worthy Evander. Ezekiel, when in slavery among the Chaldeans, had a vision near the small river Chobar, which falls into the Euphrates.

We ought not to be in the least astonished at his having seen animals with four faces, four wings, and with calves' feet ; or wheels revolving without aid, and "instinct with life:" these images are pleasing to the imagination ; but many critics have been shocked at the order given him by the Lord to eat, for a period of three hundred and ninety days, bread made of barley, wheat, or millet, covered with human ordure.

The prophet exclaimed, in strong disgust, My soul has not hitherto been polluted ; and the Lord replied, Well, I will allow you instead of man's ordure, to use that of the cow, and with the latter you shall knead your bread.

As it is now unusual to eat a preparation of bread of this description, the greater number of men regard the order in question as unworthy of the Divine Majesty. Yet it must be admitted, that cow-dung, and all the diamonds of the great Mogul, are perfectly equal, not only in the eyes of a Divine Being, but in those of a true philosopher ; and, with regard to the reasons which God might have for ordering the prophet this repast, we have no right to enquire into them.

It is enough for us to see, that commands which appear to us very strange, did not appear so to the Jews.

It must be admitted, that the synagogue, in the time of St. Jerome, did not suffer Ezekiel to be read

before the age of thirty; but this was because, in the eighteenth chapter, he says that the son shall not bear the iniquity of his father, and that it shall not be any longer said, the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the childrens' teeth are set on edge.

This expression was considered in direct contradiction to Moses, who, in the twenty-eighth chapter of Numbers, declares that the children bear the iniquity of the fathers, even to the third and fourth generation.*

Ezekiel, again, in the twentieth chapter, makes the Lord say, that he has given to the Jews precepts which are not good. Such are the reasons for which the synagogue forbade young people from reading an author likely to raise doubts on the irrefragibility of the laws of Moses.

The censorious critics of the present day are still more astonished with the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel. In that chapter, he thus takes it upon him to expose the crimes of the city of Jerusalem. He introduces the Lord speaking to a young woman; and the Lord said to her, "When thou wast born, thy navel string was not cut, thou wast not salted, thou wast quite naked, I had pity on thee; thou didst increase in stature, thy breasts were fashioned, thy hair was grown, I passed by thee, I observed thee, I knew that the time of lovers was come, I covered thy shame, I spread my skirt over thee; thou becamest mine; I washed and perfumed thee, and dressed and shod thee well; I gave thee a scarf of linen, and bracelets, and a chain for thy neck; I placed a jewel in thy nose, pendants in thy ears, and a crown upon thy head," &c.

"Then, confiding in thy beauty, thou didst in the height of thy renown, play the harlot with every passer-by And thou hast built a high place of pro-

* It is to be presumed, that it is on precisely the same principle the catholics object to the general perusal of the Bible. Mahomet is the most plain dealing on this occasion, for it is laid down, that when two passages oppose each other in the Koran, the last in the order of time, is to be received as rule, which precludes quoting on the principle of "economy," (see *Economy of Words*) that is to say, either the one passage or the other as may suit the temporary purpose of the speaker.—T.

fanation and thou hast prostituted thyself in public places, and opened thy feet to every one that passed and thou hast committed fornication with the Egyptians and finally thou hast paid thy lovers and made them presents, that they might lie with thee and by hiring them, instead of being hired, thou hast done differently from other harlots The proverb is, as is the mother, so is the daughter, and that proverb is used of thee," &c.

Still more are they exasperated on the subject of the twenty-third chapter. A mother had two daughters, who early lost their virginity. The elder was called Ahola, and the younger Aholibah "Aholah committed fornication with young lords and captains, and lay with the Egyptians from her early youth Aholibah, her sister, committed still greater fornication with officers and rulers, and well-made cavaliers; she discovered her shame, she multiplied her fornications, she sought eagerly for the embraces of those whose flesh was as that of asses, and whose issue was as that of horses."

These descriptions which so madden weak minds, signify, in fact, no more than the iniquities of Jerusalem and Samaria: these expressions which appear to us licentious, were not so then. The same vivacity is displayed in many other parts of scripture without the slightest apprehension. Opening the womb is very frequently mentioned. The terms made use of to express the union of Boaz with Ruth, and of Judah with his daughter-in-law, are not indelicate in the Hebrew language, but would be so in our own.

People who are not ashamed of nakedness, never cover it with a veil. In the times under consideration, no blush could have been raised by the mention of particular parts of the frame of man, as they were actually touched by the person who bound himself by any promise to another; it was a mark of respect, a symbol of fidelity, as formerly among ourselves, feudal lords put their hands between those of their sovereign.

We have translated the term adverted to, by the word thigh. Eliezer puts his hand under Abraham's

thigh. Joseph puts his hand under the thigh of Jacob. This custom was very ancient in Egypt. The Egyptians were so far from attaching any disgrace to what we are desirous as much as possible to conceal, and avoid the mention of, that they bore in procession a large and characteristic image, called Phallus, in order to thank the gods for making the human frame so instrumental in the perpetuation of the human species.

All this affords sufficient proof, that our sense of decorum and propriety is different from that of other nations. When do the Romans appear to have been more polished, than in the time of Augustus. Yet Horace scruples not to say in one of his moral pieces,

Nec metuo, ne dum futuo vir rure recurrat.

Satire II. book i. v. 127.

Augustus uses the same expression in an epigram on Fulvia.

The man who should among us pronounce the expression in our language corresponding to it, would be regarded as a drunken porter; that word, as well as various others used by Horace and other authors, appears to us even more indecent than the expressions of Ezekiel. Let us then do away with our prejudices when we read ancient authors, or travel among distant nations. Nature is the same everywhere, and usages are everywhere different.

I once met at Amsterdam a rabbi quite brimful of this chapter. "Ah! my friend," says he, "how very much we are obliged to you. You have displayed all the sublimity of the mosaic law, Ezekiel's breakfast; his delightful left-sided attitudes; Aholah and Aholiba are admirable things; they are types, my brother, types which show that one day the Jewish people will be masters of the whole world; but, why did you omit so many others which are nearly of equal strength? Why did not you represent the Lord saying to the sage Hosea, in the second verse of the first chapter: 'Hosea, take to thyself a harlot, and make to her the children of a harlot?' Such are the very words. Hosea takes the young woman, and has a son by her, and

afterwards a daughter, and then again a son; and it was a type, and that type lasted three years. That is not all; the Lord says in the third chapter, 'Go and take to thyself a woman who is not merely a harlot, but an adulteress.' Hosea obeyed, but it cost him fifteen crowns and eighteen bushels of barley; for you know, there was very little wheat in the land of promise;—but are you aware of the meaning of all this?" "No," said I to him. "Nor I neither," said the rabbi.

A grave person then advanced towards us, and said, they were ingenious fictions, and abounding in exquisite beauty. "Ah sir," remarked a young man, "if you are inclined for fictions, give the preference to those of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid." He who prefers the prophecies of Ezekiel, deserves to breakfast with him.

FABLE.

It is very likely that the more ancient fables, in the style of those attributed to Æsop, were invented by the first subjugated people. Free men would not have had occasion to disguise the truth: a tyrant can scarcely be spoken to except in parables; and at present, even this is a dangerous liberty.

It might also very well happen, that men naturally liking images and tales, ingenious persons amused themselves with composing them, without any other motive. However that may be, fable is more ancient than history.

Among the Jews, who are quite a modern people* in comparison with the Chaldeans and Tyrians their neighbours, but very ancient by their own accounts, fables, very similar to those of Esop, existed in the time of the Judges, 1233 years before our era, if we may depend upon received computations.

* It is proved that the Hebrews did not arrive in Palestine until Canaan had already several cities: Tyre, Sidon, and Berith, flourished. It is said that Joshua destroyed Jericho, and the city of letters, archives, and schools called Cariat Sepher. The Jews were therefore barbarians only, who carried their ravages among a comparatively polished people.

It is said, in the book of Judges, that Gideon had seventy sons born of his many wives; and that, by a concubine, he had another son named Abimelech.

Now, this Abimelech slew sixty-nine of his brethren upon one stone, according to Jewish custom, and, in consequence, the Jews, full of respect and admiration, went to crown him king, under an oak near Millo, a city which is but very little known in history.

Jotham alone, the youngest of the brothers, escaped the carnage (as it always happens in ancient histories) and harangued the Israelites, telling them that the trees went one day to chuse a king; we do not well see how they could march, but if they were able to speak, they might just as well be able to walk. They first addressed themselves to the olive, saying, "Reign thou over us." The olive replied, "I will not quit the care of my oil to be promoted over you." The fig-tree said that he liked his figs better than the trouble of the supreme power. The vine gave the preference to its grapes. At last, the trees addressed themselves to the bramble, which answered: "If in truth ye anoint one king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

It is true, that this fable falsifies throughout, because fire cannot come from a bramble, but it shows the antiquity of the use of fables.

That of the belly and the members, which calmed a tumult in Rome about two thousand three hundred years ago, is ingenious, and without fault. The more ancient the fables, the more allegorical they were.

Is not the ancient fable of Venus, as related by Hesiod, entirely a fable of nature? This Venus is the goddess of beauty. Beauty ceases to be lovely, if unaccompanied by the graces. Beauty produces love. Love has features which pierce all hearts: he wears a bandage, which conceals the faults of those beloved. He has wings: he comes quickly, and flies away the same.

Wisdom is conceived in the brain of the chief of the
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gods, under the name of Minerva. The soul of man is a divine fire, which Minerva shows to Prometheus, who makes use of this divine fire to animate mankind.

It is impossible, in these fables, not to recognise a lively picture of pure nature. Most other fables are either corruptions of ancient histories, or the caprices of the imagination. It is with ancient fables as with our modern tales; some convey charming morals, and others very insipid ones.

The ingenious fables of the ancients have been grossly imitated by an unenlightened race—witness those of Bacchus, Hercules, Prometheus, Pandora, and many others, which were the amusement of the ancient world. The barbarians, who confusedly heard them spoken of, adopted them into their own savage mythology, and afterwards it is pretended that they invented them. Alas! poor unknown and ignorant people, who knew no art either useful or agreeable; to whom even the name of geometry was unknown—dare you say that you have invented any thing? You have not known either how to discover truth, or to lie adroitly.

The most elegant Greek fable was that of Psyche; the most pleasant, that of the Ephesian matron. The prettiest among the moderns is that of folly, who, having put out love's eyes, is condemned to be his guide.

The fables attributed to Esop are all emblems; instructions to the weak, to guard them as much as possible against the snares of the strong. All nations, possessing a little wisdom, have adopted them. La Fontaine has treated them with the most elegance. About eighty of them are master-pieces of simplicity, grace, finesse, and sometimes even of poetry. It is one of the advantages of the age of Louis XIV. to have produced a La Fontaine. He has so well discovered, almost without seeking it, the art of making one read, that he has had a greater reputation in France than genius itself.

Boileau has never reckoned him among those who did honour to the great age of Louis XIV. his reason or his pretext was, that he had never invented anything. What will better bear out Boileau is, the great number of errors in language and the incorrectness of style, faults which La Fontaine might have avoided, and which this severe critic could not pardon. His grasshopper, for instance; who having sang all the summer, went to beg from the ant her neighbour in the winter, telling her, on the word of an animal, that she would pay her principal and interest before Midsummer. To whom the ant replies: "You sang, did you; I am glad of it; then now dance."

His astrologer, again, who falling into a ditch while gazing at the stars, was asked: "Poor wretch, do you expect to be able to read things so much above you!" Yet Copernicus, Galileo, Cassini, and Halley, have read the heavens very well; and the best astronomers that ever existed might fall into a ditch without being a poor wretch.

Judicial astrology is indeed a very ridiculous charlatanism, but the ridiculousness does not consist in regarding the heavens: it consists in believing, or in making believe, that you read what is not there. Several of these fables, either ill chosen or badly written, certainly merit the censure of Boileau.

Nothing is more insipid than the fable of the drowned woman, whose corpse was sought contrary to the course of the river, because in her life-time she had always been contradictory.

The tribute sent by the animals to king Alexander is a fable, which is not the better for being ancient. The animals sent no money, neither did the lion advise them to steal it.

The satyr who received a peasant into his hut should not have turned him out on seeing that he blew his fingers because he was cold; and afterwards, on taking the dish between his teeth, that he blew his pottage because it was hot. The man was quite right, and the satyr was a fool. Besides, we do not take hold of dishes with our teeth.

The crab-mother, who reproached her daughter with not walking strait; and the daughter, who answered that her mother walked crooked, is not an agreeable fable.

The bush and the duck, in commercial partnership with the bat, having counters, factors, agents, paying principal and interest, &c. has neither truth, nature, nor any kind of merit.

A bush, which goes with a bat into foreign countries to trade, is one of those cold and unnatural inventions, which La Fontaine should not have adopted. A house full of dogs and cats living together like cousins and quarrelling for a dish of pottage, seems also very unworthy of a man of taste.

The chattering magpie is still worse. The eagle tells her that he declines her company because she talks too much. On which La Fontaine remarks that it is necessary, at court, to wear two faces.

Where is the merit of the fable of the kite presented by a bird-catcher to a king, whose nose he had seized with his claws?

The ape who married a Parisian girl, and beat her, is an unfortunate story, presented to La Fontaine, and which he has been so unfortunate as to put into verse.

Such fables as these, and some others, may doubtless justify Boileau: it might even happen that La Fontaine could not distinguish the bad fables from the good.

Madame de la Sablière called La Fontaine a fabulist, who bore fables as naturally as a plum-tree bears plums. It is true that he had only one style, and that he wrote an opera in the style of his fables.

Notwithstanding all this, Boileau should have rendered justice to the singular merit of the good man, as he calls him; and to the public, who are right in being enchanted with the style of many of his fables.

La Fontaine was not an original or a sublime writer, a man of established taste, or one of the first geniuses of a brilliant era; and it is a very remarkable fault in him, that he speaks not his own language correctly. He is in this respect very inferior to Phædrus, but he

was a man unique in the excellent pieces that he has left us. They are very numerous, and are in the mouths of all those who have been respectably brought up: they contribute even to their education. They will descend to posterity: they are adapted for all men and all times, while those of Boileau suit only men of letters.

Of those Fanatics who would suppress the Ancient Fables.

There is, among those whom we call jansenists, a little sect of hard and empty heads, who would suppress the beautiful fables of antiquity, to substitute St. Prosper in the place of Ovid, and Santeuil in that of Horace. If they were attended to, our pictures would no longer represent Iris on the rainbow, or Minerva with her ægis; but instead of them we should have Nicholas and Arnauld fighting against the jesuits and protestants; Mademoiselle Perrier cured of sore eyes by a thorn from the crown of Jesus Christ, brought from Jerusalem to Port Royal; counsellor Carré de Montgeron presenting the account of St. Medard to Louis XV. and St. Ovid resuscitating little boys.

In the eyes of these austere sages, Fenelon was only an idolater, who, following the example of the impious poem of the *Æneid*, introduced the child Cupid with the nymph Eucharis.

Pluche, at the end of his fable of the Heaven, entitled their History, writes a long dissertation to prove that it is shameful to have tapestry worked in figures taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; and that Zephyrus and Flora, Vertumnus and Pomona, should be banished from the gardens of Versailles.* He exhorts the school of belles lettres to oppose itself to this bad taste; which reform alone, he says, is capable of re-establishing the belles-lettres.

Other puritans, more severe than sage, a little time ago, would have proscribed the ancient mythology as

* History of the Heavens, vol. ii. p. 398.

a collection of puerile tales, unworthy the acknowledged gravity of our manners. It would, however, be a pity to burn Ovid, Horace, Hesiod, our fine tapestry pictures, and our opera. If we are spared the familiar stories of Æsop, why lay hands on those sublime fables, which have been respected by mankind, whom they have instructed? They are mingled with many insipidities, no doubt, but what good is without an alloy? All ages will adopt Pandora's box, at the bottom of which was found man's only consolation—hope; Jupiter's two vessels, which unceasingly poured forth good and evil; the cloud embraced by Ixion, which is the emblem and punishment of an ambitious man; and the death of Narcissus, which is the punishment of self-love. What is more sublime than the image of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, formed in the head of the master of the gods? What is more true and agreeable than the goddess of beauty, always accompanied by the graces. The goddesses of the arts, all daughters of memory—do they not teach us, as well as Locke, that without memory we cannot possess either judgment or wit? The arrows of Love, his fillet, and his childhood; Flora, caressed by Zephyrus, &c.—are they not all sensible personifications of pure nature? These fables have survived the religions which consecrated them. The temples of the gods of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are no more, but Ovid still exists. Objects of credulity may be destroyed, but not those of pleasure; we shall for ever love these true and lively images. Lucretius did not believe in these fabulous gods, but he celebrated nature under the name of Venus.

*Alma Venus cœli subter labentia signa
 Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentes
 Concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum
 Concipitur, visitque exortum lumina solis, &c.*

Kind Venus, glory of the blest abodes,
 Parent of Rome, and joy of men and gods;
 Delight of all, comfort of sea and earth,
 To whose kind power all creatures owe their birth, &c.

CREECH.

If antiquity, in its obscurity, was led to acknowledge divinity in its images, how is it to be blamed? The productive soul of the world was adored by the sages: it governed the sea under the name of Neptune, the air under the image of Juno, and the country under that of Pan. It was the divinity of armies under the name of Mars: all these attributes were animated personifications. Jupiter was the only god. The golden chain with which he bound the inferior gods and men, was a striking image of the unity of a sovereign being. The people were deceived, but what are the people to us?

It is continually demanded why the Greek and Roman magistrates permitted the divinities whom they adored in their temples to be ridiculed on their stage? This is a false supposition. The gods were not mocked in their theatres, but the follies attributed to these gods by those who had corrupted the ancient mythology. The consuls and prætors found it good to treat the adventure of the two Sosias wittily, but they would not have suffered the worship of Jupiter and Mercury to be attacked before the people. It is thus that a thousand things which appear contradictory are not so in reality. I have seen, in the theatre of a learned and witty nation, pieces taken from the golden Legend: will it, on that account, be said that this nation permits its objects of religion to be insulted? It need not be feared we shall become pagans for having heard the opera of Proserpine at Paris, or for having seen the nuptials of Psyche, painted by Raphaël, in the pope's palace at Rome. Fable forms the taste, but renders no person idolatrous.

The beautiful fables of antiquity have also this great advantage over history: they are lessons of virtue, while almost all history narrates the success of vice. Jupiter, in the fable, descends upon earth to punish Tantalus and Lycaon; but in history, our Tantaluses and Lycaons are the gods of the earth. Baucis and Philemon had their cabin changed into a temple; our Baucises and Philemons are obliged to sell, for the

collector of the taxes, those kettles which, in Ovid, the gods changed into vases of gold.

I know how much history can instruct us, and how necessary it is to know it; but it requires much ingenuity to be able to draw from it any rules for individual conduct. Those who only know politics through books, will be often reminded of those lines of Corneille, which observe, that examples will seldom suffice for our guidance; as it often happens that one person perishes by the very expedient which has proved the salvation of another.

Les exemples recens suffiraient pour m'instruire
Si par l'exemple seul on devoit se conduire ;
Mais souvent l'un se perd où l'autre s'est sauvé,
Et par où l'un périt, un autre est conservé.

Henry VIII. the tyrant of his parliament, his ministers and his wives, of consciences and of purses, lived and died peaceably. Charles I. perished on the scaffold. Margaret of Anjou in vain waged war in person a dozen times with the English, the subjects of her husband, while William III. drove James II. from England without a battle. In our days we have seen the royal family of Persia murdered, and strangers upon the throne. To look at events only, history seems to accuse providence, and fine moral fables justify it. It is clear that both the useful and agreeable may be discovered in them, however exclaimed against by those who are neither the one nor the other. Let them talk on, and let us read Homer and Ovid, as well as Titus Livius and Rapiu Thoyras. Taste induces preferences, and fanaticism exclusions. The arts are united, and those who would separate them know nothing about them. History teaches us what we are—fable, what we ought to be.

Tous les arts sont amis, ainsi qu'ils sont divins :
Qui veut les séparer est loin de les connaître.
L'histoire nous apprend ce que sont les humains,
La fable ce qu'ils doivent être.

FACTION.

On the Meaning of the Word.

The word 'faction' comes from the Latin *facere*; it is employed to signify the state of a soldier at his post, on duty (*enfaction*) squadrons or troops of combatants in the circus; green, blue, red, and white factions.

The acceptation in which the term is generally used is that of a seditious party in the state. The term party in itself implies nothing that is odious, that of faction is always odious.

A great man, and even a man possessing only mediocrity of talent, may easily have a party at court, in the army, in the city, or in literature.

A man may have a party in consequence of his merit, in consequence of the zeal and number of his friends, without being the head of a party.

Marshal Catinat, although little regarded at court, had a large party in the army without making any effort to obtain it.

A head of a party is always a head of a faction; such were cardinal Retz, Henry duke of Guise, and various others.

A seditious party, while it is yet weak, and has no influence in the government, is only a faction.

Cæsar's faction speedily became a dominant party, which swallowed up the republic.

When the emperor Charles VI. disputed the throne of Spain with Philip V. he had a party in that kingdom; and at length he had no more than a faction in it. Yet we may always be allowed to talk of the "party" of Charles VI.

It is different with respect to private persons. Descartes for a long time had a party in France; it would be incorrect to say he had a faction.

Thus we perceive that words in many cases synonymous cease to be so in others.

FACULTY.

ALL the powers of matter and mind are faculties; and, what is still worse, faculties of which we know nothing, perfectly occult qualities; to begin with motion, of which no one has ever discovered the origin.

When the president of the faculty of medicine, in the "*Malade Imaginaire*," asks Thomas Diafoirus,— "*Quare opium facit dormire?*" Why does opium cause sleep? Thomas very pertinently replies,— "*Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva quæ facit sopiere.*" Because it possesses a dormitive power producing sleep. The greatest philosophers cannot speak more to the purpose.

The honest chevalier Jaucour acknowledges, under the article SLEEP, that it is impossible to go beyond conjecture with respect to the cause of it. Another Thomas, and in much higher reverence than his bachelor namesake in the comedy, has in fact made no other reply to all the questions which are started throughout his immense volumes.

It is said, under the article FACULTY, in the grand *Encyclopædia*, "that the vital faculty once established in the intelligent principle by which we are animated, it may be easily conceived that the faculty, stimulated by the expressions which the vital *sensorium* transmits to part of the common *sensorium*, determines the alternate influx of the nervous fluid into the fibres which move the vital organs in order to produce the alternate contraction of those organs."

This amounts precisely to the answer of the young physician Thomas,— "*Quia est in eo virtus alterniva quæ facit alternare.*" And Thomas Diafoirus has at least the merit of being shortest.

The faculty of moving the foot when we wish to do so, of recalling to mind past events, or of exercising our five senses; in short, any and all of our faculties will admit of no further or better explanation than that of Diafoirus.

But consider thought ! say those who understand the whole secret. Thought, which distinguishes man from all animals besides !

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ.

Ovid's *Metamorph.* book i. 76.

More holy man, of more exalted mind !

As holy as you like ; it is on this subject, that of thought or mind, that Diafoirus is more triumphant than ever. All would reply in accordance with him,—“ *Quia est in eo virtus pensativa quæ facit pensare.*” No one will ever develope the mysterious process by which he thinks.

The case we are considering, then, might be extended to everything in nature. I know not whether there may not be found in this profound and unfathomable gulf of mystery, an evidence of the existence of a supreme being. There is a secret in the originating or conservatory principles of all beings, from a pebble on the sea-shore to Saturn's Ring and the Milky Way. But how can there be a secret which no one knows ? It would seem that some being must exist who can develope all.

Some learned men, with a view to enlighten our ignorance, tell us that we must form systems ; that we shall thus at last find the secret out. But we have so long sought without obtaining any explanation, that disgust against farther search has very naturally succeeded. That, say they, is the mere indolence of philosophy : no ; it is the rational repose of men who have exerted themselves and run an active race in vain. And after all it must be admitted, that indolent philosophy is far preferable to turbulent divinity and metaphysical delusion.

FAITH.

SECTION I.

WHAT is faith ? Is it to believe that which is evident ? No. It is perfectly evident to my mind that there exists a necessary, eternal, supreme and intelligent being. This

is no matter of faith, but of reason. I have no merit in thinking that this eternal and infinite being, whom I consider as virtue, as goodness itself, is desirous that I should be good and virtuous. Faith consists in believing, not what seems true but what seems false to our understanding. The Asiatics can only by faith believe the journey of Mahomet to the seven planets, and the incarnations of the god Fo, of Vishnoo, Xaca, Brama, and Sommonocodom, &c. &c. They submit their understandings; they tremble to examine: wishing to avoid being either impaled or burnt, they say,—“I believe.”

We do not here intend the slightest allusion to the catholic faith. Not only do we revere it, but we possess it. We speak of the false lying faith of other nations of the world, of that faith which is not faith, and which consists only in words.

There is a faith for things that are merely astonishing and prodigious, and a faith for things contradictory and impossible.

Vishnoo became incarnate five hundred times; this is extremely astonishing, but it is not however physically impossible; for if Vishnoo possesses a soul, he may have transferred that soul into five hundred different bodies, with a view to his own felicity. The Indian, indeed, has not a very lively faith; he is not intimately and decidedly persuaded of these metamorphoses; but he will nevertheless say to his bonze, “I have faith; it is your will and pleasure that Vishnoo has undergone five hundred incarnations, which is worth to you an income of five hundred rupees: very well; you will inveigh against me, and denounce me, and ruin my trade if I have not faith; but I have faith, and here are ten rupees over and above for you.” The Indian may swear to the bonze that he believes, without taking a false oath; for, after all, there is no demonstration that Vishnoo has not actually made five hundred visits to India.

But if the bonze requires him to believe what is contradictory or impossible, as that two and two make

five, or that the same body may be in a thousand different places, or that to be and not to be are precisely one and the same thing; in that case, if the Indian says he has faith, he lies; and if he swears that he believes, he commits perjury. He says, therefore, to the bonze, "My reverend father, I cannot declare that I believe in these absurdities, even though they should be worth to you an income of ten thousand rupees instead of five hundred."

"My son," the bonze answers, "give me twenty rupees, and God will give you grace to believe all that you now do not believe."

"But how can you expect or desire," rejoins the Indian, "that God should do that by me which he cannot do even by himself? It is impossible that God should either perform or believe contradictions. I am very willing to say, in order to give you satisfaction, that I believe what is obscure, but I cannot say that I believe what is impossible. It is the will of God that we should be virtuous, and not that we should be absurd. I have already given you ten rupees; here are twenty more; believe in thirty rupees; be an honest man if you can, and do not trouble me any more."

It is not thus with Christians. The faith which they have for things which they do not understand is founded upon that which they do understand; they have grounds of credibility. Jesus Christ performed miracles in Galilee; we ought therefore to believe all that he said. In order to know what he said, we must consult the church. The church has declared the books which announce Jesus Christ to us to be authentic. We ought therefore to believe those books. Those books inform us, that he who will not listen to the church shall be considered as a tax-gatherer or a pagan; we ought therefore to listen to the church, that we may not be disgraced and hated like the farmers-general. We ought to submit our reason to it, not with infantile and blind credulity, but with a docile faith, such as reason itself would authorise. Such is christian faith, particularly the Roman faith, which is "*the faith*" par

excellence. The Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Anglican faith, is a wicked faith.*

SECTION II.

Divine faith, about which so much has been written, is evidently nothing more than incredulity brought under subjection; for we certainly have no other faculty than the understanding by which we can believe; and the objects of faith are not those of the understanding. We can believe only what appears to be true; and nothing can appear true but in one of the three following ways:—by intuition or feeling, as I exist, I see the sun; or by an accumulation of probability amounting to certainty, as there is a city called Constantinople; or by positive demonstration, as triangles of the same base and height are equal.

Faith, therefore, being nothing at all of this description, can no more be a belief, a persuasion, than it can be yellow or red. It can be nothing but the annihilation of reason, a silence of adoration at the contemplation of things absolutely incomprehensible. Thus, speaking philosophically, no person believes the Trinity; no person believes that the same body can be in a thousand places at once; and he who says, I believe these mysteries, will see, beyond the possibility of doubt, if he reflects for a moment on what passes in his mind, that these words mean no more than, I respect these mysteries; I submit myself to those who announce them. For they agree with me, that my reason, or their own reason, believe them not; but it is clear that if my *reason* is not persuaded, I am not persuaded. I and my reason cannot possibly be two different beings. It is an absolute contradiction that I should receive that as true which my understanding rejects as false. Faith, therefore, is nothing but submissive or deferential incredulity.

But why should this submission be exercised when

* The humble docility of Voltaire was astonishing, and scarcely exceeded by that of Fenelon!—T.

my understanding invincibly recoils? The reason, we well know, is, that my understanding has been persuaded that the mysteries of my faith are laid down by God himself. All then that I can do, as a reasonable being, is to be silent and adore. This is what divines call external faith; and this faith neither is, nor can be, anything more than respect for things incomprehensible, in consequence of the reliance I place on those who teach them.

If God himself were to say to me, "Thought is of an olive colour;" "the square of a certain number is bitter;" I should certainly understand nothing at all from these words. I could not adopt them either as true or false. But I will repeat them, if he commands me to do it; and I will make others repeat them at the risk of my life. This is faith: it is nothing more than obedience.

In order to obtain a foundation then for this obedience, it is merely necessary to examine the books which require it. Our understanding, therefore, should investigate the books of the Old and New Testament, just as it would Plutarch or Livy; and if it finds in them incontestible and decisive evidences,—evidences obvious to all minds, and such as would be admitted by men of all nations,—that God himself is their author, then it is our incumbent duty to subject our understanding to the yoke of faith.

SECTION III.

We have long hesitated whether or not to publish the following article, "Faith," which we met with in an old book. Our respect for the chair of St. Peter restrained us. But some pious men having satisfied us that Alexander VI. and St. Peter had nothing in common, we have at last determined to publish this curious little production, and do it without the slightest scruple.

Prince Pica de Mirandola once met Pope Alexander VI. at the house of the courtesan Emilia, while Lucretia, the holy father's daughter, was confined in childbirth, and the people of Rome were discussing wh-

the child of which she was delivered belonged to the pope, to his son the duke de Valentinois, or to Lucretia's husband, Alphonso of Arragon, who was considered by many as impotent. The conversation immediately became animated and gay. Cardinal Bembo relates a portion of it. "My little Pica," says the pope, "whom do you think the father of my grandson?" "I think your son-in-law," replied Pica. "What! how can you possibly believe such nonsense?" "I believe it by faith." "But surely you know that an impotent man cannot be a father." "Faith," replied Pica, "consists in believing things because they are impossible; and, besides, the honour of your house demands that Lucretia's son should not be reputed the offspring of incest. You require me to believe more incomprehensible mysteries. Am I not bound to believe that a serpent spoke; that from that time all mankind were damned; that the ass of Balaam also spoke with great eloquence; and that the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of trumpets?" Pica thus proceeded with a long train of all the prodigious things in which he believed. Alexander absolutely fell back upon his sofa with laughing. "I believe all that as well as you," says he, "for I well know that I can be saved only by faith, as I can certainly never be so by works." "Ah, holy father," says Pica, "you need neither works nor faith; they are well enough for such poor profane creatures as we are; but you, who are absolutely a vice-god, you may believe and do just whatever you please. You have the keys of heaven; and St. Peter will certainly never shut the door in your face. But with respect to myself, who am nothing but a poor prince, I freely confess that I should have found some very powerful protection necessary, if I had lain with my own daughter, or had employed the stiletto and nightshade as often as your holiness." Alexander VI. understood raillery. "Let us speak seriously," says he to the prince. "Tell me what merit there can be in a man's saying to God that he is persuaded of things of which, in fact, he cannot be persuaded? What pleasure can this afford to God? Between ourselves, a man

who says that he believes what is impossible to be believed, is—a liar."

Pica de Mirandola at this crossed himself in great agitation. "My god!" says he, "I beg your holiness's pardon; but you are not a christian." "I am not," says the pope, "upon my faith." "I suspected so," said Pica de Mirandola.

FALSITY.

FALSITY, properly speaking, is the contrary to truth, not intentional lying.

It is said that there were a hundred thousand men destroyed by the great earthquake at Lisbon; this is not a lie, it is a falsity. Falsity is much more common than error; falsity falls more on facts, and error on opinions. It is an error to believe that the sun turns round the earth; but it is a falsity to advance that Louis XIV. dictated the will of Charles II.

The falsity of a deed is a much greater crime than a simple lie; it is a legal imposture, a fraud committed with the pen.

A man has a false mind when he always takes things in a wrong sense, when, not considering the whole, he attributes to one side of an object that which belongs to the other, and when this defect of judgment has become habitual.

False-heartedness is, when a person is accustomed to flatter, and to utter sentiments which he does not possess; this is worse than dissimulation, and is that which the Latins call *simulatio*.

There is much falsity in historians; error among philosophers. Falsities abound in all polemical writings, and still more in satirical ones. False minds are insupportable, and false hearts are horrible.

FALSITY OF HUMAN VIRTUES.

WHEN the duke de la Rochefoucauld wrote his Thoughts on Self-Love, and discovered this great spring of human action, one M. Esprit of

Oratory, wrote a book, entitled "Of the Falsity of Human Virtues." This author says, that there is no virtue but by grace; and he terminates each chapter by referring to christian charity. So that according to M. Esprit, neither Cato, Aristides, Marcus Aurelius, nor Epictetus, were good men, who can be found only among the christians. Among the christians again, there is no virtue except among the catholics; and even among the catholics, the jesuits must be excepted as the enemies of the Oratory;—ergo, virtue is scarcely to be found anywhere except among the enemies of the jesuits.

This M. Esprit commences by asserting, that prudence is not a virtue; and his reason is, that it is often deceived. It is as if he had said, that Cæsar was not a great captain because he was conquered at Dirachium.

If M. Esprit had been a philosopher, he would not have examined prudence as a virtue, but as a talent, as a useful and happy quality; for a great rascal may be very prudent, and I have known many such. Oh the age of pretending that

Nul n'aura de vertu que nous et nos amis !

None are virtuous but ourself and friends !

What is virtue, my friend? It is to do good; let us then do it, and that will suffice. But we give thee credit for the motive. What then! according to thee, there is no difference between the president de Thou and Ravailac? between Cicero and that Popilius whose life he saved, and who afterwards cut off his head for money; and thou wilt pronounce Epictetus and Porphyrius rogues, because they did not follow our dogmas? Such insolence is disgusting; but I will say no more, for I am getting angry.

FANATICISM.

SECTION I.

FANATICISM is the effect of a false conscience, which makes religion subservient to the caprices of imagination, and the excesses of the passions.

It arises, in general, from legislators entertaining too narrow views, or from their extending their regulations beyond the limits within which alone they were intended to operate. Their laws are made merely for a select society. When extended by zeal to a whole people, and transferred by ambition from one climate to another, some changes of institution should take place, some accommodation to persons, places, and circumstances. But what, in fact, has been the case? Certain minds, constituted in a great degree like those of the small original flock, have received a system with equal ardour, and become its apostles, and even its martyrs, rather than abate a single iota of its demands. Others, on the contrary, less ardent, or more attached to their prejudices of education, have struggled with energy against the new yoke, and consented to receive it only after considerable softenings and mitigations: hence the schism between rigorists and moderates, by which all are urged on to vehemence and madness, the one party for servitude, and the other for freedom.

Let us imagine an immense rotunda, a pantheon, with innumerable altars placed under its dome. Let us figure to ourselves a devotee of every sect, whether at present subsisting or extinct, at the feet of that divinity which he worships in his own peculiar way, under all the extravagant forms which human imagination has been able to invent. On the right we perceive one stretched on his back upon a mat, absorbed in contemplation, and awaiting the moment when the divine light shall come forth to inform his soul. On the left is a prostrate energumen striking his forehead against the ground, with a view to obtain from it an abundant produce. Here we see a man with the air and manner of a mountebank, dancing over the grave of him whom he invokes. There we observe a penitent, motionless and mute as the statue before which he has bent himself in humiliation. One, on the principle that God will not blush at his own resemblance, displays openly what modesty univers^{ally} conceals; another, as if the artist would shu

the sight of his own work, covers with an impenetrable veil his whole person and countenance ; another turns his back upon the south, because from that quarter blows the devil's tempest. . . Another stretches out his arms towards the east, because there God first shows his radiant face. Young women, suffused with tears, bruise and gash their lovely persons under the idea of assuaging the demon of desire, although by means tending in fact rather to strengthen his influence ; others again, in opposite attitudes, solicit the approaches of the Divinity. One young man, in order to mortify the most urgent of his feelings, attaches to particular parts of his frame large iron rings, as heavy as he can bear ; another checks still more effectually the tempter's violence, by inhuman amputation, and suspends the bleeding sacrifice upon the altar.

Let us observe them quit the temple, and, full of the inspiration of their respective deities, spread the terror and delusion over the face of the earth. They divide the world between them ; and the four extremities of it are almost instantly in flames : nations obey them, and kings tremble before them. That almost despotic power which the enthusiasm of a single person exercises over a multitude who see or hear him ; the ardour communicated to each other by assembled minds ; numberless strong and agitating influences acting in such circumstances, augmented by each individual's personal anxiety and distress, require but a short time to operate, in order to produce universal delirium. Only let a single people be thus fascinated and agitated under the guidance of a few impostors, the seduction will spread with the speed of wild-fire, prodigies will be multiplied beyond calculation, and whole communities be led astray for ever. When the human mind has once quitted the luminous track pointed out by nature, it returns to it no more ; it wanders round the truth, but never obtains of it more than a few faint glimmerings, which, mingling with the false lights of surrounding superstition, leave it, in fact, in complete and palpable obscurity.

It is dreadful to observe, how the opinion, that the

wrath of heaven might be appeased by human massacre, spread, after being once started, through almost every religion; and what various reasons have been given for the sacrifice, as though, in order to preclude, if possible, the escape of any one from extirpation. Sometimes they are enemies, who must be immolated to Mars the exterminator. The Scythians slay upon the altars of this deity a hundredth part of their prisoners of war; and from this usage attending victory, we may form some judgment of the justice of war: accordingly, among other nations, it was engaged in solely to supply these human sacrifices, so that, having first been instituted, as it would seem, to expiate the horrors of war, they at length came to serve as a justification of them.

Sometimes a barbarous deity requires victims from among the just and good. The Getæ eagerly dispute the honour of personally conveying to Zamolxis the vows and devotions of their country. He whose good fortune has destined him to be the sacrifice, is thrown with the greatest violence upon a range of spears, fixed for the purpose. If on falling he receives a mortal wound, it augurs well as to the success of the negociation and the merit of the envoy; but if he survives the wound, he is a wretch, with whom the god would not condescend to hold any communication.

Sometimes children are demanded, and the respective divinities recal the life they had but just imparted: "Justice," says Montaigne, "thirsting for the blood of innocence!" Sometimes the call is for the dearest and nearest blood: the Carthagenians sacrificed their own sons to Saturn, as if Time did not devour them with sufficient speed. Sometimes the demand was for the blood of the most beautiful. That Amestris, who had buried twelve men alive, in order to obtain from Pluto, in return for so revolting an offering, a somewhat longer life,—that same Amestris farther sacrifices to that insatiable divinity twelve daughters of the highest personages in Persia; as the sacrificing priests have always taught men that they ought to offer on the altar the most valuable of "

possessions. It is upon this principle that among some nations the first-born were immolated, and that among others they were redeemed by offerings more valuable to the ministers of sacrifice. This it is, unquestionably, which introduced into Europe the practice prevalent for centuries of devoting children to celibacy at the early age of five years, and shutting up in a cloister the brothers of an hereditary prince, just as in Asia the practice is to murder them.

Sometimes it is the purest blood that is demanded. We read of certain Indians, if I recollect rightly, who hospitably entertain all who visit them, and make a merit of killing every sensible and virtuous stranger who enters their country, that his talents and virtues may remain with them. Sometimes the blood required is that which is most sacred. With the majority of idolaters, priests perform the office of executioner at the altar; and among the Siberians, it is the practice to kill the priests, in order to dispatch them to pray in the other world for the fulfilment of the wishes of the people.

But let us turn our attention to other frenzies and other spectacles. All Europe passes into Asia, by a road inundated with the blood of Jews, who commit suicide to avoid falling into the hands of their enemies. This epidemic depopulates one half of the inhabited world; kings, pontiffs, women, the young and the aged, all yield to the influence of the holy madness which, for a series of two hundred years, instigated the slaughter of innumerable nations at the tomb of a god of peace. Then were to be seen lying oracles, and military hermits; monarchs in pulpits, and prelates in camps. All the different states constitute one delirious populace; barriers of mountains and seas are surmounted; legitimate possessions are abandoned, to enable their owners to fly to conquests which were no longer, in point of fertility, the land of promise; manners become corrupted under foreign skies; princes, after having exhausted their respective kingdoms to redeem a country which had never been theirs, complete the ruin of them for their personal ransom; thou-

sands of soldiers, wandering under the banners of many chieftains, acknowledge the authority of none, and hasten their defeat by their desertion; and the disease terminates only to be succeeded by a contagion still more horrible and desolating.

The same spirit of fanaticism cherished the rage for distant conquests: scarcely had Europe repaired its losses, when the discovery of a new world hastened the ruin of our own. At that terrible injunction, "Go and conquer," America was desolated and its inhabitants exterminated; Africa and Europe were exhausted in vain to repeople it; the poison of money and of pleasure having enervated the species, the world became nearly a desert, and appeared likely every day to advance nearer to desolation, by the continual wars which were kindled on our continent, from the ambition of extending its power to foreign lands.

Let us now compute the immense number of slaves which fanaticism has made, whether in Asia, where uncircumcision was a mark of infamy, or in Africa, where the Christian name was a crime, or in America, where the pretext of baptism absolutely extinguished the feelings of humanity. Let us compute the thousands who have been seen to perish either on scaffolds in the ages of persecution, or in civil wars by the hands of their fellow citizens, or by their own hands through excessive austerities and maceration. Let us survey the surface of the earth, and glance at the various standards unfurled and blazing in the name of religion; in Spain against the Moors, in France against the Turks, in Hungary against the Tartars; at the numerous military orders, founded for converting infidels by the point of the sword, and slaughtering one another at the foot of the altar they had come to defend. Let us then look down from the appalling tribunal thus raised on the bodies of the innocent and miserable, in order to judge the living, as God, with a balance widely different, will judge the dead.

In a word; let us contemplate the horrors of fifteen centuries, all frequently renewed in the course of a single one; unarmed men slain at the feet of altars;

kings destroyed by the dagger or by poison; a large state reduced to half its extent by the fury of its own citizens; the nation at once the most warlike and the most pacific on the face of the globe, divided in fierce hostility against itself; the sword unsheathed between the sons and the father; usurpers, tyrants, executioners, sacrilegious robbers and blood-stained parricides violating, under the impulse of religion, every convention divine or human;—such is the deadly picture of fanaticism.*

SECTION II.

If this term has at present any connection with its original meaning, it is exceedingly slight.

Fanaticus was an honourable designation. It signified the minister or benefactor of a temple. According to the dictionary of Trevoux, some antiquaries have discovered inscriptions in which Roman citizens of considerable consequence assumed the title of *fanaticus*.

In Cicero's oration "pro domo sua," a passage occurs in which the word *fanaticus* appears to me of difficult explanation. The seditious and libertine Clodius, who had brought about the banishment of Cicero for having saved the republic, had not only plundered and demolished the houses of that great man; but in order that Cicero might never be able to return to his city residence, he procured the consecration of the land on which it stood; and the priests had erected there a temple to liberty, or rather to slavery, in which Cæsar, Pompey, Crassus, and Clodius, then held the republic: Thus in all ages has religion been employed as an instrument in the persecution of great men.

When at length, in a happier period, Cicero was recalled, he pleaded before the people, in order to obtain the restoration of the ground on which his house had stood, and the rebuilding of the house at the expense of the Roman people. He thus expresses him-

* This article is taken from the article "Fanaticism" in the Encyclopedia. M. Voltaire has merely abridged it, and given it a different arrangement.—*French Ed.*

self in the speech against Clodius (*Oratio pro Domo sua*, chap. xl.)

“Adspicite, adspicite, pontifices, hominem religiosum . . . monete eum, modum quemdam esse religionis; nimium esse superstitiosum non oportere. Quid tibi necesse fuit anili superstitione, homo fanatice, sacrificium, quod alienæ domi fieret, invisere?”

Does the word *fanaticus*, as used above, mean senseless, pitiless, abominable fanatic, according to the present acceptation, or does it rather imply the pious religious man, the frequenter and consecrator of temples? Is it used here in the meaning of decided censure or ironical praise? I do not feel myself competent to determine, but will give a translation of the passage:—

“Behold, reverend pontiffs, behold the pious man . . . suggest to him, that even religion itself has its limits, that a man ought not to be so over-scrupulous. What occasion was there for a sacred person, a fanatic like yourself, to have recourse to the superstition of an old woman, in order to assist at a sacrifice performed in another person’s house?”

Cicero alludes here to the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, which had been profaned by Clodius, who, in the disguise of a female, and accompanied by an old woman, had obtained an introduction to them, with a view to an assignation with Cæsar’s wife. The passage is, in consequence, evidently ironical.

Cicero calls Clodius a religious man, and the irony requires to be kept up through the whole passage. He employs terms of honourable meaning, more clearly to exhibit Clodius’s infamy. It appears to me, therefore, that he uses the word in question, *fanaticus*, in its respectable sense, as a word conveying the idea of a sacrificer, a pious person, a zealous minister of a temple.

The term might be afterwards applied to those who believed themselves inspired by the gods, who bestowed a somewhat curious gift on the interpreters of their will, by ordaining that, in order to be a prophet, the loss of reason is indispensable.

*Les dieux à leur interprète
Ont fait un étrange don ;
Ne peut on être prophète
Sans qu'on perd la raison ?*

The same dictionary of Trevoux informs us, that the old chronicles of France call Clovis fanatic and pagan. The reader would have been pleased to have had the particular chronicles specified. I have not found this epithet applied to Clovis in any of the few books I possess at my house near Mount Krapak, where I now write.

We understand by fanaticism, at present, a religious madness, gloomy and cruel. It is a malady of the mind, which is taken in the same way as the small-pox. Books communicate it much less than meetings and discourses. We seldom get heated while reading in solitude ; for our minds are then tranquil and sedate. But when an ardent man of strong imagination addresses himself to weak imaginations, his eyes dart fire, and that fire rapidly spreads ; his tones, his gestures, absolutely convulse the nerves of his auditors. He exclaims, " The eye of God is at this moment upon you ; sacrifice every mere human possession and feeling ; fight the battles of the Lord : "—and they rush to the fight.

Fanaticism is, in reference to superstition, what delirium is to fever, or rage to anger.

He who is involved in extacies and visions, who takes dreams for realities, and his own imaginations for prophecies, is a fanatical novice of great hope and promise, and will probably soon advance to the highest form, and kill man for the love of God.

Bartholomew Diaz was a fanatical monk. He had a brother at Nuremberg, called John Diaz, who was an enthusiastic adherent to the doctrines of Luther, and completely convinced that the pope was antichrist, and had the sign of the beast. Bartholomew, still more ardently convinced that the pope was god upon earth, quits Rome, determined either to convert or murder his brother ; he accordingly murdered him ! Here is a perfect case of fanaticism. We have noticed and done justice to this Diaz elsewhere.

Polyeuctes, who went to the temple on a day of solemn festival, to throw down and destroy the statues and ornaments, was a fanatic less horrible than **Diaz**, but not less foolish. The assassins of Francis duke of Guise, of William prince of Orange, of king Henry III. of king Henry IV. and various others, were equally possessed, equally labouring under morbid fury, with **Diaz**.

The most striking example of fanaticism is that exhibited on the night of St. Bartholomew, when the people of Paris rushed from house to house, to stab, slaughter, throw out of the window, and tear in pieces, their fellow citizens not attending mass. **Guyon**, **Patouillet**, **Chaudon**, **Nonotte**, and the ex-jesuit **Paulian**, are merely fanatics in a corner—contemptible beings, whom we do not think of guarding against. They would, however, on a day of St. Bartholomew, perform wonders.

There are some cold-blooded fanatics; such as those judges who sentence men to death for no other crime than that of thinking differently from themselves; and these are so much the more guilty, and deserving of the execration of mankind, as, not labouring under madness like the **Clements**, **Chatels**, **Ravallacs**, and **Damiens**; they might be deemed capable of listening to reason.

There is no other remedy for this epidemical malady than that spirit of philosophy, which, extending itself from one to another, at length civilizes and softens the manners of men, and prevents the access of the disease. For when the disorder has made any progress, we should, without loss of time, fly from the seat of it, and wait till the air has become purified from contagion. Law and religion are not completely efficient against the spiritual pestilence. Religion, indeed, so far from affording proper nutriment to the minds of patients labouring under this infectious and infernal distemper, is converted, by the diseased process of their mind, into poison. These malignant devotees have incessantly before their eyes the example of **Ehud**, who assassinated the king of **Eglon**; of **Judith**, who

cut off the head of Holofernes while in bed with him; of Samuel, hewing in pieces king Agag; of Jehoiada the priest, who murdered his queen at the horse-gate, &c. &c. They do not perceive that these instances, which are respectable in antiquity, are in the present day abominable. They derive their fury from religion, decidedly as religion condemns it.

Laws are yet more powerless against these paroxysms of rage. To oppose laws to cases of such a description would be like reading a decree of council to a man in a frenzy. The persons in question are fully convinced that the holy spirit which animates and fills them is above all laws; that their own enthusiasm is, in fact, the only law which they are bound to obey.

What can be said in answer to a man, who says he will rather obey God than men, and who consequently feels certain of meriting heaven by cutting your throat?

When once fanaticism has gangrened the brain of any man, the disease may be regarded as nearly incurable. I have seen convulsionaries who, while speaking of the miracles of St. Patis, gradually worked themselves up to higher and more vehement degrees of agitation, till their eyes became inflamed, their whole frame shook, their countenance became distorted by rage; and had any man contradicted them, he would inevitably have been murdered.

Yes, I have seen these wretched convulsionaries writhing their limbs and foaming at their mouths. They were exclaiming: "We must have blood." They effected the assassination of their king by a lacquey, and ended with exclaiming against philosophers.

Fanatics are almost always under the direction of knaves, who place the dagger in their hands. These knaves resemble Montaigne's Old Man of the Mountain; who, it is said, made weak persons imagine, under his treatment of them, that they really had experienced the joys of Paradise, and promised them a whole eternity of such delights, if they would go and assassinate such as he should point out to them. There had

been only one religion in the world which has not been polluted by fanaticism, and that is the religion of the learned in China. The different sects of ancient philosophers were not merely exempt from this pest of human society, but they were antidotes to it: for the effect of philosophy is to render the soul tranquil, and fanaticism and tranquillity are totally incompatible. That our own holy religion has been so frequently polluted by this infernal fury, must be imputed to the folly and madness of mankind. Thus Icarus abused the wings which he received for his benefit. They were given him for his salvation, and they ensured his destruction:—

Ainsi du plumage qu'il eut
Icare pervertit l'usage;
Il le reçut pour son salut,
Il s'en servit pour son dommage.

BERTAUD, Bishop of Séz.

SECTION III.

Fanatics do not always fight the battles of the Lord. They do not always assassinate kings and princes. There are tigers among them, but there are more foxes.

What a tissue of frauds, calumnies, and robberies, has been woven by fanatics of the court of Rome against fanatics of the court of Calvin, by jesuits against jansenists, and *vice versâ*! And if you go farther back, you will find ecclesiastical history, which is the school of virtues, to be that of atrocities and abominations, which have been employed by every sect against the others. They all have the same bandage over their eyes, whether marching out to burn down the cities and towns of their adversaries, to slaughter the inhabitants, or condemn them to judicial execution; or when merely engaged in the comparatively calm occupation of deceiving and defrauding, of acquiring wealth and exercising domination. The same fanaticism blinds them: they think that they are doing good. Every fanatic is a conscientious knave, but a sincere and honest murderer for the good cause.

Read, if you are able, the five or six thousand volumes in which, for a hundred years together, the

jansenists and molinists have dealt out against each other their reproaches and revilings, their mutual exposures of fraud and knavery, and then judge whether Scapin or Trevelin can be compared with them.*

One of the most curious theological knaveries ever practised is, in my opinion, that of a small bishop (the narrative asserts that he was a Biscayan bishop; however we shall certainly, at some future period, find out both his name and his bishopric,) whose diocese was partly in Biscay and partly in France.

In the French division of his diocese there was a parish which had formerly been inhabited by some Moors. The lord of the parish or manor was no Mahometan; he was perfectly catholic, as the whole universe should be, for the meaning of catholic is universal. My lord the bishop had some suspicions concerning this unfortunate seigneur, whose whole occupation consisted in doing good, and conceived that in his heart he entertained bad thoughts, and sentiments savouring not a little of heresy. He even accused him of having said, in the way of pleasantry, that there were good people in Morocco as well as in Biscay, and that an honest inhabitant of Morocco might absolutely not be a mortal enemy of the Supreme Being, who is the father of all mankind.

The fanatic, upon this, wrote a long letter to the king of France, the paramount sovereign of our little manorial lord. In this letter he intreated his majesty to transfer the manor of this stray and unbelieving sheep either to low Bretagne or low Normandy, according to his good pleasure, that he might be no longer able to diffuse the contagion of heresy among his Biscayan neighbours, by his abominable jests.

* What follows relates to a quarrel between Biord, bishop of Annecy, and the author, of which notice has been taken in "The Historical Commentary," "The General Correspondence for the Year 1768," and elsewhere. See also, in this work, the article **QUAKERS.**—*French Ed.*

This scene, as related by Voltaire himself, may be regarded as one of those farcical manœuvres, by which, with more wit than dignity, he would sometimes baffle his bigoted opponents. See Preface, p. xxiii, for an observation or two on this tendency.—T.

The king of France and his council smiled, as may naturally be supposed, at the extravagance and folly of the demand.

Our Biscayan pastor learning, some time afterwards, that his French sheep was sick, ordered public notices to be fixed up at the church gates of the canton, prohibiting any one from administering the communion to him, unless he should previously give in a bill of confession, from which it might appear that he was circumcised; that he condemned with his whole heart the heresy of Mahomet, and every other heresy of the like kind,—as for example, calvinism and jansenism; and that in every point he thought like him, the said Biscayan bishop.

Bills of confession were at that time much in fashion. The sick man sent for his parish priest, who was a simple and sottish man, and threatened to have him hanged by the parliament of Bourdeaux if he did not instantly administer the viaticum to him. The priest was alarmed, and accordingly celebrated the sacred ordinance, as desired by the patient; who, after the ceremony, declared aloud, before witnesses, that the Biscayan pastor had falsely accused him before the king of being tainted with the mussulman religion; that he was a sincere christian, and that the Biscayan was a calumniator. He signed this, after it had been written down, in presence of a notary, and every form required by law was complied with. He soon after became better, and rest and a good conscience speedily completed his recovery.

The Biscayan, quite exasperated that the old patient should have thus exposed and disappointed him, resolved to have his revenge, and thus he set about it.

He procured, fifteen days after the event just mentioned, the fabrication, in his own language or patois, of a profession of faith which the priest pretended to have heard and received. It was signed by the priest and three or four peasants, who had not been present at the ceremony; and the forged instrument was then passed through the necessary and solemn form of veri-

fication and registry, as if this form could have given it authenticity.

An instrument not signed by the party alone interested, signed by persons unknown, fifteen days after the event,—an instrument disavowed by the real and credible witnesses of that event, involved evidently the crime of forgery; and, as the subject of the forgery was a matter of faith, the crime clearly rendered both the priest and the witnesses liable to the galleys in this world, and to hell in the other.

Our lord of the manor, however, who loved a joke, but had no gall or malice in his heart, took compassion both upon the bodies and souls of these conspirators. He declined delivering them over to human justice, and contented himself with giving them up to ridicule. But he declared that after the death of the Biscayan he would, if he survived, have the pleasure of printing an account of all his proceedings and manœuvres on this business, together with the documents and evidences, just to amuse the small number of readers who might like anecdotes of that description; and not, as is often pompously announced, with a view to the instruction of the universe. There are so many authors who address themselves to the universe, who really imagine they attract, and perhaps absorb the attention of the universe, that he conceived he might not have above a dozen readers out of the whole who would attend for a moment to himself.—But let us return to fanaticism.

It is this rage for making proselytes, this intensely mad desire which men feel to bring others over to partake of their own peculiar cup or communion, that induced the jesuit Castel and the jesuit Routh to rush with eagerness to the death-bed of the celebrated Montesquieu. These two devoted zealots desired nothing better than to have to boast that they had persuaded him of the merits of attrition and of sufficing grace. We wrought his conversion, they said. He was, in the main, a worthy soul: he was much attached to the society of Jesus. We had some little

difficulty in inducing him to admit certain fundamental truths; but as in these circumstances, in the crisis of life and death, the mind is always most clear and acute, we soon convinced him.

This fanatical eagerness for converting men is so ardent, that the most debauched monk in his convent would even quit his mistress, and walk to the very extremity of the city, for the sake of making a single convert.

We have all seen father Poisson, a cordelier of Paris, who impoverished his convent to pay his mistresses, and who was imprisoned in consequence of the depravity of his manners. He was one of the most popular preachers at Paris, and one of the most determined and zealous of converters.

Such also was the celebrated preacher Fantin, at Versailles. The list might be easily enlarged; but it is unnecessary, if not also dangerous, to expose the freaks and freedoms of constituted authorities. You know what happened to Ham for having revealed his father's shame. He became as black as a coal.

Let us merely pray to God, whether rising or laying down, that he would deliver us from fanatics, as the pilgrims of Mecca pray that they may meet with no sour faces on the road.

SECTION IV.

Ludlow, who was rather an enthusiast for liberty than a fanatic in religion—that brave man, who hated Cromwell more than he did Charles I. relates that the parliamentary forces were always defeated by the royal army in the beginning of the civil war; just as the regiment of porters (*portes-cochères*) were unable to stand the shock of conflict, in the time of the Fronde against the great Conté. Cromwell said to general Fairfax,—How can you possibly expect a rabble of London porters and apprentices to resist a nobility urged on by the principle, or rather the phantom, of honour? Let us actuate them by a more powerful phantom—fanaticism! Our enemies are fighting only

for their king; let us persuade our troops they are fighting for their God.

Give me a commission, and I will raise a regiment of brother murderers, whom I will pledge myself soon to make invincible fanatics!

He was as good as his word; he composed his regiment of red-coated brothers, of gloomy religionists, whom he made obedient tigers. Mahomet himself was never better served by soldiers.

But in order to inspire this fanaticism, you must be seconded and supported by the spirit of the times. A French parliament at the present day would attempt in vain to raise a regiment of such porters as we have mentioned; it could, with all its efforts, merely rouse into frenzy a few women of the fish-market.

The ablest men only have the power both to make and to guide fanatics. It is not, however, sufficient to possess the profoundest dissimulation and the most determined intrepidity; everything depends, after these previous requisites are secured, on coming into the world at a proper time.

SECTION V.

Geometry then, it seems, is not always connected with clearness and correctness of understanding. Over what precipices do not men fall, notwithstanding their boasted leading-strings of reason! A celebrated protestant* who was esteemed one of the first mathematicians of our age, and who followed in the train of the Newtons, the Leibnitzes, and Bernouillis, at the beginning of the present century, struck out some very singular corollaries. It is said that with a grain of faith a man may remove mountains; and this man of science, following up the method of pure geometrical analysis, reasoned thus with himself:—I have many grains of faith, and can therefore remove many mountains. This was the man who made his appearance at London in 1707; and, associating himself with

* Fatio Duillier.

certain men of learning and science, some of whom, moreover, were not deficient in sagacity, they publicly announced that they would raise to life a dead person in any cemetery that might be fixed upon. Their reasoning was uniformly synthetical. They said, genuine disciples must have the power of performing miracles: we are genuine disciples, we therefore shall be able to perform as many as we please. The mere unscientific saints of the Romish church have resuscitated many worthy persons; therefore, *a fortiori*, we, the reformers of the reformed themselves, shall resuscitate as many as we may desire.

These arguments are irrefragable, being constructed according to the most correct form possible. Here we have at a glance the explanation why all antiquity was inundated with prodigies; why the temples of Esculapius at Epidaurus, and in other cities, were completely filled with *ex votos*; the roofs adorned with thighs straightened, arms restored, and silver infants: all was miracle.

In short, the famous protestant geometrician whom I speak of, appeared so perfectly sincere, he asserted so confidently that he would raise the dead, and his proposition was put forward with so much plausibility and strenuousness, that the people entertained a very strong impression on the subject, and queen Anne was advised to appoint a day, an hour, and a cemetery, such as he should himself select, in which he might have the opportunity of performing his miracle legally, and under the inspection of justice. The holy geometrician chose St. Paul's cathedral for the scene of his exertion: the people ranged themselves in two rows; soldiers were stationed to preserve order both among the living and the dead; the magistrates took their seats; the register prepared his record; it was impossible that the new miracles could be verified too completely. A dead body was disinterred agreeably to the holy man's choice and direction; he then prayed, he fell upon his knees, and made the most pious and devout contortions possible; his companions imitated him; the dead body exhibited no sign of animation; it was again deposited

in its grave, and the professed resuscitator and his adherents were slightly punished. I afterwards saw one of these misled creatures; he declared to me that one of the party was at the time under the stain of a venial sin, for which the dead person suffered, and but for which the resurrection would have been infallible.

Were it allowable for us to reveal the disgrace of those to whom we owe the sincerest respect, I should observe here, that Newton, the great Newton himself, discovered in the Apocalypse that the pope was antichrist, and made many other similar discoveries. I should also observe, that he was a decided Arian. I am aware that this deviation of Newton, compared to that of the other geometrician, is as unity to infinity. But if the exalted Newton imagined that he found the modern history of Europe in the Apocalypse, we may say,—Alas, poor human beings!

It seems as if superstition were an epidemical disease, from which the strongest minds are not always exempt. There are in Turkey persons of great and strong sense, who would undergo impalement for the sake of certain opinions of Abubeker. These principles being once admitted, they reason with great consistency; and the Navaricians, the Radarists, and the Jabarists, mutually consign each other to damnation in conformity to very shrewd and subtle argument. They all draw plausible consequences, but they never dare to examine principles.

A report is publicly spread abroad by some person, that there exists a giant seventy feet high; the learned soon after begin to discuss and dispute about the colour of his hair, the thickness of his thumb, the measurement of his nails; they exclaim, cabal, and even fight upon the subject. Those who maintain that the little finger of the giant is only fifteen lines in diameter, burn those who assert that it is a foot thick.—But, gentlemen, modestly observes a stranger passing by, does the giant you are disputing about really exist? What a horrible doubt! all the disputants cry out together.—What blasphemy! What absurdity!—A short truce is then brought about to give time for

stoning the poor stranger; and, after having duly performed that murderous ceremony, they resume fighting upon the everlasting subject of the nails and little finger.*

FANCY.

FANCY formerly signified imagination, and the term was used simply to express that faculty of the soul which receives sensible objects.

Descartes and Gassendi, and all the philosophers of their day, say that "the forms or images of things are painted in the fancy." But the greater part of abstract terms are, in the course of time, received in a sense different from their original one, like tools which industry applies to new purposes.

Fancy, at present, means "a particular desire, a transient taste:" he has a fancy for going to China; his fancy for gaming and dancing has passed away.

An artist paints a fancy portrait, a portrait not taken from any model. To have fancies is to have extraordinary tastes, but of brief duration. Fancy, in this sense, falls a little short of oddity (*bizarrerie*) and caprice.

Caprice may express "a sudden and unreasonable disgust." He had a fancy for music, and capriciously became disgusted with it.

Whimsicality gives an idea of inconsistency and bad taste, which fancy does not; he had a fancy for building, but he constructed his house in a whimsical taste.

There are shades of distinction between having fancies and being fantastic; the fantastic is much nearer to the capricious and the whimsical.

The word fantastic expresses a character unequal and abrupt. The idea of charming or pleasant is excluded from it; whereas there are agreeable fancies.

We sometimes hear used in conversation "odd fancies," (*des fantaisies musquées*); but the expression was

* This happy illustration is very pleasantly employed in *Candide*.—T.

never understood to mean what the Dictionary of Trevoux supposes,—“The whims of men of superior rank which one must not venture to condemn;” on the contrary, that expression is used for the very object and purpose of condemning them; and *musquée*, in this connection, is an expletive adding force to the term fancies, as we say, *Sottise pommée, folie fieffée*, to express nonsense and folly.

FASTI.

Of the different Significations of this Word.

THE Latin word *fasti* signifies festivals, and it is in this sense that Ovid treats of it in his poem entitled the *Fasti*.

Godeau has composed the *Fasti* of the Church on this model, but with less success. The religion of the Roman pagans was more calculated for poetry than that of the Christians; to which it may be added, that Ovid was a better poet than Godeau.

The consular *fasti* were only the list of consuls.

The *fasti* of the magistrates were the days in which they were permitted to plead; and those on which they did not plead were called *nefasti*, because then they could not plead for justice.

The word *nefastus* in this sense does not signify unfortunate; on the contrary, *nefastus* and *nefandus* were the attributes of unfortunate days in another sense, signifying days in which people must not plead; days worthy only to be forgotten: “*ille nefasto te posuit die.*”

Besides other *fasti*, the Romans had their *fasti urbis*, *fasti rustici*, which were calendars of the particular usages and ceremonies of the city and the country.

On these days of solemnity, every one sought to astonish by the grandeur of his dress, his equipage, or his banquet. This pomp, invisible on other days, was called *fastus*. It expresses magnificence in those who by their station can afford it, but vanity in others.

Though the word *fastus* may not be always injurious, the word pompous is invariably so. A devotee who

makes a parade of his virtue, renders humility itself pompous.

FATHERS—MOTHERS—CHILDREN—(THEIR DUTIES.)

THE Encyclopædia has been much exclaimed against in France; because it was produced in France, and has done France honour. In other countries, people have not cried out: on the contrary, they have eagerly set about pirating or spoiling it, because money was to be gained thereby.

But we, who do not, like the Encyclopædists of Paris, labour for glory; we, who are not, like them, exposed to envy; we, whose little society lies unnoticed in Hesse, in Wirtemberg, in Switzerland, among the Grisons, or at Mount Krapak; and have therefore no apprehension of having to dispute with the doctor of the Comédie Italienne, or with a doctor of the Sorbonne; we, who sell not our sheets to a bookseller, but are free beings, and lay not black on white until we have examined to the utmost of our ability, whether the said black may be of service to mankind; we, in short, who love virtue—shall boldly declare what we think.

“Honour thy father, and thy mother, that thy days may be long——”

I would venture to say, “Honour thy father and thy mother, *though this day should be thy last.*”

Tenderly love and joyfully serve the mother who bore thee in her womb, fed thee at her breast, and patiently endured all that was disgusting in thy infancy. Discharge the same duties to thy father, who brought thee up.

What will future ages say of a Frank, named Louis the Thirteenth, who, at the age of sixteen, began the exercise of his authority with having the door of his mother's apartment walled up, and sending her into exile, without giving the smallest reason for so doing, and solely because it was his favourite's wish!

“But, Sir, I must tell you in confidence, that my

father is a drunkard, who begot me one day by chance, not caring a jot about me; and gave me no education but that of beating me every day when he came home intoxicated. My mother was a coquette, whose only occupation was love-making. But for my nurse, who had taken a liking to me, and who, after the death of her son, received me into her house for charity, I should have died of want."

"Well, then, honour thy nurse; and bow to thy father and thy mother when thou meetest them. It is said in the Vulgate, '*Honora patrem tuum et matrem tuam*,'—not *dilige*."

"Very well, Sir, I shall love my father and my mother, if they do me good; I shall honour them, if they do me ill. I have thought so ever since I began to think, and you confirm me in my maxims."

"Fare thee well, my child, I see thou wilt prosper, for thou hast a grain of philosophy in thy composition."

"One word more, Sir. If my father were to call himself Abraham and me Isaac, and were to say to me, 'My son, thou art tall and strong; carry these faggots to the top of that hill, to burn thee with after I have cut off thy head; for God ordered me to do so when he came to see me this morning'—what would you advise me to do in such critical circumstances?"

"Critical indeed! But what wouldst thou do of thyself? for thou seemest to be no blockhead."

"I own, Sir, that I should ask him to produce a written order, and that from regard for himself, I should say to him—'Father, you are among strangers, who do not allow a man to assassinate his son without an express permission from God, duly signed, sealed, and delivered. See what happened to poor Calas, in the half French, half Spanish town of Toulouse. He was broken on the wheel; and the procureur-général Riquet decided on having madame Calas the mother burned,—all on the bare and very ill-conceived suspicion, that they had hung up their son Mark Antoine Calas, for the love of God. I should fear that his conclusions would be equally prejudicial to the well-being of yourself and your sister or niece,

madame Sarah, my mother. Once more I say, show me a lettre-de-cachet for cutting my throat, signed by God's own hand, and countersigned by Raphael, Michael, or Belzebub. If not, father—your most obedient: I will go to Pharoah of Egypt, or to the king of the desert of Gerar, who have both been in love with my mother, and will certainly be kind to me. Cut my brother Ishmael's throat, if you like; but rely upon it, you shall not cut mine."

"Good; this is arguing like a true sage. The Encyclopedia itself could not have reasoned better. I tell thee, thou wilt do great things. I admire thee for not having said an ill word to thy father Abraham—for not having been tempted to beat him. And tell me:—hadst thou been that Cram, whom his father the Frankish king Clothaire had burned in a barn; a Don Carlos, son of that fox Philip the Second; a poor Alexis, son of that czar Peter, half hero half tiger."

"Ah! Sir, say no more of those horrors; you will make me detest human nature."

FAVOUR.

Of what is understood by the Word.

FAVOUR, from the Latin word *favor*, rather signifies a benefit than a recompense.

We earnestly beg a favour: we merit and loudly demand a recompense. The god Favor, according to the Roman mythologists, was the son of Beauty and Fortune. All favour conveys the idea of something gratuitous; he has done me the favour of introducing me, of presenting me, of recommending my friend, of correcting my work. The favour of princes is the effect of their fancy, and of assiduous complaisance. The favour of the people sometimes implies merit, but is more often attributable to lucky accident.

Favour differs much from kindness. That man is in favour with the king, but he has not yet received any kindnesses from him. We say that he has been received into the good graces of a person, not he has been received into favour; though we say to be in favour

because favour is supposed to be an habitual taste ; while to receive into grace, is to pardon, or, at least, is less than to bestow favour.

To obtain grace is the effect of a moment ; to obtain favour is a work of time. Nevertheless we say indifferently, do me the kindness and do me the favour, to recommend my friend.

Letters of recommendation were formerly called letters of favour. Severus says, in the tragedy of *Polyeuctes* :—

Je mourrais mille fois plutôt qu'abuser
Des lettres de faveur que j'ai pour l'épouser.

" Letters of favour" though I have to wed her,
I'd rather die a thousand times than use them.

We have the favour and good-will, not the kindness of the prince and the public. We may obtain the favour of our audience by modesty, but it will not be gracious if we are tedious.

This expression 'favour,' signifies a gratuitous good-will, which we seek to obtain from the prince or the public. Gallantry has extended it to the complaisance of the ladies ; and though we do not say that we have the favours of the king, we say that we have the favours of a lady.

The equivalent to this expression is unknown in Asia, where the women possess less influence.

Formerly ribbands, gloves, buckles, and sword-knots given by a lady, were called favours. The earl of Essex wore a glove of queen Elizabeth's in his hat, which he called the queen's favour.

FAVOURITE.

THIS word has sometimes a bounded and sometimes an extended sense. 'Favourite' sometimes conveys the idea of power ; and sometimes it only signifies a man who pleases his master.

Henry III. had favourites who were only playthings, and he had those who governed the state, as the dukes of Joyeuse and Epernon. A favourite may be com-

pared to a piece of gold, which is valued at whatever the prince pleases.*

An ancient writer has asked, "Who ought to be the king's favourite?—the people!" Good poets are called the favourites of the muses, as prosperous men are called the favourites of fortune, because both are supposed to receive these gifts without labouring for them. It is thus, that a fertile and well-situated land is called the favourite of nature.

The woman who pleases the sultan most, is called the favourite sultana. Somebody has written the history of favourites, that is to say, the mistresses of the greatest princes.

Several princes in Germany have country houses which they call favourites.

A lady's favourite is now only to be found in romances and stories of the last century.

FEASTS.

SECTION I.

A POOR gentleman of the province of Hagenau, cultivated his small estate, and St. Ragonda, or Rade-gonda, was the patron of his parish.

Now it happened on the feast of St. Ragonda, that it was necessary to do something to this poor gentleman's field, without which great loss would be incurred. The master, with all his family, after having devoutly assisted at mass, went to cultivate his land, on which depended the subsistence of his family, while the rector, and the other parishoners went to tipple as usual.

The rector, while enjoying his glass, was informed of the enormous offence committed in his parish by this profane labourer, and went burning with wine and anger to seek the cultivator. "Sir, you are very insolent and very impious to dare to cultivate your

* Not exactly; nor as a parliament pleases neither, although a British one in the nineteenth century has signalised itself by "resolving" fourteen shillings into a pound sterling.—T.

field; instead of going to the tavern like other people." "I agree, Sir," replied the gentleman, "that it is necessary to drink to the honour of the Saint; but it is also necessary to eat, and my family would die of hunger if I did not labour." "Drink and die then," said the vicar—"In what law, in what book is it so written?" said the labourer—"In Ovid," replied the vicar—"I think you are mistaken," said the gentleman, "in what part of Ovid have you read that I ought to go to the tavern rather than cultivate my field on St. Ragonda's day?"

It should be remarked that both the gentleman and the pastor were well educated men. "Read the metamorphoses of the daughters of Minyeis," said the vicar—"I have read it," answered the other, "and I maintain that they have no relation to my plough." "How, impious man! do you not remember that the daughters of Minyeis were changed into bats for having spun on a feast day?" "The case is very different," replied the gentleman, "these ladies had not rendered any homage to Bacchus. I have been at the mass of St. Ragonda, you can have nothing to say to me; you cannot change me into a bat." "I will do worse," said the priest, "I will fine you." He did so. The poor gentleman was ruined: he quitted the country with his family—went into a strange one—became a Lutheran—and his ground remained uncultivated for several years.

This affair was related to a magistrate of good sense and much piety. These are the reflections which he made upon it:—

"They were no doubt innkeepers," said he, "that invented this prodigious number of feasts; the religion of peasants and artisans consists in getting tipsy on the day of a saint, whom they only know by this kind of worship. It is on these days of idleness and debauchery that all crimes are committed; it is these feasts which fill the prisons, and which support the police officers, registers, lieutenants of police, and hangmen; the only excuse for feast-days among us. From this cause catholic countries are scarcely culti-

vated at all; whilst heretics, by daily cultivating their lands, produce abundant crops."

It is all very well that the shoemakers should go in the morning to mass on St. Crispin's day, because *crepido* signifies the upper leather of a shoe; that the brush-makers should honour St. Barbara their patron; that those who have weak eyes should hear the mass of St. Clara: that St. ——— should be celebrated in many provinces; but after having paid their devoirs to the saints they should become serviceable to men, they should go from the altar to the plough; it is the excess of barbarity, and insupportable slavery, to consecrate our days to idleness and vice. Priests, command, if it be necessary that the saints Roche, Eustace, and Fiacre, be prayed to in the morning; but, magistrates order your fields to be cultivated as usual. It is labour that is necessary; the greater the industry the more the day is sanctified.

SECTION II.

Letter from a Weaver of Lyons to the Gentlemen of the Commission established at Paris, for the Reformation of Religious Orders, printed in the public papers in 1766:—

"Gentlemen,—I am a silk weaver, and have worked at Lyons for nineteen years. My wages have increased insensibly; at present I get thirty-five sous per day. My wife, who makes lace, would get fifteen more, if it were possible for her to devote her time to it; but as the cares of the house, illness, or other things, continually hinder her, I reduce her profit to ten sous, which makes forty-five sous daily. If from the year we deduct eighty-two Sundays, or holidays, we shall have two hundred and eighty-four profitable days, which at forty-five sous make six hundred and thirty-nine livres. That is my revenue; the following are my expenses:—

"I have eight living children, and my wife is on the point of being confined with the eleventh; for I have lost two. I have been married fifteen years: so that I annually reckon twenty-four livres for the expenses of her confinements and baptisms, one hundred and eight

livres for two nurses, having generally two children out at nurse, and sometimes even three. I pay fifty-seven livres rent and fourteen taxes.

“ My income is then reduced to four hundred and thirty-six livres, or twenty-five sous three deniers per day, with which I have to clothe and furnish my family, buy wood and candles, and support my wife and six children.

“ I look forward to holidays with dismay. I confess that I often almost curse their institution. They could only have been instituted by usurers and innkeepers.

“ My father made me study hard in my youth, and wished me to become a monk, showing me in that state a sure asylum against want; but I always thought that every man owes his tribute to society, and that monks are useless drones who live upon the labour of the bees. Notwithstanding, I acknowledge that when I see John C . . . with whom I studied, and who was the most idle boy in the college, possessing the first place among the *premontres*, I cannot help regretting that I did not listen to my father's advice.

“ This is the third holiday in Christmas, I have pawned the little furniture I had, I am in a week's debt with my tradesmen, and I want bread—how are we to get over the fourth? This is not all; I have the prospect of four more next week. Great God! Eight holidays in ten days; thou canst not have commanded it!

“ One year I hoped that rents would diminish by the suppression of one of the monasteries of the capuchins and cordeliers. What useless houses in the centre of Lyons are those of the jacobins, nuns of St. Peter, &c. Why not establish them in the suburbs, if they are thought necessary? How many more useful inhabitants would supply their places!

“ All these reflections, gentlemen, have induced me to address myself to you who have been chosen by the king for the task of rectifying abuses. I am not the only one who thinks thus. How many labourers in Lyons and other places; how many labourers in the kingdom are reduced to the same extremities as myself! It is evident that every holiday costs the state several

millions (livres). These considerations will lead you to take more to heart the interests of the people, which are rather too little attended to.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"BOCEN."

This request, which was really presented, will not be misplaced in a work like the present.*

SECTION III.

The feast given to the Roman people by Julius Cæsar and the emperors who succeeded him, are well known. The feast of twenty-two thousand tables served by twenty-two thousand purveyors; the naval fights on artificial lakes, &c. have not however been imitated by the Herulian, Lombard, and Frankish chieftains, who would have their festivity equally celebrated.

FERRARA.

WHAT we have to say of Ferrara has no relation to literature, but it has a very great one to justice, which is much more necessary than the belles-lettres, and much less cultivated, at least in Italy.

Ferrara was constantly a fief of the empire, like Parma and Placencia. Pope Clement VIII. robbed Cæsar d'Est of it by force of arms, in 1597. The pretext for this tyranny was a very singular one for a man who called himself the humble vicar of Jesus Christ.

Alphonso d'Est, the first of the name, sovereign of Ferrara, Modena, Est, Carpio, and Rovigno, espoused a simple gentlewoman of Ferrara, named Laura Eustochia, by whom he had three children before marriage. These children he solemnly acknowledged in the face of the church. None of the formalities prescribed by the laws were wanting at this recognition. His suc-

* Unhappy Spain is enduring all the inconvenience of these legendary saint days at the present moment. In France, thanks to the labours of Voltaire and others, the evil is removed; but as a piece of lively statement and naïve remonstrance, we have preserved the artisan's appeal.—T.

cessor Alphonso d'Est, was acknowledged duke of Ferrara; he espoused Julia d'Urbino, the daughter of Francis duke d'Urbino, by whom he had the unfortunate Cæsar d'Est, the incontestible heir of all the property of all the family, and declared so by the last duke, who died the 27th of October, 1597. Pope Clement VIII. surnamed Aldobrandino, and originally of the family of a merchant at Florence, dared to pretend that the grandmother of Cæsar d'Est was not sufficiently noble, and that the children which she had brought into the world ought to be considered bastards. The first reason is ridiculous and scandalous in a bishop, the second is unwarrantable in every tribunal in Europe. If the duke was not legitimate, he ought to have lost Modena and his other states also; and if there was no flaw in his title, he ought to have kept Ferrara as well as Modena.

The acquisition of Ferrara was too fine a thing for the pope not to procure all the decretals and decisions of those brave theologians, who declare that the pope can render just that which is unjust. Consequently he first excommunicated Cæsar d'Est, and as excommunication necessarily deprives a man of all his property, the common father of the faithful raised his troops against the excommunicated, to rob him of his inheritance in the name of the church. These troops were defeated, but the duke of Modena soon saw his finances exhausted, and his friends become cool.

To make his case still more deplorable, the king of France, Henry IV. believed himself obliged to take the side of the pope, in order to balance the credit of Philip II. at the court of Rome; in the same manner that good king Louis XII. less excusably dishonoured himself by uniting with that monster Alexander VI. and his execrable bastard the duke of Borgia. The duke was obliged to return and the pope caused Ferrara to be invaded by cardinal Aldobrandino, who entered this flourishing city at the head of a thousand horse and five thousand foot soldiers.

It is a great pity that such a man as Henry IV. descended to this unworthiness which is called politic.

The Catos, Metelluses, Scipios, and Fabriciuses would not thus have betrayed justice to please a priest—and such a priest!

From this time Ferrara became a desert; its uncultivated soil was covered with standing marshes. This province, under the house of Est, had been one of the finest in Italy; the people always regretted their ancient masters. It is true that the duke was indemnified; he was nominated to a bishopric and a benefice; he was even furnished with some measures of salt from the mines of Cervia. But it is no less true that the house of Modena has incontestable and imprescriptible rights to the duchy of Ferrara, of which it was thus shamefully despoiled.

Now, my dear reader, let us suppose that this scene took place at the time in which Jesus Christ appeared to his apostles after his resurrection, and that Simon Barjonas, surnamed Peter, wished to possess himself of the states of this poor duke of Ferrara. Imagine the duke coming to Bethany to demand justice of the Lord Jesus. Our Lord sends immediately for Peter and says to him, “Simon, son of Jonas, I have given thee the keys of heaven, but I have not given thee those of the earth. Because thou hast been told that the heavens surround the globe, and that the contained is in the containing, dost thou imagine that kingdoms here below belong to thee, and that thou hast only to possess thyself of whatever thou likest? I have already forbidden thee to draw the sword. Thou appearest to me a very strange compound; at one time cutting off the ear of Malchus, and at another even denying me. Be more lenient and decorous, and take neither the property nor the ears of any one for fear of thine own.”

FEVER.

It is not as a physician, but as a patient, that I wish to say a word or two on fever. We cannot help now and then speaking of our enemies; and this one has been attacking me for more than twenty years: not Fréron himself has been more implacable.

I ask pardon of Sydenham, who defined fever to be "an effort of nature, labouring with all its power to expel the peccant matter." We might thus define the small-pox, the measles, diarrhoea, vomitings, cutaneous eruptions, and twenty other diseases. But, if this physician defined ill, he practised well. He cured, because he had experience, and he knew how to wait.

Boerhaave says, in his Aphorisms,—“A more frequent opposition, and an increased resistance about the capillary vessels, give an absolute idea of an acute fever.”

These are the words of a great master : but he sets out with acknowledging that the nature of fever is profoundly hidden.

He does not tell us what that secret principle is which develops itself at regular periods, in intermittent fever—what that internal poison is, which, after the lapse of a day, is renewed—where that flame is, which dies and revives at stated moments.

We pretty well know, that we are liable to fever after excess, or in unseasonable weather. We know that quinquina, judiciously administered, will cure it. This is quite enough: the *how* we do not know.

Every animal that does not perish suddenly, dies by fever. This fever seems to be the inevitable effect of the fluids that compose the blood, or that which is in the place of blood. The structure of every animal proves to natural philosophers, that it must, at all times, have enjoyed a very short life.

Theologians have held, or have promulgated, other opinions. It is not for us to examine this question. The philosophers and physicians have been right *in sensu humano*, and the theologians, *in sensu divino*. It is said in Deuteronomy, (chap. xxviii. 22.) that if the Jews do not serve the law, they shall be smitten “with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning.” It is only in Deuteronomy, and in Molière’s Physician in Spite of Himself, that people have been threatened with fever.

It seems impossible that fever should not be an accident natural to an animate body, in which so many fluids circulate; just as it is impossible for an animate body not to be crushed by the falling of a rock.

Blood makes life: it furnishes the viscera, the limbs, the skin, the very extremities of the hairs and nails, with the fluids, the humours proper for them.

This blood, by which the animal has life, is formed by the chyle. During pregnancy, this chyle is transmitted from the urethra to the child; and, after the child is born, the milk of the nurse produces this same chyle. The greater diversity of aliments it afterwards receives, the more the chyle is liable to be soured. This alone forming the blood, and this blood, composed of so many different humours, so subject to corruption, circulating through the whole human body more than five hundred and fifty times in twenty-four hours, with the rapidity of a torrent, it is not only astonishing that fever is not more frequent: it is astonishing that man lives. In every articulation, in every gland, in every passage, there is danger of death: but there are also as many succours as there are dangers. Almost every membrane extends or contracts as occasion requires. All the veins have sluices, which open and shut, giving passage to the blood, and preventing a return, by which the machine would be destroyed. The blood, rushing through all these canals, purifies itself. It is a river that carries with it a thousand impurities; it discharges itself by perspiration, by transpiration, by all the secretions. Fever is itself a succour: it is a rectification when it does not kill.

Man, by his reason, accelerates the cure, by administering bitters, and, above all, by regimen. This reason is an oar, with which he may row for some time on the sea of the world, when disease does not swallow him up.

It is asked,—How is it that nature has abandoned the animals, her work, to so many horrible diseases, almost always accompanied by fever? How and why so many disorders, with so much order, formation, and destruction, everywhere side by side? This is a difficulty

that often gives me a fever; but I beg you will read the letters of Memmius.* Then, perhaps, you will be inclined to suspect that the incomprehensible artificer of vegetables, animals, and worlds, having made all for the best, could not have made anything better.

FICTION.

Is not a fiction which teaches new and interesting truths, a fine thing? Do you not admire the Arabian story of the sultan, who would not believe that a little time could appear long, and who disputed with his dervise on the nature of duration? The latter, to convince him of it, begged him only to plunge his head for a moment into the basin in which he was washing. Immediately the sultan finds himself transported into a frightful desert: he is obliged to labour to get a livelihood; he marries, and has children, who grow up and ill treat him; finally, he returns to his country and his palace, and he there finds the dervise who has caused him to suffer so many evils for five and twenty years. He is about to kill him; and is only appeased when he is assured that all passed in the moment in which, with his eyes shut, he put his head into the water.

You still more admire the fiction of the loves of Dido and Æneas, which caused the mortal hatred between Carthage and Rome; as also that which exhibits, in Elysium, the destinies of the great men of the Roman empire.

You also like that of Alcina, in Ariosto, who possesses the dignity of Minerva with the beauty of Venus, who is so charming to the eyes of her lovers, who intoxicates them with voluptuous delights, and unites all the loves and graces; but who, when she is at last reduced to her true self, and the enchantment has passed away, is nothing more than a little shrivelled disgusting old woman.

As to fictions which represent nothing, teach no-

* Philosophie, tome i.

thing, and from which nothing results, are they any thing more than falsities? And if they are incoherent and heaped together without choice, are they anything better than dreams?

You will possibly tell me, that there are ancient fictions which are very incoherent, without ingenuity, and even absurd, which are still admired; but is it not rather owing to the fine images which are scattered over these fictions, than to the inventions which introduce them? I will not dispute the point; but if you would be hissed at by all Europe, and afterwards forgotten for ever, write fictions similar to those which you admire.

FIERTE.*

FIERTE is one of those expressions, which having been originally employed in an offensive sense, are afterwards used in a favourable one.

It is censure, when this word signifies high-flown, proud, haughty, and disdainful. It is almost praise, when it means the loftiness of a noble mind.

It is a just eulogium on a general who marches towards the enemy with *fierté*. Writers have praised the *fierté* of the gait of Louis XIV. they should have contented themselves with remarking its nobleness.

Fierté, without dignity, is a merit incompatible with modesty. It is only *fierté* in air and manners which offends: it then displeases, even in kings.

Fierté of manner, in society, is the expression of

* *Fierté*, as a single word, is untranslatable, conveying one of those complex ideas, which the French are peculiarly in the habit of compounding for themselves, in reference to modes of mind connected with manners. The assumptive ingredient in *fierté* is possibly national with Frenchmen; who, as their history proves, have always been distinguished for the arrogant noble and the lowly roturier; the latter of whom, as Voltaire observes, once *abjectly* made a fine quality of the presumption of his oppressor. The celebrated duke of Guise observed, that God had placed something between the eyes of a man of quality, that the *canaille* could never steadily look upon. The noblesse of France have been tolerably well cured of this conceit since the days of Guise; but we apprehend that the felicitous word *fierté* has originated in the sentiment which these and similar notions have engendered.—T.

pride; *fierté* of soul, is greatness. The distinctions are so nice, that a proud spirit is deemed blameable, whilst a proud soul is a theme of praise. By the former is understood one who thinks advantageously of himself, whilst the latter denotes one who entertains elevated sentiments.

Fierté, announced by the exterior, is so great a fault, that the weak, who abjectly praise it in the great, are obliged to soften it, or rather to extol it, by speaking of "this noble *fierté*." It is not simply vanity, which consists in setting a value upon little things; it is not presumption, which believes itself capable of great ones; it is not disdain, which adds contempt of others to a great opinion of self; but it is intimately allied to all these faults.

This word is used in romances, poetry, and above all in operas, to express the severity of female modesty. We meet with vain *fierté*, vigorous *fierté*, &c. Poets are, perhaps, more in the right than they imagine. The *fierté* of a woman is not only rigid modesty and love of duty, but the high value which she sets upon her beauty.

The *fierté* of the pencil is sometimes spoken of, to signify free and fearless touches.

FIGURE.

EVERY one desirous of instruction should read with attention all the articles in the "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique," under the head *FIGURE*; viz.

Figure of the Earth, by M. d'Alembert,—a work both clear and profound, in which we find all that can be known on the subject.

Figure of Rhetoric, by César de Marsais,—a piece of instruction which teaches at once to think and to write; and, like many other articles, makes us regret that young people in general have not a convenient opportunity of reading things so useful.

Human Figure, as relating to painting and sculpture,—an excellent lesson given to every artist, by M. Watelet.

Figure, in physiology,—a very ingenious article; by M. d'Abbès de Caberoles.

Figure, in arithmetic and in algebra,—by M. Mallet.

Figure, in logic, in metaphysics, and in polite literature, by M. le chevalier de Jaucour,—a man superior to the philosophers of antiquity, inasmuch as he has preferred retirement, real philosophy, and indefatigable labour, to all the advantages that his birth might have procured him, in a country where birth is set above all beside, excepting money.

Figure or Form of the Earth.

Plato, Aristotle, Eratosthenes, Posidonius, and all the geometricians of Asia, of Egypt, and of Greece, having acknowledged the sphericity of our globe, how did it happen that we, for so long a time, imagined that the earth was a third longer than it was broad, and thence derived the terms *longitude* and *latitude*, which continually bear testimony to our ancient ignorance?

The reverence due to the Bible, which teaches us so many truths more necessary and more sublime, was the cause of this our almost universal error.

It had been found, in psalm ciii. that God had stretched the heavens over the earth like a skin; and as a skin is commonly longer than it is wide, the same was concluded of the earth.

St. Athanasius expresses himself as warmly against good astronomers as against the partisans of Arius and Eusebius. "Let us," says he, "stop the mouths of those barbarians, who, speaking without proof, dare to assert that the heavens also extend under the earth." The fathers considered the earth as a great ship, surrounded by water, with the prow to the east, and the stern to the west.

We still find, in Cosmas, a monk of the fourth century, a sort of geographical chart, in which the earth has this figure.

Tortato, bishop of Avila, near the close of the fifteenth century, declares in his commentary on Genesis, that the christian faith is shaken, if the earth is believed to be round.

Columbus, Vesputius, and Magellan, not having the fear of excommunication by this learned bishop before their eyes, the earth resumed its rotundity in spite of him.

Then man went from one extreme to the other; and the earth was regarded as a perfect sphere. But the error of the perfect sphere was the mistake of philosophers; while that of a long flat earth was the blunder of idiots.

When once it began to be clearly known that our globe revolves on its own axis every twenty-four hours, it might have been inferred from that alone that its form could not be absolutely round. Not only does the centrifugal zone considerably raise the waters in the region of the equator, by the motion of the diurnal rotation, but they are moreover elevated about twenty-five feet, twice a-day, by the tides: the lands about the equator must then be perfectly inundated. But they are not so; therefore the region of the equator is much more elevated, in proportion, than the rest of the earth: then the earth is a spheroid* elevated at the equator, and cannot be a perfect sphere. This proof, simple as it is, had escaped the greatest geniuses; because a universal prejudice rarely permits investigation.

We know that, in 1762, in a voyage to Cayenne, near the line, undertaken by order of Louis XIV. under the auspices of Colbert, the patron of all the arts, Richer, among many other observations, found that the oscillations or vibrations of his time-piece did not continue so frequent as in the latitude of Paris, and that it was absolutely necessary to shorten the pendulum one line and something more than a quarter. Physics and geometry were at that time not near so much cultivated as they now are: what man would have believed that

* For the better information of the non-scientific reader, it may be as well here to observe, that a sphere being a globe, perfectly circular in every direction, a spheroid is to a sphere as an oval to a circle. The oblate spheroid, being flattened at the poles, may be likened to an orange; the prolate spheroid, being lengthened at the poles, may be likened to an egg, supposing its extremities to be of equal dimensions.—T.

an observation so trivial in appearance, a line more or less, could lead to the knowledge of the greatest physical truths? It was first of all discovered that weight must necessarily be less on the equator than in our latitudes, since weight alone causes the oscillation of a pendulum. Consequently, the weight of bodies being the less the farther they are from the centre of the earth, it was inferred, that the region of the equator must be much more elevated than our own—much more remote from the centre: so the earth could not be an exact sphere.

Many philosophers acted, on the occasion of these discoveries, as all men act when an opinion is to be changed—they disputed on Richer's experiment; they pretended that our pendulums made their vibrations more slowly about the equator only because the metal was lengthened by the heat; but it was seen that the heat of the most burning summer lengthens it but one line in thirty feet; and here was an elongation of a line and a quarter, a line and a half, or even two lines, in an iron rod only three feet and eight lines long.

Some years after, MM. Varin, Deshayes, Feuillée, and Couplet, repeated near the equator the same experiment on the pendulum; and it was always found, necessary to shorten it, although the heat was very often less on the line than fifteen or twenty degrees from it. This experiment was again confirmed by the academicians whom Louis XV. sent to Peru; and who were obliged, on the mountains about Quito, where it froze, to shorten the second pendulum about two lines.*

About the same time, the academicians who went to measure an arc of the meridian in the north, found that at Pello, within the polar circle, it was necessary to lengthen the pendulum, in order to have the same oscillations as at Paris: consequently weight is greater at the polar circle than in the latitude of France, as it is greater in our latitude than at the equator. Weight being greater in the north, the north was therefore

* This was written in 1736.—T.

nearer the centre of the earth than the equator; therefore the earth was flattened at the poles.

Never did reasoning and experiment so fully concur to establish a truth. The celebrated Huygens, by calculating centrifugal forces, had proved that the consequent diminution of weight on the surface of a sphere was not great enough to explain the phenomena, and that therefore the earth must be a spheroid flattened at the poles. Newton, by the principles of attraction, had found nearly the same relations; only it must be observed, that Huygens believed this force inherent in bodies determining them towards the centre of the globe, to be everywhere the same. He had not yet seen the discoveries of Newton; so that he considered the diminution of weight by the theory of centrifugal forces only. The effect of centrifugal forces diminishes the primitive gravity on the equator. The smaller the circles in which this centrifugal force is exercised become, the more it yields to the force of gravity; thus, at the pole itself the centrifugal force, being null, must leave the primitive gravity in full action. But this principle of a gravity always equal, falls to nothing before the discovery made by Newton, that a body transported, for instance, to the distance of ten diameters from the centre of the earth, would weigh one hundred times less than at the distance of one diameter.

It is then by the laws of gravitation, combined with those of the centrifugal force, that the real form of the earth must be shown. Newton and Gregory had such confidence in this theory, that they did not hesitate to advance, that experiments on weight were a surer means of knowing the form of the earth than any geographical measurement.

Louis XIV. had signalised his reign by that meridian, which was drawn through France: the illustrious Dominic Cassini had begun it with his son; and had, in 1701, drawn from the feet of the Pyrenees to the observatory a line as straight as it could be drawn, considering the almost insurmountable obstacles which

the height of mountains, the changes of refraction in the air, and the altering of instruments were constantly opposing to the execution of so vast and delicate an undertaking; he had, in 1701, measured six degrees eighteen minutes of that meridian. But, from whatever cause the error might proceed, he had found the degrees towards Paris, that is, towards the north, shorter than those towards the Pyrenees and the south. This measurement gave the lie both to that of Norwood and to the new theory of the earth flattened at the poles. Yet this new theory was beginning to be so generally received, that the academy's secretary did not hesitate, in his history of 1701, to say that the new measurements made in France proved the earth to be a spheroid flattened at the poles. The truth was, that Dominic Cassini's measurement led to a conclusion directly opposite; but, as the figure of the earth had not yet become a question in France, no one at that time was at the trouble of combating this false conclusion. The degrees of the meridian from Collioure to Paris were believed to be exactly measured; and the pole, which from that measurement must necessarily be elongated, was believed to be flattened.

An engineer, named M. de Roubais, astonished at this conclusion, demonstrated that, by the measurements taken in France, the earth must be an oblate spheroid, of which the meridian passing through the poles must be longer than the equator, the poles being elongated.* But of all the natural philosophers to whom he addressed his dissertation, not one would have it printed; because it seemed that the academy had pronounced it was too bold in an individual to raise his voice. Some time after the error of 1701 was acknowledged, that which had been said was unsaid; and the earth was lengthened by a just conclusion drawn from a false principle. The meridian was continued in the same principle from Paris to Dunkirk; and the degrees were still found to grow shorter as they approached the north. People were still mistaken res-

* His paper is in the "Journal Littéraire."

pecting the figure of the earth, as they had been concerning the nature of light. About the same time, some mathematicians, who were performing the same operations in China, were astonished to find a difference among their degrees, which they had expected to find alike; and to discover, after many verifications, that they were shorter towards the north than towards the south. This accordance of the mathematicians of France with those of China was another powerful reason for believing in the oblate spheroid. In France they did still more; they measured parallels to the equator. It is easily understood that on an oblate spheroid our degrees of longitude must be shorter than on a sphere. M. de Cassini found the parallel which passes through St. Malo to be shorter by one thousand and thirty-seven toises than it would have been on a spherical earth.

All these measurements proved that the degrees had been found as it was wished to find them. They overturned, for a time, in France, the demonstrations of Newton and Huygens; and it was no longer doubted that the poles were of a form precisely contrary to that which had at first been attributed to them. In short, nothing at all was known about the matter.

At length, other academicians, who had visited the polar circle in 1736, having found, by new measurements, that the degree was longer there than in France, people doubted between them and the Cassinis. But these doubts were soon after removed: for these same astronomers, returning from the pole, examined afresh the degree measured by Picard, in 1677, to the north of Paris; and found the degree to be a hundred and twenty-three toises longer than it was according to Picard's measurement. If, then, Picard, with all his precautions, had made his degree one hundred and twenty-three toises too short, it was not at all unlikely that the degrees towards the south had in like manner been found too long. Thus the first error of Picard, having furnished the foundations for the measurements of the meridian, also furnished an excuse for the almost

inevitable errors, which very good astronomers might have committed in the course of these operations.

Unfortunately, other men of science found that, at the Cape of Good Hope, the degrees of the meridian did not agree with ours. Other measurements, taken in Italy, likewise contradicted those of France, and all were falsified by those of China. People again began to doubt, and to suspect, in my opinion very reasonably, that the earth had protuberances.

As for the English, though they are fond of travelling, they spared themselves the fatigue, and held fast their theory.

The difference between one diameter and the other is not more than five or six of our leagues—a difference immense in the eyes of a disputant, but almost imperceptible to those who consider the measurement of the globe only in reference to the purposes of utility which it may serve. A geographer could scarcely make this difference perceptible on a map; nor would a pilot be able to discover whether he was steering on a spheroid or on a sphere.

Yet there have been men bold enough to assert, that the lives of navigators depended on this question. Oh quackery! wilt thou spare no *degrees*—not even those of the meridian?

FIGURED—FIGURATIVE.

We say, a truth 'figured' by a fable, by a parable; the church 'figured' by the young spouse in Solomon's Song; ancient Rome 'figured' by Babylon. A figurative style is constituted by metaphorical expressions, figuring the things spoken of—and disfiguring them when the metaphors are not correct.

Ardent imagination, passion, desire—frequently deceived—produce the figurative style. We do not admit it into history, for too many metaphors are hurtful, not only to perspicuity, but also to truth, by saying more or less than the thing itself.

In didactic works, this style should be rejected. It is much more out of place in a sermon than in a fable.

oration, because the sermon is a piece of instruction in which the truth is to be announced ; while the funeral oration is a declamation in which it is to be exaggerated.

The poetry of enthusiasm, as the epopee and the ode, is that to which this style is best adapted. It is less admissible in tragedy, where the dialogue should be natural as well as elevated ; and still less in comedy, where the style must be more simple.

The limits to be set to the figurative style, in each kind, are determined by taste. Balthazar Gracian* says, that “ our thoughts depart from the vast shores of memory, embark on the sea of imagination, arrive in the harbour of intelligence, and are entered at the custom-house of the understanding.”

This is precisely the style of Harlequin. He says to his master, “ The ball of your commands has rebounded from the racket of my obedience.” Must it not be owned that such is frequently that oriental style which people strive to admire.

Another fault of the figurative style is the accumulating of incoherent figures. A poet, speaking of some philosophers, has called them :—

D'ambitieux pygmées
Qui sur leurs pieds vainement redressés
Et sur des monts d'argumens entassés
De jour en jour superbes Encelades,
Vont redoublant leurs folles escalades.†

When philosophers are to be written against, it should be done better. How do ambitious pigmies, reared on their hind legs on mountains of arguments, continue escalades ? What a false and ridiculous image ! What elaborate dulness !

In an allegory by the same author, entitled the Liturgy of Cytherea, we find these lines :—

De toutes parts, autour de l'inconnue,
Ils vont tomber comme grêle menue,
Moissons des cœurs sur la terre jonches,
Et des Dieux même à son char attachés.

* A Spanish Jesuit, who wrote in the seventeenth century.—T.

† Epistle from Jean Baptiste Rousseau to Louis Racine, son of Jean Racine.

De par Venus nous venons cette affaire
 Si s'en retourne aux cieux dans son sérail,
 En ruminant comment il pourra faire
 Pour ramener la brebis au bercail.

Here we have harvests of hearts thrown on the ground like small hail; and among these hearts palpitating on the ground, are gods bound to the car of the unknown; while Love, sent by Venus, ruminates in his seraglio in heaven, what he shall do to bring back to the fold this lost mutton surrounded by scattered hearts. All this forms a figure at once so false, so puerile, and so incoherent,—so disgusting, so extravagant, so stupidly expressed, we are astonished that a man, who made good verses of another kind, and was not devoid of taste, could write anything so miserably bad.

Figures, metaphors, are not necessary in an allegory: what has been invented with imagination, may be told with simplicity. Plato has more allegories than figures; he often expresses them elegantly and without ostentation.

Nearly all the maxims of the ancient orientals and of the Greeks were in the figurative style. All those sentences are metaphors, or short allegories; and in them the figurative style has great effect in rousing the imagination and impressing the memory.

We know that Pythagoras said, "In the tempest, adore the echo," that is, during civil broils retire to the country; and, "Stir not the fire with the sword," meaning, do not irritate minds already inflamed.

In every language, there are many common proverbs, which are in the figurative style.

FIGURE IN THEOLOGY.

It is quite certain, and is agreed by the most pious men, that figures and allegories have been carried too far. Some of the fathers of the church regard the piece of red cloth, placed by the courtesan Rahab at her window, for a signal to Joshua's spies, as a figure of the blood of Jesus Christ. This is an error of an order of mind, which would find mystery in everything

Nor can it be denied that St. Ambrose made a very bad use of his taste for allegory, when he says, in his book of Noah and the Ark, that the back-door of the ark was a figure of our hinder parts.

All men of sense have asked how it can be proved that these Hebrew words, "maher, salal-has-bas," (take quick the spoils) are a figure of Jesus Christ? How Judah, tying his ass to a vine, and washing his cloak in the wine, is also a figure of him? How Ruth, slipping into bed to Boaz, can figure the church? How Sarah and Rachel are the church, and Hagar and Leah the synagogue? How the kisses of the Sumanite typify the marriage of the church?

A volume might be made of these enigmas, which, to the best theologians of latter times, have appeared to be rather far-fetched than edifying.

The danger of this abuse is fully admitted by the abbé Fleury, the author of the "Ecclesiastical History." It is a vestige of rabbinism; a fault into which the learned St. Jerome never fell. It is like oniro-mancy, or the explanation of dreams. If a girl sees muddy water, when dreaming, she will be ill married; if she sees clear water, she will have a good husband; a spider denotes money, &c.

In short, will enlightened posterity believe it? the understanding of dreams has, for more than four thousand years, been made a serious study.

Symbolical Figures.

All nations have made use of them, as we have said in the article EMBLEM. But who began? Was it the Egyptians? It is not very likely. We think we have already more than once proved that Egypt is a country quite new, and that many ages were requisite to save the country from inundations, and render it habitable. It is impossible that the Egyptians should have invented the signs of the zodiac, since the figures denoting our seed-time and harvest cannot coincide with theirs. When we cut our corn, their land is covered with water; and when we sow, their reaping-time is approaching. Thus the bull of our zodiac,

and the girl bearing ears of corn, cannot have come from Egypt.*

Here is also an evident proof of the falsity of the new paradox, that the Chinese are an Egyptian colony. The characters are not the same. The Chinese mark the course of the sun by twenty-eight constellations; and the Egyptians, after the Chaldeans, reckoned only twelve, like ourselves.

The figures that denote the planets are in China and in India all different from those of Egypt and of Europe; so are the signs of the metals; so is the method of guiding the hand in writing. Nothing could have been more chimerical than to send the Egyptians to people China.

All these fabulous foundations, laid in fabulous times, have caused an irreparable loss of time to a prodigious multitude of the learned, who have all been bewildered in their laborious researches, which might have been serviceable to mankind if directed to arts of real utility.

Pluche, in his History, or rather his fable, of the Heavens, assures us that Ham, son of Noah, went and reigned in Egypt, where there was nobody to reign over; that his son Menes was the greatest of legislators, and that Thoth was his prime minister.

According to him and his authorities, this Thoth, or somebody else, instituted feasts in honour of the deluge; and the joyful cry of "Io Bacche," so famous among the Greeks, was, among the Egyptians, a lamentation. *Bacche* came from the Hebrew *beke*, signifying *sobs*, and that at a time when the Hebrew people did not exist. According to this explanation, *joy* means *sorrow*, and *to sing* signifies *to weep*.

The Iroquois have more sense. They do not take the trouble to enquire what passed on the shores of lake Ontario some thousand years ago: instead of making systems, they go hunting.

* See "La Philosophie de l'Histoire," "Essai sur les Mœurs," &c. tom. i.

The same authors affirm that the sphynxes, with which Egypt was adorned, signified *superabundance*, because some interpreters have asserted that the Hebrew word *span* meant an *excess*; as if the Egyptians had taken lessons from the Hebrew tongue, which is, in great part, derived from the Phenician: besides, what relation has a sphynx to an abundance of water? Future schoolmen will maintain, with greater appearance of reason, that the masks which decorate the keystones of our windows are emblems of our masquerades; and that these fantastic ornaments announced that balls were given in every house to which they were affixed.

Figure, Figurative, Allegorical, Mystical, Tropological, Typical, &c.

This is often the art of finding in books everything but what they really contain. For instance, Romulus killing his brother Remus shall signify the death of the duke of Berry, brother to Louis XI.; Regulus, imprisoned at Carthage, shall typify St. Louis captive at Massoura.

It is very justly remarked in the Encyclopedia, that many fathers of the church have, perhaps, carried this taste for allegorical figures a little too far; but they are to be revered, even in their wanderings.

If the holy fathers used and then abused this method, their little excesses of imagination may be pardoned, in consideration of their holy zeal.

The antiquity of the usage may also be pleaded in justification, since it was practised by the earliest philosophers. But it is true that the symbolical figures employed by the fathers are in a different taste.

For example: When St. Augustin wishes to make it appear that the forty-two generations of the genealogy of Jesus are announced by St. Matthew, who gives only forty-one, he says that Jechonias must be counted twice, because Jechonias is a *corner-stone* belonging to two walls; that these two walls figure the old and the new law; and that Jechonias, being thus the

corner-stone, figures Jesus Christ, who is the *real corner-stone*.*

The same saint, in the same sermon, says that the number forty must prevail; and at once abandons Jechonias and his corner-stone, counted as two. The number forty, he says, signifies life; *ten*, which is perfect beatitude being multiplied by *four*, which, being the number of the seasons, figures time.†

Again, in the same sermon, he explains why St. Luke gives Jesus Christ seventy-seven ancestors: fifty-six up to the patriarch Abraham, and twenty-one from Abraham up to God himself. It is true that, according to the Hebrew text, there would be but seventy-six; for the Hebrew Bible does not reckon a Cainan, who is interpolated in the Greek translation called the Septuagint.

Thus saith Augustin: "The number seventy-seven figures the abolition of all sins by baptism . . . the number ten signifies justice and beatitude, resulting from the creature, which makes seven with the Trinity, which is three: therefore it is that God's commandments are ten in number. The number eleven denotes sin, because it *transgresses* ten This number seventy-seven is the product of eleven, figuring sin, multiplied by seven, and not by ten, for seven is the symbol of the creature. Three represents the soul, which is in some sort an image of the Divinity; and four represents the body, on account of its four qualities," &c.‡

In these explanations we find some trace of the cabalistic mysteries and the quaternary of Pythagoras. This taste was very long in vogue.

St. Augustin goes much farther, concerning the dimensions of matter. *Breadth* is the dilatation of the heart, which performs good works; *length* is perseverance; *depth* is the hope of reward. He carries the allegory very far, applying it to the cross, and drawing great consequences therefrom.

* Sermon xli. article ix.

† Sermon xli. article xxii.

‡ Sermon xli. article xxiii.

The use of these figures had passed from the Jews to the Christians long before St. Augustin's time. It is not for us to know within what bounds it was right to stop.

The examples of this fault are innumerable. No one who has studied to advantage will hazard the introduction of such figures, either in the pulpit or in the school. We find no such instances among the Romans or the Greeks, not even in their poets.

In Ovid's *Metamorphoses* themselves, we find only ingenious inductions drawn from fables which are given as fables.

Deucalion and Pyrrha threw stones behind them between their legs, and men were produced therefrom. Ovid says:—

*Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum,
Et documenta damus quâ simus origine nati.*

Thence we're a hardened and laborious race,
Proving full well our stony origin.

Apollo loves Daphne, but Daphne does not love Apollo. This is because love has two kinds of arrows; the one golden and piercing, the other leaden and blunt. Apollo has received in his heart a golden arrow, Daphne a leaden one.

*Ecce sagittiferâ prompsit duo tela pharetrâ
Diversorum operum; fugat hoc, facit illud amorem
Quod facit auratum est, et cuspidè fulget acutâ:
Quod fugat obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum, &c.*

Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;

One to repel desire and one to cause.

One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,

To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;

One blunt and tipt with lead, whose base alloy

Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.—**DRYDEN.**

These figures are all ingenious, and deceive no one.

That Venus, the goddess of beauty, should not go unattended by the Graces, is a charming truth. These fables, which were in the mouth of every one—these allegories, so natural and attractive—had so much sway over the minds of men, that perhaps the first christians imitated while they opposed them.

They took up the weapons of mythology to destroy it, but they could not wield them with the same address. They did not reflect that the sacred austerity of our holy religion placed these resources out of their power, and that a christian hand would have dealt but awkwardly with the lyre of Apollo.

However, the taste for these typical and prophetic figures was so firmly rooted, that every prince, every statesman, every pope, every founder of an order, had allegories or allusions taken from the holy scriptures, applied to him. Satire and flattery rivalled each other in drawing from this source.

When pope Innocent III. made a bloody crusade against the court of Toulouse, he was told, "*Innocens eris a maledictione.*"

When the order of the Minimes was established, it appeared that their founder had been foretold in Genesis: "*Minimus cum patre nostro.*"

The preacher who preached before John of Austria after the celebrated battle of Lepanto, took for his text, "*Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes;*" A man sent from God, whose name was John: and this allusion was very fine, if all the rest were ridiculous. It is said to have been repeated for John Sobieski, after the deliverance of Vienna; but this latter preacher was nothing more than a plagiarist.

In short, so constant has been this custom, that no preacher of the present day has ever failed to take an allegory for his text. One of the most happy instances, is the text of the funeral oration over the duke of Gandale, delivered before his sister, who was considered a pattern of virtue: "*Dic, quia soror mea es, ut mihi bene eveniat propter te*"—"Say, I pray thee, that thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake."

It is not to be wondered at, that the cordeliers carried these figures rather too far in favour of St. Francis of Assisi, in the famous, but little known book, entitled "*Conformities of St. Francis of Assisi with Jesus Christ.*" We find in it sixty-four predictions of the coming of St. Francis, some in the

Old Testament, others in the New; and each prediction contains three figures, which signify the founding of the cordeliers. So that these fathers find themselves foretold in the Bible a hundred and ninety-two times.

From Adam down to St. Paul, everything prefigured the blessed Francis of Assisi. The scriptures were given to announce to the universe the sermons of Francis to the quadrupeds, the fishes, and the birds, the sport he had with a woman of snow, his frolics with the devil, his adventures with brother Elias and brother Pacificus.

These pious reveries, which amounted even to blasphemy, have been condemned. But the order of St. Francis has not suffered by them, having renounced these extravagances so common to the barbarous ages.

FINAL CAUSES.

SECTION I.

VIRGIL says (*Æneid*, book vi. 727):—

Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

This active mind infus'd, through all the space
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.—*DRYDEN.*

Virgil said well: and Benedict Spinoza,* who has not the brilliancy of Virgil, nor his merit, is compelled to acknowledge an intelligence presiding over all. Had he denied this, I should have said to him, Benedict, you are a fool; you possess intelligence and you deny it, and to whom do you deny it?

In the year 1770, there appeared a man, in some respects far superior to Spinoza, as eloquent as the Jewish Hollander is dry, less methodical, but infinitely more perspicuous; perhaps equal to him in mathe-

* Or rather Baruch; for that was his name and he is in other places called by it. His signature was B. Spinoza. Some christians, very ill informed, and who were not aware that Spinoza had abandoned judaism without embracing christianity, assumed the B. to mean the first letter of Benedict.—*French Ed.*

mathematical science, but without the ridiculous affectation of applying mathematical reasonings to metaphysical and moral subjects. The man I mean is the author of the "System of Nature." He assumed the name of Mirabaud, the secretary of the French Academy. Alas! the worthy secretary was incapable of writing a single page of the book of our formidable opponent. I would recommend it to all you, who are disposed to avail yourselves of your reason and acquire instruction, to read the following eloquent though dangerous passage from the System of Nature. (Part II. chap. v. p. 153. &c.)

"It is contended, that animals furnish us with a convincing evidence that there is some powerful cause of their existence; the admirable adaptation of their different parts, mutually receiving and conferring aid towards accomplishing their functions, and maintaining in health and vigour the entire being, announce to us an artificer uniting power to wisdom. Of the power of nature, it is impossible for us to doubt; she produces all the animals that we see by the help of combinations of that matter, which is in incessant action; the adaptation of the parts of these animals is the result of the necessary laws of their nature, and of their combination. When the adaptation ceases, the animal is necessarily destroyed. What then becomes of the wisdom, the intelligence,* or the goodness of that alleged cause, to which was ascribed all the honour of this boasted adaptation. Those animals of so wonderful a structure as to be pronounced the works of an immutable God, do not they undergo incessant changes; and do not they end in decay and destruction? Where are the wisdom, the goodness, the foresight, the immutability† of an artificer, whose sole object appears to be to derange and destroy the springs of those machines which are proclaimed to be master-pieces of his power and skill. If this God can

* Is less intelligence displayed because generations are successive?

† There is immutability of design when we perceive immutability of effects. See God.

act no otherwise* than thus, he is neither free nor omnipotent. If his will changes, he is not immutable. If he permit machines, which he has endowed with sensibility, to experience pain, he is deficient in goodness. If he has been unable to render his productions solid and durable, he is deficient in skill. Perceiving as we do the decay and ruin not only of all animals but of all the other works of deity, we cannot but inevitably conclude, either that everything performed in the course of nature is absolutely necessary,—the unavoidable result of it simperative and insuperable laws, or that the artificer who impels her various operations is destitute of plan, of power, of constancy, of skill, and of goodness.

“Man, who considers himself as the master-work of the divinity, supplies us more readily and completely than any other production, with evidence of the incapacity or malignity† of his pretended author. In this being, possessed of feeling, intuition, and reason, which considers itself as the perpetual object of divine partiality, and forms its God on the model of itself, we see a machine more changeable, more frail, more liable to derangement from its extraordinary complication, than that of the coarsest and grossest beings. Beasts which are destitute of our mental powers and acquirements, plants which merely vegetate, stones which are unendowed with sensation, are, in many respects, beings far more favoured than man. They are, at least, exempt from distress of mind, from the tortures of thought, and corrosions of care, to which the latter is a victim. Who would not prefer being a mere unintelligent animal, or a senseless stone, when his thoughts revert to the irreparable loss of an object dearly beloved.‡ Would it not be infinitely more

* The freedom of any being consists in the power of doing what he pleases. If he performs his will, he is free.

† If he is malignant, he is not capable; and if he is capable, a term comprehending both power and wisdom, he is not malignant.

‡ The author here falls into an inadvertence to which we are all liable. We frequently say, I had rather be a bird, or a beast,

desirable to be an inanimate mass, than the gloomy votary and victim of superstition, trembling under the present yoke of his diabolical deity, and anticipating infinite torments in a future existence? Beings, destitute of sensation, life, memory, and thought, experience no affliction from the idea of what is past, present, or to come; they do not believe there is any danger of incurring eternal torture for inaccurate reasoning; which is believed, however, by many of those favoured beings who maintain that the great architect of the world has created the universe for themselves.

“ Let us not be told that we have no idea of a work without having that of the artificer distinguished from the work. *Nature is not a work*: She has always existed of herself.* Every process takes place in her bosom. She is an immense manufactory, provided with materials, and she forms the instruments by which she acts: all her works are effects of her own energy, and of agents or causes which she frames, contains, and impels. Eternal, uncreated elements,—elements indestructible, ever in motion, and combining in exquisite and endless diversity, originate all the beings and all the phenomena that we behold; all the effects, good or evil, that we feel; the order or disorder which we distinguish, merely by different modes in which they affect ourselves; and, in a word, all those wonders which excite our meditation and confound our reasoning. These elements, in order to effect objects thus comprehensive and important, require nothing beyond their own properties, individual or combined, and the motion essential to their very existence; and thus preclude the necessity of recurring to an unknown artificer, in order to arrange, mould, combine, preserve, and dissolve them.

than a man, with such pains and griefs as I am now experiencing. But when we hold such language, we do not in fact advert to the circumstance, that it strictly implies a wish for annihilation, for if you become anything but what you now are, you retain, of course, nothing of yourself.—*French note*.

* You assume the question in dispute; a case of frequent occurrence with system-makers.—*Ibid*.

“ But, even admitting for a moment that it is impossible to conceive of the universe without an artificer who formed it, and who preserves and watches over his work, where shall we place that artificer? * shall he be within or without the universe? is he matter or motion? or is he mere space, nothingness, vacuity? In each of these cases, he will either be nothing, or he will be comprehended in nature, and subjected to her laws. If he is in nature, I think I see in her only matter in motion, and cannot but thence conclude, that the agent impelling her is corporeal and material, and that he is consequently liable to dissolution. If this agent is out of nature, then I have no idea† of what place he can occupy; nor of an immaterial being, nor of the manner in which a spirit, without extension, can operate upon the matter from which it is separated. Those unknown tracts of space which imagination has placed beyond the visible world, may be considered as having no existence for a being who can scarcely see to the distance of his own feet;‡ the ideal power which inhabits them can never be represented to my mind, unless when my imagination combines at random the fantastic colours which it is always forced to employ in the world on which I am. In this case, I shall merely reproduce in idea what my senses have previously actually perceived; and that God, which I, as it were, compel myself to distinguish from nature, and to place beyond her circuit, will ever, in opposition to all my efforts, necessarily withdraw within it.

“ It will be observed and insisted upon by some, that if a statue or a watch were shown to a savage who had never seen them, he would inevitably acknowledge that they were the productions of some intelligent agent, more powerful and ingenious than himself;

* Does it belong to us to find a place for him? It is for him to fix ours. This is a sufficient answer.—*French note.*

† Are you so constituted as to have ideas of everything, and do you not perceive in that same nature, an admirable intelligence?—*Ibid.*

‡ Either the world is infinite, or space is infinite; take your choice.—*Ibid.*

and hence it will be inferred, that we are equally bound to acknowledge that the machine of the universe, that man, that the phenomena of nature, are the productions of an agent, whose intelligence and power are far superior to our own.

“ I answer, in the first place, that we cannot possibly doubt either the great power or the great skill* of nature : we admire her skill as often as we are surprised by the extended, varied, and complicated effects which we find in those of her works which we take the pains to investigate ; she is not, however, either more or less skilful in any one of her works than in the rest. We no more comprehend how she could produce a stone or piece of metal, than how she could produce a head organized like that of Newton. We call that man skilful who can perform things which we are unable to perform ourselves. Nature can perform everything ; and when anything exists, it is a proof that she was able to make it. Thus, it is only in relation to ourselves that we ever judge nature to be skilful : we compare it in those cases with ourselves ; and, as we possess a quality which we call intelligence, by the aid of which we produce works, in which we display our skill, we thence conclude, that the works of nature which most excite our astonishment and admiration, are not in fact hers, but the productions of an artificer, intelligent like ourselves, and whose intelligence we proportion, in our minds, to the degree of astonishment excited in us by his works ; that is, in fact, to our own weakness and ignorance.”†

See the reply to these arguments under the articles **ATHEISM** and **GOD**, and in the following section, written long before the “ System of Nature.”

* Powerful and skilful ! On that I take my stand. He who is powerful enough to form man and the world, is God. You admit a God while you contend against him.—*French note.*

† If we are so ignorant, how can we venture to affirm that everything was made without God.—*Ibid.*

SECTION II.

If a clock is not made in order to tell the time of the day, I will then admit that final causes are nothing but chimeras, and be content to go by the name of a final-cause-finder;—in plain language, fool—to the end of my life.

All the parts, however, of that great machine the world, seem made for each other. Some philosophers affect to deride final causes, which were rejected, they tell us, by Epicurus and Lucretius. But it seems to me, that Epicurus and Lucretius rather merit the derision. They tell you that the eye is not made to see; but that, since it was found out that eyes were capable of being used for that purpose, to that purpose they have been applied. According to them, the mouth is not formed to speak and eat, nor the stomach to digest, nor the heart to receive the blood from the veins and impel it through the arteries, nor the feet to walk, nor the ears to hear. Yet, at the same time, these very shrewd and consistent persons admitted, that tailors made garments to clothe them, and masons built houses to lodge them; and thus ventured to deny to nature—the great existence, the universal intelligence—what they conceded to the most insignificant artificers employed by themselves.

The doctrine of final causes ought certainly to be preserved from being abused. We have already remarked that M. le Prieur, in the Spectacle of Nature, contends, in vain, that the tides were attached to the ocean to enable ships to enter more easily into their ports, and to preserve the water from corruption: he might just as probably and successfully have urged, that legs were made to wear boots, and noses to bear spectacles.

In order to satisfy ourselves of the truth of a final cause, in any particular instance, it is necessary that the effect produced should be uniform and invariable in time and place. Ships have not existed in all times and upon all seas; accordingly, it cannot be said that the ocean was made for ships. It is impossible not to

perceive how ridiculous it would be to maintain, that nature had toiled on from the very beginning of time to adjust herself to the inventions of our fortuitous and arbitrary arts, all of which are of so late a date in their discovery; but it is perfectly clear that if noses were not made for spectacles, they were made for smelling, and there have been noses ever since there were men. In the same manner, hands, instead of being bestowed for the sake of gloves, are visibly destined for all those uses to which the metacarpus, the phalanx of the fingers, and the movements of the circular muscle of the wrist, render them applicable by us.

Cicero, who doubted everything else, had no doubt about final causes.

It appears particularly difficult to suppose that those parts of the human frame, by which the perpetuation of the species is conducted, should not, in fact, have been intended and destined for that purpose, from their mechanism so truly admirable, and the sensation which nature has connected with it more admirable still. Epicurus would be at least obliged to admit that pleasure is divine, and that that pleasure is a final cause, in consequence of which beings, endowed with sensibility, but who could never have communicated it to themselves, have been incessantly introduced into the world as others have passed away from it.

This philosopher, Epicurus, was a great man for the age in which he lived. He saw what Descartes denied, what Gassendi affirmed, and what Newton demonstrated—that motion cannot exist without a vacuum. He conceived the necessity of atoms to serve as constituent parts of invariable species. These are philosophical ideas. Nothing, moreover, was more respectable than the morality of genuine Epicureans; it consisted in sequestration from public affairs, which are incompatible with wisdom, and in friendship, without which, life is but a burden.* But as to the rest of the philo-

* The claim of this boasted morality to either virtue or wisdom is exceedingly to be doubted. It may be often, indeed, both virtuous and wise to retire from the active business of life to the en-

sophy of Epicurus, it appears not to be more admissible than the grooved or tubular matter of Descartes. It is, as it appears to me, wilfully to shut the eyes and the understanding; to maintain that there is no design in nature; and if there is design, there is an intelligent cause: there exists a God.

Some object to us the irregularities of our globe, the volcanoes, the plains of moving sands, some small mountains swallowed up in the ocean, others raised by earthquakes, &c. But does it follow from the naves of your chariot wheels taking fire, that your chariot was not made expressly for the purpose of conveying you from one place to another?

The chains of mountains which crown both hemispheres, and more than six hundred rivers which flow from the foot of these rocks towards the sea; the various streams that swell these rivers in their course, after fertilising the fields through which they pass; the innumerable fountains which spring from the same source, which supply necessary refreshment, and

joyment of peaceful leisure and the cultivation of the social affections; but as here laid down, such retirement amounts to nothing beyond a refined species of selfishness. The post of honour is not necessarily a private station; it is altogether the reverse, when public good is to be advanced or public evil resisted by mingling with the crowd. Nothing is more common than for men to dignify their vices or infirmities with the name of virtues; which is precisely the case of the Epicureans, when standing upon the generality here advanced by Voltaire. Thus the abandonment of a troublesome duty is termed virtuous and wise, and indolence and self-enjoyment, wisdom and virtue. Happily, human nature is so constituted, this mental luxuriance of repose is seldom very widely attractive; but the notion itself appears to be as much at war with one of the great final causes of society, as monkery and the cloister. It was natural, however, for a philosopher who created gods of this description, to make it wise and virtuous in mortals to imitate them. A due sprinkling of men of this class, in the great mass of society, is, no doubt, graceful and becoming; and society can always afford to indulge them; but the general principle maintaining their consequent superiority in wisdom and virtue must be eternally disputed. It is, however, a favourite notion under civilized despotisms; and, no doubt, not unfrequently a judicious election on the part of gifted men, who are not admitted to share in higher duties. Voltaire's own conduct and active interference with existing evils form an admirable contrast to his doctrine in this short, inconsiderate passage.—T.

growth, and beauty; to animal and vegetable life; all this appears no more to result from a fortuitous concourse and an obliquity of atoms, than the retina which receives the rays of light, or the chrystalline humour which refracts it, or the drum of the ear which admits sounds, or the circulation of the blood in our veins, the systole and diastole of the heart, the regulating principle of the machine of life.

SECTION III.

It would appear that a man must be supposed to have lost his senses, before he can deny that stomachs are made for digestion, eyes to see, and ears to hear.

On the other hand, a man must have a singular partiality for final causes, to assert that stone was made for building houses, and that silk-worms are produced in China that we may wear satins in Europe.

But, it is urged, if God has evidently done one thing by design, he has then done all things by design. It is ridiculous to admit providence in the one case and to deny it in the others. Everything that is done was foreseen, was arranged. There is no arrangement without an object, no effect without a cause; all, therefore, is equally the result, the produce of a final cause: it is therefore as correct to say that noses were made to bear spectacles, and fingers to be adorned with rings, as to say that the ears were formed to hear sounds, the eyes to receive light.

All that this objection amounts to, in my opinion, is, that everything is the result, nearer or more remote, of a general final cause; that everything is the consequence of eternal laws.

When the effects are invariably the same in all times and places, and when these uniform effects are independent of the beings to which they attach, then there is visibly a final cause.

All animals have eyes and see; all have ears and hear; all have a mouth with which they eat; a stomach, or something similar, by which they digest their food; all have suitable means for expelling the fæces; all have the organs requisite for the continuation of

their species; and these natural gifts perform their regular course and process without any application of intermixture of art. Here are final causes clearly established; and to deny a truth so universal would be a perversion of the faculty of reason.

But stones, in all times and places, do not constitute the materials of buildings. All noses do not bear spectacles; all fingers do not carry a ring; all legs are not covered with silk stockings. A silk-worm, therefore, is not made to cover my legs, exactly as your mouth is made for eating, and another part of your person for the "garderobe." There are, therefore, we see, immediate effects produced from final causes, and effects of a very numerous description, which are remote productions from those causes.

Everything belonging to nature is uniform, immutable, and the immediate work of its author. It is he who has established the laws by which the moon contributes three-fourths to the cause of the flux and reflux of the ocean, and the sun the remaining fourth. It is he who has given a rotatory motion to the sun, in consequence of which that orb communicates its rays of light in the short space of seven minutes and a half to the eyes of men, crocodiles, and cats.

But if, after a course of ages, we started the inventions of shears and spits, to clip the wool of sheep with the one, and with the other to roast in order to eat them, what else can be inferred from such circumstances, but that God formed us in such a manner that, at some time or other, we could not avoid becoming ingenious and carnivorous?

Sheep, undoubtedly, were not made expressly to be roasted and eaten, since many nations abstain from such food with horror. Mankind are not created essentially to massacre one another, since the bramins, and the respectable primitives called quakers, kill no one. But the clay out of which we are kneaded frequently produces massacres, as it produces calumnies, vanities, persecutions, and impertinences. It is not precisely that the formation of man is the final cause of our madnesses and follies, for a final cause is univer-

sal, and invariable in every age and place: but the horrors and absurdities of the human race are not at all the less included in the eternal order of things. When we thresh our corn, the flail is the final cause of the separation of the grain. But if that flail, while threshing my grain, crushes to death a thousand insects, that occurs not by an express and determinate act of my will, nor, on the other hand, is it by mere chance; the insects were, on this occasion, actually under my flail, and could not but be there.

It is a consequence of the nature of things that a man should be ambitious; that he should enrol and discipline a number of other men; that he should be a conqueror, or that he should be defeated; but it can never be said that the man was created by God to be killed in war.

The organs with which nature has supplied us cannot always be final causes in action. The eyes which are bestowed for seeing are not constantly open. Every sense has its season for repose. There are some senses that are even made no use of. An imbecile and wretched female, for example, shut up in a cloister at the age of fourteen years, mars one of the final causes of her existence; but the cause, nevertheless, equally subsists, and whenever it is free it will operate.

FINESSE, FINENESS, &c.

Of the different Significations of this Word.

FINENESS either in its proper or figurative sense does not signify either light, slender, fine, or of a rare thin texture; this word expresses something delicate and finished. Light cloth, soft linen, thin lace, or slender gallow, are not always fine.

This word has a relation to the verb to finish, whence come the finishings of art; thus we say, the finishings of Vanderwerff's pencil or of Mieris: we say, a fine horse, fine gold, a fine diamond, &c. A fine horse is opposed to a clumsy one; the fine diamond to a false one; fine or refined gold to gold mixed with alloy.

Fineness is generally applied to delicate things and lightness of manufacture. Although we say a fine horse, we seldom say, "the fineness of a horse." We speak of the fineness of hair, lace, or a stuff. When by this word we should express the fault or wrong use of anything, we add the adverb *too*; as,—This thread is broken, it was too fine; this stuff is too fine for the season.

Fineness or finesse, in a figurative sense, applies to conduct, speech, and works of mind. In conduct, finesse always expresses, as in the arts, something delicate or subtle: it may sometimes exist without ability, but it is very rarely unaccompanied by a little deception; politics admit it, and society reproves it.

Finesse is not exactly subtlety; we draw a person into a snare with finesse; we escape from it with subtlety. We act with finesse, and we play a subtle trick. Distrust is inspired by an unsparing use of finesse; yet we almost always deceive ourselves if we too generally suspect it.

Finesse, in works of wit, as in conversation, consists in the art of not expressing a thought clearly, but leaving it so as to be easily perceived. It is an enigma to which people of sense readily find the solution.

A chancellor one day offering his protection to parliament, the first president turning towards the assembly said: "Gentlemen, thank the chancellor; he has given us more than we demanded of him;"—a very witty reproof.

Finesse, in conversation and writing, differs from delicacy; the first applies equally to piquant and agreeable things, even to blame and praise; and still more to indecencies, over which a veil is drawn, through which we cannot penetrate without a blush. Bold things may be said with finesse.

Delicacy expresses soft and agreeable sentiments and ingenious praise; thus finesse belongs more to epigram, and delicacy to madrigal. It is delicacy which enters into a lover's jealousies, and not finesse.

The praises given to Louis XIV. by Despreaux are

not always equally delicate; satires are not always sufficiently ingenious in the way of finesse.

When Iphigenia, in Racine, has received from her father the order never to see Achilles more, she cries,—

Dieux plus doux, vous n'aviez demandé que ma vie !

More gentle gods, you only ask my life !

The true character of this line partakes rather of delicacy than of finesse.

FIRE.

SECTION I.

Is fire anything more than an element which lights, warms, and burns us? Is not light always fire, though fire is not always light? And is not Boerhaave in the right?

Is not the purest fire extracted from our combustibles, always gross, and partaking of the bodies consumed, and very different from elementary fire?

How is fire distributed throughout nature, of which it is the soul?

*Ignis ubique latet, naturam amplectitur omnem,
Cuncta parit, renovat, dividit, unit, alit.*

Why did Newton, in speaking of rays of light, always say,—“*De natura radiorum lucis, utrum corpora sint nec ne non disputans;*” without examining whether they were bodies or not?

Did he only speak geometrically? In that case, this doubt was useless. It is evident that he doubted of the nature of elementary fire, and doubted with reason.

Is elementary fire a body like others, as earth and water? If it was a body of this kind, would it not gravitate like all other matter? Would it escape from the luminous body in a right line? Would it have an uniform progression? And why does light never move out of a right line when it is unimpeded in its rapid course?

May not elementary fire have properties of matter little known to us, and properties of substance entirely so? May it not be a medium between matter and sub-

stances of another kind? And who can say that there are not a million of these substances? I do not say that there are, but I say it is not proved that there may not be.

It was very difficult to believe, about a hundred years ago, that bodies acted upon one another, not only without touching, and without emission, but at great distances; it is however found to be true, and is no longer doubted. At present, it is difficult to believe that the rays of the sun are penetrable by each other, but who knows what may happen to prove it?

However that may be, I wish, for the novelty of the thing, that this incomprehensible penetrability could be admitted. Light has something so divine, that we should endeavour to make it a step to the discovery of substances still more pure.

Come to my aid, Empedocles and Democritus; come and admire the wonders of electricity; see if the sparks which traverse a thousand bodies in the twinkling of an eye, are of ordinary matter; judge if elementary fire does not contract the heart, and communicate that warmth which gives life! Judge if this element is not the source of all sensation, and if sensation is not the origin of thought; though ignorant and insolent pedants have condemned the proposition, as one which should be persecuted.

Tell me, if the Supreme Being, who presides over all nature, cannot for ever preserve these elementary atoms which he has so rarely endowed? "*Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo.*"

The celebrated Le Cat* calls this vivifying fluid,—“An amphibious being, endowed by its author with a superior refinement which links it to immaterial beings, and thereby ennobles and elevates it into that medium nature which we recognise, and which is the source of all its properties.”

You are of the opinion of Le Cat? I would be so too if I could; but there are so many fools and villains, that I dare not: I can only think quietly in my own way at Mount Krapak. Let others think as well as

* Dissertation of Le Cat on the “Fluid of the Nerves,” p. 36.

they are allowed to think, whether at Salamanca or Bergamo.

SECTION II.

Of what is understood by Fire used figuratively.

Fire, particularly in poetry, often signifies love, and is employed more elegantly in the plural than in the singular. Corneille often says *un beau feu* for a virtuous and noble love. A man has fire in his conversation: that does not mean that he has brilliant and enlightened ideas, but lively expressions animated by action.

Fire in writing does not necessarily imply lightness and beauty, but vivacity, multiplied figures, and spontaneous ideas.

Fire is a merit in speech and writing only when it is well managed.

It is said that poets are animated with a divine fire when they are sublime; genius cannot exist without fire, but fire may be possessed without genius.

FIRMNESS.

FIRMNESS comes from firm, and has a different signification from solidity and hardness; a squeezed cloth, a beaten negro, have firmness without being hard or solid.

It must always be remembered that modifications of the soul can only be expressed by physical images: we say firmness of soul, and of mind, which does not signify that they are harder or more solid than usual.

Firmness is the exercise of mental courage; it means a decided resolution; while obstinacy, on the contrary, signifies blindness.

Those who praise the firmness of Tacitus are not so much in the wrong as P. Bouhours pretends; it is an accidental ill-chosen term, which expresses energy and strength of thought and of style. It may be said that La Bruyere has a firm style, and that many other writers have only a hard one.

FLATTERY.

I FIND not one monument of flattery in remote antiquity : there is no flattery in Hesiod—none in Homer. Their stories are not addressed to a Greek, elevated to some dignity, nor to his lady ; as each canto of Thomson's *Seasons* is dedicated to some person of rank, or as so many forgotten epistles in verse have been dedicated, in England, to gentlemen or ladies of quality, with a brief* eulogy, and the arms of the patron or patroness placed at the head of the work.

Nor is there any flattery in Demosthenes. This way of asking alms harmoniously began, if I mistake not, with Pindar. No hand can be stretched out more emphatically.

It appears to me that, among the Romans, great flattery is to be dated from the time of Augustus. Julius Cæsar had scarcely time to be flattered. There is not, extant, any dedicatory epistle to Sylla, Marius, or Carbo, nor to their wives, or their mistresses. I can well believe that very bad verses were presented to Lucullus and to Pompey ; but, thank God, we have them not.

It is a great spectacle to behold Cicero equal in dignity to Cæsar, speaking before him as advocate for a king of Bithynia and Lesser Armenia named Deiotarus, accused of laying ambuscades for him, and even designing to assassinate him. Cicero begins with acknowledging that he is disconcerted in his presence. He calls him the vanquisher of the world—"victorem orbis terrarum." He flatters him : but this adulation does not yet amount to baseness ; some sense of shame still remains.

But with Augustus there are no longer any bounds ; the senate decrees his apotheosis during his lifetime. Under the succeeding emperors, this flattery becomes the ordinary tribute, and is no longer anything more than a style. It is impossible to flatter any one, when the most extravagant adulation has become the ordinary currency.

* Not always brief we fear.—T.

In Europe, we have had no great monuments of flattery before Louis XIV. His father, Louis XIII. had very little incense offered him; we find no mention of him, except in one or two of Malherbe's odes. There, indeed, according to custom, he is called "thou greatest of kings"—as the Spanish poets say to the king of Spain, and the English poets (laureate) to the king of England; but the better part of his praises is bestowed on cardinal Richelieu, whose soul is great and fearless; who practises so well the healing art of government, and who knows how to cure all our evils:—

Dont l'Âme toute grande est une Âme hardie,
Qui pratique si bien l'art de nous secourir,
Que, pourvu qu'il soit cru, nous n'avons maladie
Qu'il ne sache guérir.*

Upon Louis XIV. flattery came in a deluge. But he was not like the man said to have been smothered by the rose-leaves heaped upon him; on the contrary, he thrived the more.

Flattery, when it has some plausible pretext, may not be so pernicious as it has been thought: it sometimes encourages to great acts; but its excess is vicious, like the excess of satire.

La Fontaine says, and pretends to say it after Æsop:—

On ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnes;
Les dieux, sa maitresse, et son roi.
Esop le disait; j'y souscris quant à moi:
Ces sont maximes toujours bonnes.

Your flattery to three sorts of folks apply;—
You cannot say too civil things
To gods, to mistresses and kings;—
So honest Æsop said—and so say I.

Honest Æsop said no such thing; nor do we find that he flattered any king, or any concubine. It must not be thought that kings are in reality flattered by all the flatteries that are heaped upon them; for the greater part never reach them.

* From one of Malherbe's odes. Why, then, did not Richelieu cure Malherbe of the malady of writing such dull verses.

One very common folly of orators, is that of exhausting themselves in praising some prince who will never hear of their praises. But what is most lamentable of all is, that Ovid should have praised Augustus even while he was dating "de Ponto."

The perfection of the ridiculous might be found in the compliments which preachers address to kings; when they have the happiness of exhibiting before their majesties. "To the reverend father Gaillard, preacher to the king." Ah! most reverend father, dost thou preach only for the king? Art thou like the monkey at the fair, which leaps "only for the king?"

FORCE (PHYSICAL).

WHAT is 'force?' where does it reside? whence does it come? does it perish? or is it ever the same?

It has pleased us to denominate 'force' that weight which one body exercises upon another. Here is a ball of two hundred pounds weight on this floor: it presses the floor, you say, with a 'force' of two hundred pounds. And this you call a 'dead force.' But are not these words 'dead' and 'force' a little contradictory? Might we not as well say 'dead alive'—yes and no at once?

This ball 'weighs.' Whence comes this 'weight?' and is this weight a 'force?' If the ball were not impeded, would it go directly to the centre of the earth? Whence has it this incomprehensible property?

It is supported by my floor; and you freely give to my floor the "*vis inertie*"—"inertie" signifying 'inactivity,' 'impotence.' Now is it not singular that 'impotence' should be denominated 'force?'

What is the living force which acts in your arm and your leg? What is the source of it? How can it be supposed that this force exists when you are dead? Does it go and take up its abode elsewhere, as a man goes to another house when his own is in ruins?

How can it have been said that there is always the same force in nature. There must, then, have been

always the same number of men, or of active beings equivalent to men.

Why does a body in motion communicate its force to another body with which it comes in contact?

These are questions which neither geometry, nor mechanics, nor metaphysics can answer. Would you arrive at the first principle of the force of bodies, and of motion, you must ascend to a still superior principle. Why is there "anything?"

FORCE—STRENGTH.

THESE words have been transplanted from simple to figurative speech. They are applied to all the parts of a body that are in motion, in action;—the force of the heart, which some have made four hundred pounds, and some three ounces; the force of the viscera, the lungs, the voice; the force of the arm.

The metaphor which has transported these words into morals has made them express a cardinal virtue. Strength, in this sense, is the courage to support adversity, and to undertake virtuous and difficult actions; it is the "*animi fortitudo*."

The strength of the mind is penetration and depth—"ingenii vis." Nature gives it as she gives that of the body: moderate labour increases, and excessive labour diminishes it.

The force of an argument consists in a clear exposition of clearly-exhibited proofs, and a just conclusion: with mathematical theorems it has nothing to do; because the evidence of a demonstration can be made neither more nor less; only it may be arrived at by a longer or a shorter path,—a simpler or more complicated method. It is in doubtful questions that the force of reasoning is truly applicable.

The force of eloquence is not merely a train of just and vigorous reasoning, which is not incompatible with dryness; this force requires floridity, striking images, and energetic expressions. Thus it has been said, that the sermons of Bourdaloue have most force, those of Massillon more elegance. Verses may have strength,

and want every other beauty. The strength of a line in our language consists principally in saying something in each hemistich.

Strength in painting is the expression of the muscles; which, by feeling touches, are made to appear under the flesh that covers them. There is too much strength when the muscles are too strongly articulated. The attitudes of the combatants have great strength in the battles of Constantine, drawn by Raphael and Julio Romano; and in those of Cæsar, painted by Le Brun. Inordinate strength is harsh in painting and bombastic in poetry.

Some philosophers have asserted that force is a property inherent in matter; that each invisible particle, or rather *monad*, is endowed with an active force; but it would be as difficult to demonstrate this assertion as it would be to prove that whiteness is a quality inherent in matter, as the Trevoux Dictionary says in the article **INHERENT**.

The strength of every animal has arrived at the highest when the animal has attained its full growth. It decreases when the muscles no longer receive the same quantity of nourishment; and this quantity ceases to be the same when the animal spirits no longer communicate to the muscles their accustomed motion. It is probable that the animal spirits are of fire, inasmuch as that old men want motion and strength in proportion as they want warmth.

FRANCHISE,

A word which always gives an idea of liberty in whatever sense it is taken; a word derived from the Franks, who were always free: it is so ancient, that when the Cid besieged and took Toledo, in the eleventh century, franchises or franchises were given to all the French who went on this expedition, and who established themselves at Toledo. All walled cities had franchises, liberties, and privileges, even in the greatest anarchy of feudal power. In all countries possessing

assemblies or states, the sovereign swore, on his accession, to guard their liberties.

This name, which has been given generally to the rights of the people, to immunities, and to sanctuaries or asylums, has been more particularly applied to the quarters of the ambassadors of the court of Rome. It was a piece of ground around their palaces which was larger or smaller according to the will of the ambassador. The ground was an asylum for criminals, who could not be there pursued. This franchise was restricted under Innocent XI. to the inside of their palaces. Churches and convents had the same privileges in Italy, but not in other states. There are in Paris several places of sanctuary in which debtors cannot be seized for their debts by common justice, and where mechanics can pursue their trades without being freemen. Mechanics have this privilege in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but it is not an asylum like the Temple.*

The word franchise, which usually expresses the liberties of a nation, city, or person, is sometimes used to signify liberty of speech, of counsel, or of a law proceeding; but there is a great difference between speaking with frankness and speaking with liberty. In a speech to a superior, liberty is a studied or too great boldness,—frankness outstepping its just bounds. To speak with liberty, is to speak without fear; to speak with frankness, is to conduct yourself openly and nobly. To speak with too much liberty, is to become audacious; to speak with too much frankness, is to be too open-hearted.†

FRANCIS XAVIER.

It would not be amiss to know something true concerning the celebrated Francis Xavero, whom we call

* We need not mention the former similar instances of White Friars and the Mint, in London and Southwark. We believe there are no privileged places in Great Britain at present, except the royal palaces and their precincts.—T.

† A little Gallicism, but English courts and high places can very well exemplify these definitions.—T.

Xavier, surnamed the Apostle of the Indies. Many people still imagine that he established christianity along the whole southern coast of India, in a score of islands, and above all in Japan. But thirty years ago even a doubt on the subject was hardly to be tolerated in Europe.

The jesuits have not hesitated to compare him to St. Paul. His travels and miracles had been written in part by Tursellius and Orlandino, by Levena, and by Partoli, all jesuits, but very little known in France; and the less people were acquainted with the details the greater was his reputation.

When the jesuit Bouhours composed his history, he (Bouhours) was considered as a man of very enlightened mind, and was living in the best company in Paris; I do not mean the company of Jesus, but that of men of the world the most distinguished for intellect and knowledge. No one wrote in a purer or more unaffected style; it was even proposed in the French Academy that it should trespass against the rules of its institution, by receiving father Bouhours into its body.*

He had another great advantage in the influence of his order, which then, by an almost inconceivable illusion, governed all catholic princes.

Sound criticism was, it is true, beginning to rear its head; but its progress was slow: men were, in general, more anxious to write ably than to write what was true.

Bouhours wrote the lives of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier almost without encountering a single objection. Even his comparison of St. Ignatius to Cæsar, and Xavier to Alexander, passed without animadversion; it was tolerated as a flower of rhetoric.

I have seen in the Jesuit's college, rue St. Jacques, a picture twelve feet long and twelve high, representing Ignatius and Xavier ascending to heaven, each in a magnificent chariot drawn by four milk-white horses; and above, the eternal Father, adorned with a fine

* His reputation as a good writer was so well established, that La Bruyère says, in his Characters, "Copys thinks he writes like Bouhours or Rabutin."

white beard descending to his waist, with Jesus and the Virgin beside him; the Holy Ghost beneath them, in the form of a dove; and angels joining their hands, and bending down to receive father Ignatius and father Xavier.

Had any one publicly made a jest of this picture, the reverend father La Chaise, confessor to the king, would infallibly have had the sacrilegious scoffer honoured with a *lettre-de-cachet*.

It cannot be denied that Francis Xavier is comparable to Alexander, inasmuch as they both went to India,—so is Ignatius to Cæsar, both having been in Gaul. But Xavier, the vanquisher of the devil, went far beyond Alexander, the conqueror of Darius. How gratifying it is to see him going, in the capacity of a volunteer converter, from Spain into France, from France to Rome, from Rome to Lisbon; and from Lisbon to Mozambique, after making the tour of Africa. He stays a long time at Mozambique, where he receives from God the gift of prophecy: he then proceeds to Melinda, where he disputes on the Koran with the Mahometans,* who doubtless understand his language as well as he understands theirs, and where he even finds caciques, although they are to be found nowhere but in America. The Portuguese vessel arrives at the island of Zocotora, which is unquestionably that of the Amazons: there he converts all the islanders, and builds a church. From thence he reaches Goa,† where he finds a pillar, on which St. Thomas had engraven, that one day St. Xavier should come and re-establish the Christian religion, which had flourished of old in India. Xavier has no difficulty whatever in perusing the ancient characters, whether Indian or Hebrew, in which this prophecy is expressed. He forthwith takes up a hand-bell, assembles all the little boys around him, explains to them the creed, and baptises them‡;—but his greatest delight was, to marry the Indians to their mistresses.

* Tome i. p. 86.

† P. 92.

‡ P. 102:

From Goa he speeds to cape Comorin, to the fishing coast, to the kingdom of Travancore.

His greatest anxiety, on arriving in any country, is to quit it. He embarks in the first Portuguese ship he finds, whithersoever it is bound, it matters not to Xavier; provided only that he is travelling some where, he is content. He is received through charity, and returns two or three times to Goa, to Cochin, to Cori, to Negapatam, to Meliapour. A vessel is departing for Malacca, and Xavier accordingly takes his passage for Malacca, in great despair that he has not yet had an opportunity of seeing Siam, Pegu, and Tonquin. We find him in the island of Sumatra, at Borneo, at Macassar, in the Moluccas, and especially at Ternate and Amboyna. The king of Ternate had, in his immense seraglio, a hundred women in the capacity of wives, and seven or eight hundred in that of concubines. The first thing Xavier does, is to turn them all out. Please to observe, that the island of Ternate is two leagues across.

From thence, finding another Portuguese vessel bound for Ceylon, he returns to Ceylon, where he makes various excursions to Goa and to Cochin. The Portuguese were already trading to Japan. A ship sails for that country: Xavier takes care to embark in it, and visits all the Japan islands.

In short (says the jesuit Bouhours), the whole length of Xavier's routes, joined together, would reach several times round the globe.

Be it observed, that he set out on his travels in 1542, and died in 1552. If he had time to learn the languages of all the nations he visited, it was no trifling miracle: if he had the gift of tongues, it was a greater miracle still. But unfortunately, in several of his letters, he says that he is obliged to employ an interpreter; and in others, he acknowledges that he finds extreme difficulty in learning the Japanese language, which he cannot pronounce.

The jesuit Bouhours, in giving some of his letters, has no doubt that "St. Francis Xavier had the gift of

tongues;" but he acknowledges that "he had it not always." "He had it," says he, "on several occasions; for, without having learned the Chinese tongue, he preached to the Chinese every morning at Aman-guchi," which is the capital of a province in Japan."

He must have been perfectly acquainted with all the languages of the East; for he made songs in them of the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, and Credo, for the instruction of the little boys and girls.*

But the best of all is, that this man, who had occasion for a dragoman, spoke every tongue at once, like the apostles; and when he spoke Portuguese, in which language Bouhours acknowledges that the saint explained himself very ill, the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese, the inhabitants of Ceylon and of Sumatra, all understood him perfectly.†

One day in particular, when he was preaching on the immateriality of the soul, the motion of the planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the rainbow, sin and grace, paradise and purgatory, he made himself understood by twenty persons of different nations.

Is it asked how such a man could make so many converts in Japan? The simple answer is, that he did not make any; but other jesuits, who staid a long time in the country, by favour of the treaties between the kings of Portugal and the emperors of Japan, converted so many people, that a civil war ensued, which is said to have cost the lives of nearly four hundred thousand men. This is the most noted prodigy that the missionaries have worked in Japan.

But those of Francis Xavier are not without their merit.

Among his host of miracles, we find no fewer than eight children raised from the dead.

"Xavier's greatest miracle," says the jesuit Bouhours, "was not his raising so many of the dead to life, but his not himself dying of fatigue."‡

But the pleasantest of his miracles is, that having dropped his crucifix into the sea, near the island of

* P. 317.

† P. 56.

‡ Tome ii. p. 313.

Baranura, which I am inclined to think was the island of Barataria, a crab came, four-and-twenty hours after, and brought it him between its claws.*

The most brilliant of all, and after which no other deserves to be related, is, that in a storm which lasted three days, he was constantly in two ships, a hundred and fifty leagues apart, and served one of them as a pilot.† The truth of this miracle was attested by all the passengers, who could neither deceive nor be deceived.

Yet all this was written seriously and with success in the age of Louis XIV. in the age of the Provincial Letters, of Racine's tragedies, of Bayle's Dictionary, and of so many other learned works.

It would appear to be a sort of miracle that a man of sense, like Bouhours, should have committed such a mass of extravagance to the press, if we did not know to what excesses men can be carried by the corporate spirit in general, and the monachal spirit in particular. We have more than two hundred volumes entirely in this taste, compiled by monks; but what is most to be lamented is, that the enemies of the monks also compile. They compile more agreeably; and are read. It is most deplorable that, in nineteen twentieths of Europe, there is no longer that profound respect and just veneration for the monks, which is still felt for them in some of the villages of Arragon and Calabria.

The miracles of St. Francis Xavier, the achievements of Don Quixote, the Comic Romance, and the convulsionaries of St. Medard, have an equal claim on our admiration and reverence.

After speaking of Francis Xavier, it would be useless to discuss the history of the other Francises. If you would be instructed thoroughly, consult the conformities of St. Francis of Assisi.

Since the fine history of St. Francis Xavier by the jesuit Bouhours, we have had the history of St. Francis Régis by the jesuit D'Aubenton, confessor to Philip V. of Spain: but this is small-beer after brandy.

In the history of the blessed Régis, there is not even a single resuscitation.*

FRANKS—FRANCE—FRENCH.

ITALY has always preserved its name, notwithstanding the pretended establishment of Æneas; which should have left some traces of the language, characters, and manners of Phrygia, if he ever came with Achates and so many others, into the province of Rome, then almost desert. The Goths, Lombards, Franks, Allemans, or Germans, who have by turns invaded Italy, have at least left it its name.

The Tyrians, Africans, Romans, Vandals, Visigoths, and Saracens have, one after the other, been masters of Spain, yet the name of Spain exists. Germany has also always preserved its own name; it has merely joined that of Allemagne to it, which appellation it did not receive from any conqueror.

The Gauls are almost the only people of the west who have lost their name. This name was originally Walch or Welch; the Romans always substituted a G for the W, which is barbarous: of "Welch" they made Galli, Gallia. They distinguished the Celtic, the Belgic, and the Aquitanic Gaul, each of which spoke a different jargon. †

Who were, and whence came these Franks, who in such a small number and little time possessed themselves of all the Gauls, which in ten years Cæsar could not entirely reduce? I am reading an author who commences by these words:—"The Franks from whom we descend..." Ha! my friend, who has told you that you descend in a right line from a Frank? Clodowick, whom we call Clovis, probably had not more than twenty thousand men, badly clothed and armed, when he subjugated about eight or ten millions of Welch or Gauls, held in servitude by three or four Roman legions. We have not a single family in France which can furnish, I do not say the least proof,

* See ST. IQUATIS.

† See LANGUAGE.

but the least probability, that it had its origin from a Frank.

When the pirates of the Baltic sea came, to the number of seven or eight thousand, to give Normandy in fief, and Brittany in *arrière fief*, did they leave any archives by which it may be seen whether they were the fathers of all the Normans of the present day?

It has been a long time believed that the Franks came from the Trojans. Ammianus Marcellinus, who lived in the fourth century, says,—“According to several ancient writers, troops of fugitive Trojans established themselves on the borders of the Rhine, then desert. As to Æneas, he might easily have sought an asylum at the extremity of the Mediterranean, but Francus the son of Hector had too far to travel to go towards Dusseldorp, Worms, Solm, Errenbeistein, &c.

Fredegarius doubts not that the Franks at first retired into Macedonia, and carried arms under Alexander, after having fought under Priam; on which alleged facts the monk Otfrid compliments the emperor Louis the German.

The geographer of Ravenna, less fabulous, assigns the first habitation of the horde of Franks among the Cimbrians, beyond the Elbe, towards the Baltic sea. These Franks might well be some remains of these barbarian Cimbri defeated by Marius; and the learned Leibnitz is of this opinion.

It is very certain that, in the time of Constantine, beyond the Rhine there were hordes of Franks or Siccambri, who lived by pillage. They assembled under bandit captains, chiefs whom historians have had the folly to call kings. Constantine himself pursued them to their haunts, caused several to be hanged, and others to be delivered to wild beasts, in the amphitheatre of Treves, for his amusement. Two of their pretended kings perished in this manner, at which the panegyrists of Constantine are in ecstasies.

The Salic law, written, it is said, by these barbarians, is one of the absurd chimeras with which we have always been pestered. It would be very strange if the

Franks had written such a considerable code in their marshes, and the French had not any written usages until the close of the reign of Charles VII. It might as well be said that the Algonquins and Chicachas had written laws. Men are never governed by authentic laws, consigned to public monuments, until they have been assembled into cities, and have a regular police, archives, and all that characterises a civilised nation. When you find a code in a nation which was barbarous at the time it was written, who lived upon rapine and pillage, and which had not a walled town, you may be sure that this code is a pretended one, which has been made in much later times. Fallacies and suppositions never obliterate this truth from the minds of the wise.

What is more ridiculous still, this Salic law has been given to us in Latin; as if savages wandering beyond the Rhine had learnt the Latin language. It is supposed to have been first digested by Clovis, and it ran thus:—Whilst the illustrious nation of the Franks was still considered barbarous, the heads of this nation dictated the Salic law. They chose among themselves four chiefs, Visogast, Bodogast, Sologast, Vindogast, &c. taking, according to La Fontaine's fable, the names of places for those of men:—

Notre magot prit pour ce coup

Le nom d'un port pour un nom d'homme.

These names are those of some Frank cantons in the province of Worms. Whatever may be the epoch in which the customs denominated the Salic law were constructed on an ancient tradition, it is very clear that the Franks were not great legislators.

What is the original meaning of the word Frank? That is a question of which we know nothing, and which above a hundred authors have endeavoured to find out. What is the meaning of Hun, Alain, Goth, Welch, Picard? And what does it signify?

Were the armies of Clovis all composed of Franks? It does not appear so. Childeric the Frank had made inroads as far as Tournay. It is said that Clovis was the son of Childeric and queen Bazine, the wife of king

Badin. Now *Hazin* and *Bazine* are assuredly not German names, and we have never seen the least proof that *Clovis* was their son. All the German cantons elected their chiefs, and the province of Franks had no doubt elected *Clovis* as they had done his father. He made his expedition against the Gauls, as all the other barbarians had undertaken theirs against the Roman empire.

Dost thou really and truly believe that the Herulian *Odo*, surnamed *Acer* by the Romans, and known to us by the name of *Odoacer*, had only Herulians in his train, and that *Genserich* conducted Vandals alone into Africa? All the wretches without talent or profession, who have nothing to lose, do they not always join the first captain of robbers who raises the standard of destruction?

As soon as *Clovis* had the least success, his troops were no doubt joined by all the Belgians who parted for booty; and this army is nevertheless called the army of Franks. The expedition was very easy. The Visigoths had already invaded one-third of Gaul, and the Burgundians another. The rest submitted to *Clovis*. The Franks divided the land of the vanquished, and the Welch cultivated it.

The word Frank originally signified a free possessor, whilst the others were slaves. Hence come the words franchise, and to enfranchise,—“I make you a Frank,” “I render you a free man.” Hence *francalennus*, holding freely; *frank alen*, *frank dad*, *frank chamen*, and so many other terms half Latin and half barbarian, which have so long composed the miserable patois spoken in France.

Hence, also, a franc in gold or silver to express the money of the king of the Franks, which did not happen until a long time after, but which reminds us of the origin of the monarchy. We still say twenty francs, twenty livres, which signifies nothing in itself; it gives no idea of the weight or value of the money, being only a vague expression, by which ignorant people have been continually deceived, not knowing really how much they receive or how much they pay.

Charlemagne did not consider himself as a Frank; he was born in Austrasia, and spoke the German language. He was of the family of Arnold, bishop of Metz, preceptor to Dagobert. Now it is not probable that a man chosen for a preceptor was a Frank. He made the greatest glory of the most profound ignorance, and was acquainted only with the profession of arms. But what gives most weight to the opinion that Charlemagne regarded the Franks as strangers to him, is the fourth article of one of his capitularies on his farms: If the Franks, said he, commit any ravages on our possessions, let them be judged according to their laws.

The Carlovingian race always passed for German: pope Adrian IV., in his letter to the archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, and Treves, expresses himself in these remarkable terms: "The emperor was transferred from the Greeks to the Germans. Their king was not emperor until after he had been crowned by the pope . . . all that the emperor possessed he held from us. And as Zacharius gave the Greek empire to the Germans, we can give that of the Germans to the Greeks."

However, France having been divided into eastern and western, and the eastern being Austrasia, this name of France prevailed so far, that even in the time of the Saxon emperors, the court of Constantinople always called them pretended Frank emperors, as may be seen in the letters of bishop Luitpraud, sent from Rome to Constantinople.

Of the French Nation.

When the Franks established themselves in the country of the first Welches, which the Romans called Gallia, the nation was composed of ancient Celts or Gauls, subjugated by Cæsar. Roman families who were established there, Germans who had already emigrated there, and finally of the Franks, who had rendered themselves masters of the country under their chief Clovis. Whilst the monarchy subsisted, which united Gaul and Germany, all the people, from the

source of the Weser to the seas of Gaul, bore the name of Franks. But when at the congress of Verdun in 843, under Charles the Bald, Germany and Gaul were separated, the name of Franks remained to the people of western France, which alone retained the name of France.

The name of French was scarcely known until towards the tenth century. The foundation of the nation is of Gallic families, and traces of the character of the ancient Gauls have always existed.

Indeed, every people has its character as well as every man; and this character is generally formed of all the resemblances caused by nature and custom between the inhabitants of the varieties which distinguish them. Thus French character, genius, and wit, result from that which has been common to the different provinces in the kingdom. The people of Guienne and those of Normandy differ much; there is however found in them the French genius, which forms a nation of these different provinces, and distinguishes them from the Italians and Germans. Climate and soil evidently imprint unchangeable marks on men as well as on animals and plants. Those who depend on government, religion, and education are different. That is the knot which explains how people have lost one part of their ancient character and preserved the other. A people who formerly conquered half the world are no longer recognised under sacerdotal government, but the seeds of their ancient greatness of soul still exist, though hidden beneath weakness.

In the same manner the barbarous government of the Turks has enervated the Egyptians and the Greeks, without having been able to destroy the original character or temper of their minds.

The present character of the French is the same as Cæsar painted the Gauls—prompt to resolve, ardent to combat, impetuous in attack, and easily discouraged. Cæsar, Agatius, and others say, that of all the barbarians the Gauls were the most polished. They are still in the most civilised times the model of politeness to all their neighbours, though they occasionally dis-

cover the remains of their levity, petulance, and barbarity.

The inhabitants of the coasts of France were always good seamen; the people of Guienne always compose the best infantry; those who inhabit the provinces of Blois and Tours are not, says Tasso, robust and indefatigable, but bland and gentle, like the land which they inhabit:—

..... Gente robusta, e faticosa,
La terra molle, e lieta, e diletta
Simili a se gli abitator, produce.

But how can we reconcile the character of the Parisians of our day with that which the emperor Julian, the first of princes and men after Marcus Aurelius, gave to the Parisians of his time?—"I love this people," says he in his Misopogon, "because they are serious and severe like myself." This seriousness, which seems at present banished from an immense city become the centre of pleasure, then reigned in a little town destitute of amusements: in this respect the spirit of the Parisians has changed notwithstanding the climate.

The affluence, opulence, and idleness of the people, who may occupy themselves with pleasures and the arts, and not with the government, has given a new turn of mind to a whole nation.

Further, how is it to be explained by what degrees this people have passed from the fierceness which characterised them in the time of king John, Charles VI. Charles XI. Henry III. and Henry IV. to the soft facility of manners for which they are now the admiration of Europe? It is that the storms of government and religion forced constitutional vivacity into paroxysms of faction and fanaticism; and that this same vivacity, which always will exist, has at present no object but the pleasures of society. The Parisian is impetuous in his pleasures, as he formerly was in his fierceness. The original character which is caused by the climate is always the same. If at present he cultivates the arts, of which he was so long deprived, it is not that he has another mind since he has not other organs; but it is that he has more relief, and this relief has not been

created by himself, as by the Greeks and Florentines, among whom the arts flourished like the natural fruits of their soil. The Frenchman has only received them, but having happily cultivated and adopted these exotics, he has almost perfected them.

The French government was originally that of all the northern nations,—of all those whose policy was regulated in general assemblies of the nation. Kings were the chiefs of these assemblies; and this was almost the only administration of the French in the two first generations, before Charles the Simple.

When the monarchy was dismembered, in the decline of the Carlovingian race, when the kingdom of Arles arose, and the provinces were occupied by vassals little dependant on the crown, the name of French was more restricted. Under Hugh Capet, Henry, and Philip, the people on this side the Loire only, were called French. There was then seen a great diversity of manners and of laws in the provinces held from the crown of France. The particular lords who became the masters of these provinces introduced new customs into their new states. A Breton and a Fleming have at present some conformity, notwithstanding the difference of their character, which they hold from the sun and the climate, but originally there was not the least similitude between them.

It is only since the time of Francis I. that there has been any uniformity in manners and customs. The court, at this time, first began to serve for a model to the United Provinces; but in general, impetuosity in war, and a lax discipline, always formed the predominant character of the nation.

Gallantry and politeness began to distinguish the French under Francis I. Manners became odious after the death of Francis II. However, in the midst of these horrors, there was always a politeness at court; which the Germans and English endeavoured to imitate. The rest of Europe, in aiming to resemble them, were already jealous of the French. A character in one of Shakspeare's comedies says, that it

is difficult to be polite without having been at the court of France.

Though the nation has been taxed with frivolity by Cæsar, and by all neighbouring nations, yet this kingdom, so long dismembered, and so often ready to sink, is united and sustained principally by the wisdom of its negotiations, address, and patience; but above all, by the divisions of Germany and England. Brittany alone has been united to the kingdom by a marriage; Burgundy by right of fee, and by the ability of Louis XI; Dauphiny by a donation, which was the fruits of policy; the county of Toulouse by a grant, maintained by an army; Provence by money. One treaty of peace has given Alsace, another Lorraine. The English have been driven from France, notwithstanding the most signal victories, because the kings of France have known how to temporise, and profit on all favourable occasions;—all which proves, that if the French youth are frivolous, the men of riper age, who govern it, have always been wise. Even at present the magistracy are severe in manners, as in the time of the emperor Julian. If the first successes in Italy, in the time of Charles VIII. were owing to the warlike impetuosity of the nation, the disgraces which followed them were caused by the blindness of a court which was composed of young men alone. Francis I. was only unfortunate in his youth, when all was governed by favourites of his own age, and he rendered his kingdom more flourishing at a more advanced age.

The French have always used the same arms as their neighbours, and have nearly the same discipline in war, but were the first who quitted the use of the lance and pike. The battle of Yvri began to decry the use of lances, which was soon abolished, and under Louis XIV. pikes were also discontinued. They wore tunics and robes until the sixteenth century. They left off the custom of letting the beard grow under Louis the Young, and retook it under Francis I. and only began to shave entirely under Louis XIV. Their dress is continually changing; and at the end of

each century the French might take the portraits of their grandfathers for those of foreigners.

FRAUD.

Whether pious Frauds should be practised upon the People?

ONCE upon a time the fakir Bambabef met one of the disciples of Confutzee (whom we call Confucius); and this disciple was named Whang. Bambabef maintained that the people require to be deceived, and Whang asserted that we ought never to deceive any one. Here is a sketch of their dispute:—

BAMBABEF.

We must imitate the Supreme Being, who does not show us things as they are. He makes us see the sun with a diameter of two or three feet, although it is a million of times larger than the earth. He makes us see the moon and the stars affixed to one and the same blue surface, while they are at different elevations: he chooses that a square tower should appear round to us at a distance: he chooses that fire should appear to us to be hot, although it is neither hot nor cold: in short, he surrounds us with errors, suitable to our nature.

WHANG.

What you call error is not so. The sun, such as it is placed at millions of millions of lis* from our globe, is not that which we see, that which we really perceive: we perceive only the sun which is painted on our retina, at a determinate angle. Our eyes were not given us to know sizes and distances: to know these, other aids and other operations are necessary.

Bambabef seemed much astonished at this position. Whang, being very patient, explained to him the theory of optics; and Bambabef, having some conception, was convinced by the demonstrations of the disciple of Confutzee. He then resumed in these terms:—

* A li is 124 paces.

BAMBABEF.

If God does not, as I thought, deceive us by the ministry of our senses; you will at least acknowledge that our physicians are constantly deceiving children for their good. They tell them that they are giving them sugar, when in reality they are giving them rhubarb. I, a fakir, may then deceive the people, who are as ignorant as children.

WHANG.

I have two sons; I have never deceived them. When they have been sick, I have said to them:—"Here is a nauseous medicine; you must have the courage to take it: if it were pleasant, it would injure you." I have never suffered their nurses and tutors to make them afraid of ghosts, goblins, and witches. I have thereby made them wise and courageous citizens.

BAMBABEF.

The people are not born so happily as your family.

WHANG.

Men all nearly resemble one another; they are born with the same dispositions. Their nature ought not to be corrupted.

BAMBABEF.

We teach them errors, I own; but it is for their good. We make them believe that if they do not buy our blessed nails, if they do not expiate their sins by giving us money, they will, in another life, become post-horses, dogs, or lizards. This intimidates them, and they become good people.

WHANG.

Do you not see that you are perverting these poor folks? There are among them many more than you think there are, who reason, who make a jest of your miracles and your superstitions; who see very clearly that they will not be turned into lizards, nor into post-horses. What is the consequence? They have good sense enough to perceive that you talk to them very impertinently; but they have not enough to elevate themselves to a religion pure and untrammelled by superstition like ours. Their passions make them think there is no religion, because the only one that is taught them is

ridiculous : thus you become guilty of all the vices into which they plunge.

BAMBABEE.

Not at all; for we teach them none but good morals.

WHANG.

The people would stone you if you taught impure morals. Men are so constituted, that they like very well to do evil, but they will not have it preached to them. But a wise morality should not be mixed up with absurd fables : for by these impostures, which you might do without, you weaken that morality which you are forced to teach.

BAMBABEE.

What ! Do you think that truth can be taught to the people without the aid of fables ?

WHANG.

I firmly believe it. Our literati are made of the same stuff as our tailors, our weavers, and our labourers. They worship a creating, rewarding, and avenging God. They do not sully their worship by absurd systems, nor by extravagant ceremonies. There are much fewer crimes among the lettered than among the people ;—why should we not condescend to instruct our working classes as we do our literati ?

BAMBABEE.

That would be great folly : as well might you wish them to have the same politeness, or to be all jurisconsults. It is neither possible nor desirable. There must be white bread for the master, and brown for the servant.

WHANG.

I own that men should not all have the same science ; but there are things necessary to all. It is necessary that each one should be just ; and the surest way of inspiring all men with justice is, to inspire them with religion without superstition.

BAMBABEE.

That is a fine project, but it is impracticable. Do you think it is sufficient for men to believe in a being that rewards and punishes ? You have told me that

the more acute among the people often revolt against fables. They will, in like manner, revolt against your truth. They will say, Who shall assure me that God punishes and rewards? Where is the proof? What mission have you? What miracle have you worked that I should believe in you? They will laugh at you much more than at me.

WHANG.

Your error is this, You imagine that men will spurn an idea that is honest, likely, and useful to every one; an idea which accords with human reason, because they reject things which are dishonest, absurd, useless, dangerous, and shocking to good sense.

The people are much disposed to believe their magistrates; and when their magistrates propose to them only a rational belief, they embrace it willingly. There is no need of prodigies to believe in a just God, who reads the heart of man: this is an idea too natural, too necessary, to be combatted. It is not necessary to know, precisely, how God rewards and punishes: to believe in his justice is enough. I assure you that I have seen whole towns with scarcely any other tenet; and that in them I have seen the most virtue.

BAMBABEF.

Take heed what you say. You will find philosophers in these times, who will deny both pains and rewards.

WHANG.

But you will acknowledge that these philosophers will much more strongly deny your inventions; so you will gain nothing by that. Supposing that there are philosophers who do not agree with my principles, they are not the less honest men; they do not the less cultivate virtue, which should be embraced through love, and not through fear. Moreover, I maintain, that no philosopher can ever be assured that Providence does not reserve pains for the wicked, and rewards for the good. For, if they ask me who has told me that God punishes, I shall ask them who has told them that God does not punish. In short, I

maintain that the philosophers, far from contradicting, will aid me. Will you be a philosopher?

BAMBABEF.

With all my heart. But do not tell the fakirs. And let us, above all, remember, that if a philosopher would be of service to human society, he must announce a God.

FREE-WILL.

FROM the commencement of the time in which men began to reason, philosophers have agitated this question, which theologians have rendered unintelligible by their absurd subtleties upon grace. Locke is, perhaps the first, who, without having the arrogance of announcing a general principle, has examined human nature by analysis. It has been disputed for three thousand years, whether the will is free or not;* Locke shows, that the question is absurd, and that liberty cannot belong to the will any more than colour and motion.

What is meant by the expression to be free? It signifies power, or rather it has no sense at all. To say that the will *can*, is in itself as ridiculous as if we said that it is yellow, or blue, round, or square. Will is will, and liberty is power. Let us gradually examine the chain of what passes within us, without confusing our minds with any scholastic terms, or antecedent principle.

It is proposed to you to ride on horseback, it is absolutely necessary for you to make a choice, for it is very clear that you must either go or not; there is no medium, you must absolutely do the one or the other. So far it is demonstrated that the will is not free. You will get on horseback? why? Because I will to do so, an ignoramus will say. This reply is an absurdity, nothing can be done without reason or cause. Your will then is caused by what? the agreeable idea which is presented to your brain; the predominant, or

* See the Essay on the Human Understanding, chapter on *wer*.

determinate idea; but, you will say, cannot I resist an idea which predominates over me? No, for what would be the cause of your resistance? an idea by which your will is swayed still more despotically.

You receive your ideas, and, therefore, receive your will. You will then necessarily; consequently, the word liberty belongs not to will in any sense.

You ask me, how thought and will are formed within you? I answer, that I know nothing about it. I no more know how ideas are created, than I know how the world was formed. We are only allowed to grope in the dark in reference to all that inspires our incomprehensible machine.

Will, then, is not a faculty which can be called free. A free-will is a word absolutely void of sense; and that which scholars have called indifference, that is to say, will without cause, is a chimera, unworthy to be combatted.

In what then consists liberty? In the power of doing what we will? I would go into my cabinet, the door is open, I am free to enter. But say you, if the door is shut and I remain where I am, I remain freely? Let us explain ourselves;—you then exercise the power that you possess of remaining, you possess this power, but not the power of going out.

Liberty, then, on which so many volumes have been written, reduced to its proper sense, is only the power of acting.

In what sense must the expression “this man is free” be spoken? In the same sense in which we use the words health, strength, and happiness. Man is not always strong, healthy, or happy. A great passion, a great obstacle, may deprive him of his liberty, or power of action.

The words liberty and free-will are, then, abstractions, general terms, like beauty, goodness, justice. These terms do not signify that all men are always handsome, good, and just, neither are they always free.

Further, liberty being only the power of acting, —what is this power? It is the effect of the constitu-

tion, and the actual state of our organs. Leibnitz would solve a problem of geometry, but falls into an apoplexy: he certainly has not the liberty to solve his problem. A vigorous young man, passionately in love, who holds his willing mistress in his arms, is he free to subdue his passion? doubtless not. He has the power of enjoying, and has not the power to abstain. Locke is then very right in calling liberty, power. When can this young man abstain, notwithstanding the violence of his passion? when a stronger idea shall determine the springs of his soul and body to the contrary.

But how? have other animals the same liberty, the same power? Why not? They have sense, memory, sentiment, and perceptions like ourselves; they act spontaneously as we do. They must also, like us, have the power of acting by virtue of their perception, and of the play of their organs.

We exclaim,—If it be thus, all things are machines merely; everything in the universe is subjected to eternal laws. Well, would you have everything rendered subject to a million of blind caprices? Either all is the consequence of the nature of things, or, all is the effect of the eternal order of an absolute master; in both cases we are only wheels to the machine of the world.

It is a foolish common-place expression, that without this pretended freedom of will, rewards and punishments are useless. Reason, and you will conclude quite the contrary.

If, when a robber is executed, his accomplice who sees him suffer, has the liberty of not being frightened at the punishment; if his will determines of itself, he will go from the foot of the scaffold to assassinate on the high road; if struck with horror, he experiences an insurmountable terror; he will no longer thief. The punishment of his companion will become useful to him, and moreover prove to society that his will is not free.

Liberty, then, is not and cannot be anything but the power of doing what we will. That is what phi-

osophy teaches us. But, if we consider liberty in the theological sense, it is so sublime a matter that profane eyes may not be raised so high.*

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE French language did not begin to assume a regular form until towards the tenth century; it sprang from the remains of the Latin and the Celtic, mixed with a few Teutonic words. This language was, in the first instance, the provincial Roman, and the Teutonic was the language of the courts, until the time of Charles the Bald. The Teutonic remained the only language in Germany, after the grand epoch of the division in 433. The rustic Roman prevailed in western France: the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, of the Valais, of the valley of Engadieu, and some other cantons, still preserve some manifest vestiges of this idiom.

At the commencement of the eleventh century, French began to be written; but this French retained more of the romance or rustic Roman than of the language of the present day. The romance of Philomena, written in the tenth century, is not very different in language, from that of the laws of the Normans. We can yet trace the original Celtic, Latin, and German. The words which signify the members of the

* Voltaire has treated this once abstruse subject in his usual lucid and off-hand manner, and at this time it is scarcely necessary to add, that the doctrine of necessary volition, so far from injuring the well-being of society, when properly understood, is the foundation of all correct legislative and judicial improvement, as combining and adjusting the whole vast and complicated doctrine of motive. It is almost ludicrous to hear the bigoted and worthy personages who controvert it, act involuntarily on the very principles which they oppose while expatiating with lofty earnestness upon a sublime species of freedom, that, like a ci-devant monarch of France, with his *roi le veut*, consults its sublime pleasure alone. Allow these gentry to be right, and every man would be as completely cut off from his fellows as Robinson Crusoe,—besides, why should they claim a faculty the non-possession of which, forms the great excuse of all they say, and of much of what they do?—T.

human body, or things in daily use, which have no relation to the Latin or German, are of ancient Gallic or Celtic, as *tête*, *jambe*, *sabre*, *point*, *aller*, *parler*, *écouter*, *regarder*, *crier*, *cotume*, *ensemble*, and many more of the same kind. The greater part of the warlike phrases were French or German, as *marche*, *halte*, *maréchal*, *bivouac*, *lansquenet*. Almost all the rest are Latin, and the Latin words have been all abridged, according to the usage and genius of the nations of the north.

In the twelfth century, some terms were borrowed from the philosophy of Aristotle; and, towards the sixteenth century, Greek names were found for the parts of the human body, and for its maladies and their remedies. Although the language was then enriched with Greek, and aided from the time of Charles VIII. with considerable accessions from the Italian, already arrived at perfection, it did not acquire a regular form. Francis I. abolished the custom of pleading and of judging in Latin, which proved the barbarism of a language which could not be used in public proceeding—a pernicious custom to the natives, whose fortunes were regulated in a language which they could not understand. It then became necessary to cultivate the French, but the language was neither noble nor regular, and its syntax was altogether capricious. The genius of its conversation being turned towards pleasantry, the language became fertile in smart and lively expressions, but exceedingly barren in dignified and harmonious phrases; whence it arises that in the dictionaries of rhymes, twenty suitable words are found for comic poetry for one of poetry of a more elevated nature. This was the cause that Marot never succeeded in the serious style, and that Amyot was unable to give a version of the elegant simplicity of Plutarch.

The French tongue acquired strength from the pen of Montaigne, but still wanted elevation and harmony. Ronsard injured the language, by introducing into French poetry the Greek compounds, derivable from the physicians. Malherbe partly repaired the fault of

Bousard. It became more lofty and harmonious by the establishment of the French Academy, and finally in the age of Louis XIV. acquired the perfection by which it is now distinguished.

The genius of the French language, for every language has its genius, is clearness and order. This genius consists in the facility which a language possesses of expressing itself more or less happily, and of employing or rejecting the familiar terms of other languages. The French tongue having no declensions, and being aided by articles, cannot adopt the inversions of the Greek and the Latin; the words are necessarily arranged agreeably to the course of the ideas. We can only say in one way, "*Plancus a pris soin des affaires de Cæsar*;" but this phrase in Latin, "*Res Cæsaris, Plancus diligenter curavit*," may be arranged in a hundred and twenty different forms without injuring the sense or rules of the language. The auxiliary verbs, which lengthen and weaken phrases in the modern tongues, render that of France still less adapted to the lapidary style. Its auxiliary verbs, its pronouns, its articles, its deficiency of declinable participles, and lastly, its uniformity of position, preclude the exhibition of much enthusiasm in poetry; it possesses fewer capabilities of this nature than the Italian and the English; but this constraint and slavery render it more proper for tragedy and comedy than any language in Europe. The natural order in which the French people are obliged to express their thoughts and construct their phrases, infuses into their speech a facility and amenity which please everybody; and the genius of the nation suiting with the genius of the language, has produced a greater number of books agreeably written than are to be found among any other people.

Social freedom and politeness having been for a long time established in France, the language has acquired a delicacy of expression, and a natural refinement, which are seldom to be found out of it. This refinement has occasionally been carried too far: but men of taste have always known how to reduce it within due bounds.

Many persons have maintained that the French language has been impoverished since the days of Montaigne and Amyot, because expressions abound in these authors which are no longer employed; but these are for the most part terms for which equivalents have been found. It has been enriched with a number of noble and energetic expressions, and, without adverting to the eloquence of matter, has certainly that of speech. It was during the reign of Louis XIV. as already observed, that the language was fixed. Whatever changes time and caprice may have in store, the good authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will always serve for models.

Circumstances created no right to expect that France would be distinguished in philosophy. A gothic government extinguished all kind of illumination during more than twelve centuries; and professors of error, paid for brutalising human nature, more increased the darkness. Nevertheless, there is more philosophy in Paris than in any town on earth, and possibly than in all the towns put together, excepting London. The spirit of reason has even penetrated into the provinces. In a word, the French genius is probably at present equal to that of England in philosophy; while for the last fourscore years France has been superior to all other nations in literature; and has undeniably taken the lead in the courtesies of society, and in that easy and natural politeness, which is improperly termed urbanity.*

FRIENDSHIP.

THE temple of friendship has long been known by name; but it is well known that it has been very little frequented: as the following verses pleasantly observe Orestes, Pylades, Pirithous, Achates, and the

* This article is somewhat national, but otherwise informing; it has, however, been deemed expedient to omit the second section, treating principally of Celtic etymologies, and conveying strictures on certain affectations in French composition, which Voltaire thought was injuriously gaining ground when he wrote the article.—T.

tender Nisus, were all genuine friends and great heroes; but, alas! existent only in fable.

En vieux langage on voit sur la façade
Les noms sacrés d'Oreste et de Pylade;
Le médaillon du bon Pirithoüs,
Du sage Achate et du tendre Nisus;
Tous grands héros, tous amis véritables:
Ces noms sont beaux; mais ils sont dans les fables.

Friendship commands more than love and esteem. Love thy neighbour signifies assist thy neighbour, but not—enjoy his conversation with pleasure, if he be tiresome; confide to him thy secrets, if he be a tatter; or lend him thy money if he be a spendthrift.

Friendship is the marriage of the soul, and this marriage is liable to divorce. It is a tacit contract between two sensible and virtuous persons. I say sensible, for a monk or a hermit cannot be so, who lives without knowing friendship—I say virtuous, for the wicked have only accomplices, the voluptuous companions, the interested associates; politicians assemble factions, the generality of idle men have connexions, princes courtiers—virtuous men alone possess friends.

Cethegus was the accomplice of Catiline, and Mæcenæ the courtier of Octavius; but Cicero was the friend of Atticus.

What is caused by this contract between two tender honest minds? Its obligations are stronger or weaker according to the degrees of sensibility, and the number of services rendered.

The enthusiasm of friendship has been stronger among the Greeks and Arabs than among us. The tales that these people have imagined on the subject of friendship, are admirable: we have none to compare to them. We are rather dry and reserved in everything. I see no great trait of friendship either in our histories, romances, or theatre.

The only friendship spoken of among the Jews, was that which subsisted between Jonathan and David. It is said that David loved him with a love stronger than that of women; but it is also said that David, after the death of his friend, dispossessed Mephibosheth his son, and caused him to be put to death.

Friendship was a point of religion and legislation among the Greeks. The Thebans had a regiment of lovers—a fine regiment! some have taken it for a regiment of nonconformists. They are deceived: it is taking a shameful accident for a noble principle. Friendship, among the Greeks, was prescribed by the laws and religion. Manners countenanced abuses, but not the laws.

FRIVOLITY.

WHAT persuades me still more of the existence of providence, said the profound author of "Bacha Billeboquet," is, that to console us for our innumerable miseries, nature has made us frivolous. We are sometimes ruminating oxen, overcome by the weight of our yoke; sometimes dispersed doves, tremblingly endeavouring to avoid the claws of the vulture, stained with the blood of our companions; foxes, pursued by dogs; and tigers, who devour one another. Then we suddenly become butterflies; and forget, in our volatile winnowings, all the horrors that we have experienced.

If we were not frivolous, what man without shuddering could live in a town in which the wife of a marshal of France, a lady of honour to the queen, was burnt, under the pretext that she had killed a white cock by moonlight; or in the same town in which marshal Marillac was assassinated according to form, pursuant to a sentence passed by juridical murderers appointed by a priest in his own country-house, in which he embraced Marion de Lorme whilst these robed wretches executed his sanguinary wishes?

Could a man say to himself, without trembling in every nerve, and having his heart frozen with horror, Here I am, in the very place which, it is said, was strewed with the dead and dying bodies of two thousand young gentlemen, murdered near the faubourg St. Antoine, because one man in a red cassock displeased some others in black ones!

Who could pass the rue de la Féronerie without shedding tears and falling into paroxysms of rage

against the holy and abominable principles which plunged the sword into the heart of the best of men, and of the greatest of kings?

We could not walk a step in the streets of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day, without saying, It was here that one of my ancestors was murdered for the love of God: it was here that one of my mother's family was dragged bleeding and mangled: it was here that one half of my countrymen murdered the other.

Happily, men are so light, so frivolous, so struck with the present and insensible to the past, that in ten thousand there are not above two or three who make these reflections.

How many boon companions have I seen, who, after the loss of children, wives, mistresses, fortune, and even health itself, have eagerly resorted to a party to retail a piece of scandal, or to a supper to tell humorous stories. Solidity consists chiefly in a uniformity of ideas. It has been said, that a man of sense should invariably think in the same way: reduced to such an alternative, it would be better not to have been born. The ancients never invented a finer fable than that which bestowed a cup of the water of Lethe on all who entered the Elysian fields.*

Would you tolerate life, mortals, forget yourselves, and enjoy it.

* Lord Byron, in the following passage from "Don Juan," calls this faculty mobility; and, contrary to Voltaire, seems to regard it as uneaviable.

So well she acted all and every part

By turns—with that vivacious versatility,

Which many people take for want of heart:

They err—'tis merely what is called *mobility*,

A thing of temperament but not of art,

Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;

And false, though true; for surely they're sincerest;

Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,

Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never;

But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,

Little that's great, but much of what is clever.

His Lordship further observes, in a note—"I am not sure that *mobility* is English; but it is expressive of a quality which rath-

GALLANT.

THIS word is derived from *gal*, the original signification of which was gaiety and rejoicing, as may be seen in Alain Chartier, and in Froissard; even in the Romance of the Rose we meet with the word *galandé* in the sense of ornamented, adorned.

La belle fût bien atornée
Et d'une fîlet d'or galandée.

It is probable that the *gala* of the Italians, and the *galan* of the Spaniards, are derived from the word *gal*, which seems to be originally Celtic: hence, was insensibly formed *gallant*, which signifies a man forward, or eager to please. The term received an improved and more noble signification in the times of chivalry, when the desire to please manifested itself in feats of arms, and personal conflict. To conduct himself gallantly, to extricate himself from an affair gallantly, implies, even at present, a man's conducting himself conformably to principle and honour. A gallant man, among the English, signifies a man of courage; in France it means more, a man of noble general demeanour. A gallant, (*un homme galant*) is totally different from a galant man, (*un galant homme*); the latter means a man of respectable and honourable feeling, the former, something nearer the character of a *petit maitre*, a man successfully addicted to intrigue.

belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen in a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past; and is, although sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

DON JUAN, canto xvi. stanzas 97, 98, and note.

Mr. T. Moore, also:—

For a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
When the tide runs in darknes and coldness below;
And the cheek be illum'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

It may be suspected, however, that in respect to his own country, at least, Voltaire is more correct than the English poets; although, it must be confessed, that he appears to illustrate from a more frivolous class of persons.—T.

Being gallant, (*être galant*) in general implies an assiduity to please by studious attentions, and flattering deference. "He was exceedingly gallant to those ladies," means merely, he behaved more than politely to them; but being the gallant of a lady, is an expression of stronger meaning, it signifies being her lover; the word is scarcely any longer in use in this sense, except in low or familiar poetry. A gallant is not merely a man devoted to and successful in intrigue, but the term implies, moreover, somewhat of impudence and effrontery, in which sense Fontaine uses it in the following verse,

Mais un galant, chercheur des pucelages.

Thus are various meanings attached to the same word. The case is similar with the term *gallantry*, which sometimes signifies a disposition to coquetry, and a habit of flattery; sometimes a present of some elegant toy, or piece of jewelry; sometimes intrigue, with one woman or with many; and latterly, it has even been applied to signify ironically the favours of Venus: thus, to talk gallantries, to give gallantries, to have gallantries, to contract a gallantry, express very different meanings. Nearly all the terms which occur frequently in conversation acquire, in the same manner, various shades of meaning, which it is difficult to discriminate: the meaning of terms of art is more precise and less arbitrary.

GARAGANTUA.

Ever a reputation was fixed on a solid basis, it is that of Garagantua. Yet in the present age of philosophy and criticism, some rash and daring minds have started forward, who have ventured to deny the prodigies believed respecting this extraordinary man,—persons who have carried their scepticism so far, as even to doubt his very existence.

How is it possible, they ask, that there should have existed in the sixteenth century a distinguished hero, never mentioned by a single contemporary, by St. Ignatius, Cardinal Capitan, Galileo, or Guicciardini,

and respecting whom the registers of the Sorbonne do not contain the slightest notice?

Investigate the histories of France, of Germany, of England, Spain, and other countries, and you find not a single word about Garagantua. His whole life, from his birth to his death, is a tissue of inconceivable prodigies.

His mother, Gargamelle, was delivered of him from the left ear. Almost at the instant of his birth he called out for drink, with a voice that was heard even in the districts of Beauce and Vivarais. Sixteen ells of cloth were required to make him breeches, and a hundred hides of brown cows were used in his shoes. He had not attained the age of twelve years before he gained a great battle, and founded the abbey of Thélème. Madame Badebec was given to him in marriage, and Badebec is proved to be a Syrian name.

He is represented to have devoured six pilgrims in a mere sallad, and the river Seine is stated to have flowed entirely from his person, so that the Parisians are indebted for their beautiful river to him alone.

All this is considered contrary to nature by our carping philosophers, who scruple to admit even what is probable, unless it is well supported by evidence.

They observe, that if the Parisians have always believed in Garagantua, that is no reason why other nations should believe in him; that, if Garagantua had really performed one single prodigy out of the many attributed to him, the whole world would have resounded with it, all records would have noticed it, and a hundred monuments would have attested it. In short, they very unceremoniously treat the Parisians who believe in Garagantua, as ignorant simpletons and superstitious idiots, with whom are intermixed a few hypocrites, who pretend to believe in Garagantua, in order to obtain some convenient priorship in the abbey of Thélème.

The reverend father Viret, a cordelier of full-sleeved dignity, a confessor of ladies, and a preacher to the king, has replied to our pyrrhonian philosophers in a manner decisive and invincible. He very learnedly

proves, that if no writer, with the exception of Rabelais, has mentioned the prodgies of Garagantua, at least, no historian has contradicted them; that the sage de Thou, who was a believer in witchcraft, divination, and astrology, never denied the miracles of Garagantua. They were not even called in question by La Mothe le Vayer: Mezerai treated them with such respect, as not to say a word against them, or indeed about them. These prodigies were performed before the eyes of all the world. Rabelais was a witness of them. It was impossible that he could be deceived, or that he would deceive. Had he deviated even in the smallest degree from the truth, all the nations of Europe would have been roused against him in indignation; all the gazetteers and journalists of the day would have exclaimed with one voice against the fraud and imposture.

In vain do the philosophers reply,—for they reply to everything,—that, at the period in question, gazettes and journals were not in existence. It is said in return, that there existed what was equivalent to them, and that is sufficient. Everything is impossible in the history of Garagantua; and from this circumstance itself may be inferred its incontestable truth. For if it were not true, no person could possibly have ventured to imagine it; and its incredibility constitutes the great proof that it ought to be believed.

Open all the Mercuries, all the Journals de Tre-voux; those immortal works which teem with instruction to the race of man, and you will not find a single line which throws a doubt on the history of Garagantua. It was reserved for our own unfortunate age to produce monsters, who would establish a frightful pyrrhonism, under the pretence of requiring evidence as nearly approaching to mathematical as the case will admit, and of a devotion to reason, truth, and justice. What a pity! Oh for a single argument to confound them!

Garagantua founded the abbey of Thélème. The title deeds, it is true, were never found; it never had any; but it exists, and produces an income of ~~ten~~

thousand pieces of gold a year. The river Seine exists, and is an eternal monument of the prodigious fountain from which Garagantua supplied so noble a stream. Moreover, what will it cost you to believe in him? ought you not to take the safest side? Garagantua can procure for you wealth, honours, and influence. Philosophy can only bestow on you internal tranquillity and satisfaction, which you will of course estimate as a trifle. Believe, then, I again repeat, in Garagantua; if you possess the slightest portion of avarice, ambition, or knavery, it is the wisest part you can adopt.

GAZETTE:

A NARRATIVE of public affairs. It was at the beginning of the seventeenth century that this useful practice was suggested and established at Venice, at the time when Italy still continued the centre of European negotiations, and Venice was the unfailing asylum of liberty. The leaves or sheets containing this narrative, which were published once a week, were called Gazettes, from the word Gazetta, the name of a small coin, amounting nearly to one of our deniers, then current at Venice. The example was afterwards followed in all the great cities of Europe.

Journals of this description have been established in China from time immemorial. The Imperial Gazette is published there every day by order of the court. Admitting this gazette to be true, we may easily believe it does not contain all that is true; neither in fact ought it to do so.

Theophrastes Renaudot, a physician, published the first gazettes in France in 1601, and he had an exclusive privilege for the publication, which continued for a long time a patrimony to his family. The like privilege became an object of importance at Amsterdam, and the greater part of the gazettes of the United Provinces are still a source of revenue to many of the families of magistrates, who pay writers for furnishing materials for them. The city of London alone publishes more than twelve gazettes in the course of a

week.* They can be printed only upon stamped paper, and produce no inconsiderable income to the state.

The gazettes of China relate solely to that empire; those of the different states of Europe embrace the affairs of all countries. Although they frequently abound in false intelligence, they may nevertheless be considered as supplying good materials for history; because, in general, the errors of each particular gazette are corrected by subsequent ones, and because they contain authentic copies of almost all state papers, which indeed are published in them by order of the sovereigns or governments themselves. The French gazettes have always been revised by the ministry. It is on this account that the writers of them have always adhered to certain forms and designations, with a strictness apparently somewhat inconsistent with the courtesies of polished society, bestowing the title of monsieur only on some particular descriptions of persons, and that of sieur upon others; the authors having forgotten that they were not speaking in the name of their king. These public journals, it must be added, to their praise, have never been debased by calumny, and have always been written with considerable correctness.

The case is very different with respect to foreign gazettes; those of London, with the exception of the court gazette, abound frequently in that coarseness and licentiousness of observation which the national liberty allows. The French gazettes established in that country have been seldom written with purity, and have sometimes been not a little instrumental in corrupting the language. One of the greatest faults which has found a way into them arises from the authors having concluded that the ancient forms of expression used in public proclamations and in judicial and political proceedings and documents in France, and with which they were particularly conversant, were analogous to the regular syntax of our language, and from their having accordingly imitated that style in their narrative.

* This was written about 1763 or 64.

This is like a Roman historian's using the style of the law of the twelve tables.

In imitation of the political gazettes, literary ones began to be published in France in 1665; for the first journals were, in fact, simply advertisements of the works recently printed in Europe: to this mere announcement of publication was soon added a critical examination or review. Many authors were offended at it, notwithstanding its great moderation. We shall here speak only of those literary gazettes with which the public, who were previously in possession of various journals from every country in Europe in which the sciences were cultivated, were completely overwhelmed. These gazettes appeared at Paris about the year 1723, under many different names, as—"The Parnassian Intelligencer,"—"Observations on New Books," &c. The greater number of them were written for the single purpose of making money; and as money is not to be made by praising authors, these productions consisted generally of satire and abuse. They often contained the most odious personalities, and for a time sold in proportion to the virulence of their malignity; but reason and good taste, which are always sure to prevail at last, consigned them eventually to contempt and oblivion.*

GENEALOGY.

SECTION I.

MANY volumes have been written by learned divines in order to reconcile St. Matthew with St. Luke on the subject of the genealogy of Jesus Christ. The former enumerates† only twenty-seven generations from David through Solomon, while Luke gives forty-two, and traces the descent through Nathan.‡ The following is the method in which the learned Calmet solves a difficulty relating to Melchizedec. The orientals and the Greeks,

* The certain fate of the Blackwoods, Beacons, Bulls, &c. of our own time and country.—T.

† Matthew i.

‡ Luke iii. 23.

ever abounding in fable and invention, fabricated a genealogy for him, in which they give us the names of his ancestors. But, adds this judicious Benedictine, as falsehood always betrays itself, some state his genealogy according to one series, and others according to another. There are some who maintain that he descended from a race obscure and degraded, and there are some who are disposed to represent him as illegitimate.

This passage naturally applies to Jesus; of whom, according to the apostle,* Melchizedek was the type or figure. In fact, the gospel of Nicomedes† expressly states, that the Jews, in the presence of Pilate, reproached Jesus with being born of fornication; upon which the learned Fabricius remarks, that it does not appear from any clear and credible testimony, that the Jews objected to Jesus Christ during his life, or even to his apostles, that calumny respecting his birth which they so assiduously and virulently circulated afterwards. The Acts of the Apostles,‡ however, inform us that the Jews of Antioch opposed themselves, blaspheming against what Paul spoke to them concerning Jesus; and Origen§ maintains, that the passage in St. John's gospel,—“We are not born of fornication, we have never been in subjection unto any man,” was an indirect reproach thrown out by the Jews against Jesus on the subject of his birth.|| For, as this father informs us, they pretended that Jesus was originally from a small hamlet of Judea, and his mother nothing more than a poor villager subsisting by her labour, who, having been found guilty of adultery with a soldier of the name of Panther, was turned away by her husband, whose occupation was that of a carpenter; that, after this disgraceful expulsion, she wandered about miserably from one place to another, and was privately delivered of Jesus, who, pressed by the necessity of his circumstances, was compelled to go and hire himself as a servant in Egypt, where he acquired some of those

* Hebrews vii. 3.

† Article ii.

‡ Acts xiii.

§ Upon St. John, viii. 41.

|| Against Celsus viii.

secrets which the Egyptians turn to so good an account, and then returned to his own country, in which, full of the miracles he was enabled to perform, he proclaimed himself to be God.

According to a very old tradition, the name of Panther, which gave occasion to the mistake of the Jews, was, as we are informed by St. Epiphanius,* the surname of Joseph's father, or rather, as is asserted by St. John Damascene,† the proper name of Mary's grandfather.

As to the situation of a servant with which Jesus was reproached, he declares himself‡ that he came not to be served, but to serve. Zoroaster, according to the Arabians, had in like manner been the servant of Esdras. Epictetus was even born in servitude. Accordingly, St. Cyril of Jerusalem justly observed,§ that it is no disgrace to any man.

On the subject of the miracles, we learn indeed from Pliny, that the Egyptians had the secret of dying with different colours, stuffs which were dipped in the very same furnace, and this is one of the miracles which the gospel of the Infancy || attributes to Jesus. But, according to St. Chrysostom,¶ Jesus performed no miracle before his baptism, and those stated to have been wrought by him before are absolute fabrications. The reason assigned by this father for such an arrangement respecting the miracles is, that the wisdom of God determined against Christ's performing any miracles in his childhood, lest they should have been regarded as impostures.

Epiphanius in vain alleges,** that to deny the miracles ascribed by some to Jesus during his infancy, would furnish heretics with a specious pretext for saying that he became son of God only in consequence of the effusion of the holy spirit, which descended upon him at his baptism: we are contending here, not against heretics, but against Jews.

* Heresy lxxviii.

† Book iv. 15. On Faith

‡ Matthew xx. 28.

§ Sixth Cat. Art. xiv.

|| Article xxxvii.

¶ Homily xx. On St. John.

** Heresy, li. 20.

Mr. Wagenseil has presented us with a Latin translation of a Jewish work entitled *Toldos Jeschu*, in which it is related* that Jeschu, being at Bethlehem in Judah, the place of his birth, cried out aloud, "Who are the wicked men that pretend I am a bastard, and spring from an impure origin? They are themselves bastards, themselves exceedingly impure! Was I not born of a virgin mother? and I entered through the crown of her head!"

This testimony appeared of such importance to M. Bergier, that learned divine felt no scruple about employing it without quoting his authority. The following are his words, in the twenty-third page of the *Certainty of the Proofs of Christianity*: "Jesus was born of a virgin by the operation of the holy spirit. Jesus himself frequently assured us of this with his own mouth; and to the same purpose is the recital of the apostles." It is certain that these words are only to be found in the *Toldos Jeschu*; and the certainty of that proof, among those adduced by M. Bergier, subsists, although St. Matthew† applies to Jesus the passage of Isaiah: "He shall not dispute, he shall not cry aloud, and no one shall hear his voice in the streets."‡

According to St. Jerome,§ there was in like manner an ancient tradition among the gymnosophists of India, that Buddas, the author of their creed, was born of a virgin, who was delivered of him from her side. In the same manner were born Julius Cæsar, Scipio Africanus, Manlius, Edward VI. of England, and others, by means of an operation called by surgeons the *Cæsarean* operation, because it consists in abstracting the child from the womb by an incision in the abdomen of the mother. Simon,¶ surnamed the magician, and Manès, pretended likewise both of them to be born of a virgin. This might, however, merely mean, that their mothers were virgins at the time of conceiving them. But in order to be convinced of the uncer-

* Page 7.

† Matthew xii. 19.

‡ Isaiah xlii. 2.

§ Book i. against Jovian.

¶ Recognitions, book ii. art. xiv.

tainty attending the marks and evidences of virginity, it will be perfectly sufficient to read the commentary of M. de Pompignan, the celebrated bishop of Puy en Velai, on the following passage in the book of Proverbs,* “There are three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not. The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man in his youth.” In order to give a literal translation of the passage, it would have been necessary, according to this prelate (in the third chapter of the second part of his work entitled *Infidelity convinced by the Prophecies*, it would have been necessary to say, “*Viam viri en virgine adolescentula*”—The way of a man with a maid.† The translation of our Vulgate, says he, substitutes another meaning, exact indeed and true, but less conformable to the original text. In short, he corroborates his curious interpretation by the analogy between this verse and the following one: “Such is the life of the adulterous woman, who, after having eaten, wipeth her mouth and saith, I have done no wickedness.”

However, this may be, the virginity of Mary was not generally admitted, even at the beginning of the third century. Many have entertained the opinion, and do still, said St. Clement of Alexandria,* that Mary was delivered of a son, without that delivery producing any change in her person; for some say, that a midwife who visited her after the birth, found her to retain all the marks of virginity. It is clear, that St. Clement refers here to the gospel of the birth of Mary, in which the angel Gabriel says to her,† “Without intercourse with man, thou, a virgin, shalt conceive, thou, a virgin, shalt be delivered of a child, thou, a virgin, shalt give suck;” and also to the first gospel of James, in which the midwife exclaims,‡ “What an unheard of wonder! Mary has just brought

* Proverbs xxx. 18.

† The proper meaning of this word is adolescent, capable of producing, marriageable, fruitful, &c. It is the epithet commonly applied to Ceres.

‡ Strom. Book vii.

§ Art. ix.

|| Art. xix,

a son into the world, and yet retains all the evidences of virginity." These two gospels were, nevertheless, subsequently rejected as apocryphal, although on this point, they were conformable to the opinion adopted by the church; the scaffolding was removed after the building was completed.

What is added by Jeschu—"I entered by the crown of the head"—was likewise the opinion held by the church.* The Breviary of the Maronites represents the Word of the Father as having entered by the ear of the blessed woman. St. Augustin, and pope Felix say expressly, that the virgin became pregnant through the ear. St. Ephrem says the same in a hymn, and Voisin his translator observes, that the idea, came originally from Gregory of Neocesarea, surnamed Thaumaturgos. Agobart† relates, that in his time the church sang in the time of public service—"The word entered through the ear of the virgin, and came out at the golden gate." Eutychius speaks also of Elian, who attended at the council of Nice, and who said that the Word entered by the ear of the virgin, and came out in the way of child-birth. This Elian was a rural bishop, whose name occurs in Selden's published Arabic List of Fathers who attended the council of Nice.

It is well known that the jesuit Sanchez gravely discussed the question whether the virgin Mary contributed seminally in the incarnation of Christ, and that, like other divines before him, he concluded in the affirmative. But these extravagancies of a prurient and depraved imagination should be classed with the opinion of Arëtin, who introduces the holy spirit on this occasion effecting his purpose under the figure of a dove; as mythology describes Jupiter to have succeeded with Leda in the form of a swan, or as the most eminent authors of the church—St. Austin, Athenagoras, Tertullian, St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Cyprian, Lactantius, St. Ambrose, and others believed, after Philo and Josephus, the historian, who were Jews, that

* Asseman, Bibl. Orient. vol. i. p. 91.

† Chap. viii. Of Psalmody.

angels had associated with the daughters of men, and engaged in sexual connection with them. St. Augustine goes so far as to charge the Manicheans with teaching, as a part of their religious persuasion, that beautiful young persons appeared in a state of nature before the princes of darkness, or evil angels, and deprived them of the vital substance which that father calls the nature of God. Herodius† is still more explicit, and says that the divine majesty escaped through the productive organs of demons.

It is true that all these fathers believed angels to be corporeal.‡ But, after the works of Plato had established the idea of their spirituality, the ancient opinion of a corporeal union between angels and women was explained by the supposition, that the same angel who, in a woman's form, had received the embraces of a man, in turn held communication with a woman, in the character of a man. Divines, by the terms incubus and succubus, designate the different parts thus performed by angels. Those who are curious on the subject of these offensive and revolting reveries may see further details in "Various Readings of the Book of Genesis," by Otho Gualter; "Magical Disquisitions," by Delvis, and the "Discourses on Witchcraft," by Henry Boguet.

SECTION II.

No genealogy, even although reprinted in Morteri, approaches that of Mahomet or Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, the son of Abd'all Montaleb, the son of Ashem; which Mohammed was, in his younger days, groom of the widow Cadisha, then her factor, then her husband, then a prophet of God, then condemned to be hanged, then conqueror and king of Arabia; and who finally died an enviable death, satiated with glory and with love.

The German barons do not trace back their origin

* Book xx. against Faustus, 44.

† Chap. xviii. Of Faith.

‡ Tertullian against Prax. chap. vii.

beyond Witikind; and our modern French marquisses can scarcely, any of them, show deeds and patents of an earlier date than Charlemagne. But the race of Mahomet, or Mohammed, which still subsists, has always exhibited a genealogical tree, of which the trunk is Adam, and of which the branches reach from Ishmael down to the nobility and gentry who at the present day bear the high title of cousins of Mahomet.

There is no difficulty about this genealogy, no dispute among the learned, no false calculations to be rectified, no contradictions to palliate, no impossibilities to be made possible.

Your pride cavils against the authenticity of these titles. You tell me that you are descended from Adam as well as the greatest prophet, if Adam was the common father of our race; but that this same Adam was never known by any person, not even by the ancient Arabs themselves; that the name has never been cited except in the books of the Jews; and that, consequently, you take the liberty of writing down *false* against the high and noble claims of Mahomet or Mohammed.

You add that, in any case, if there has been a first man, whatever his name might be, you are a descendant from him as decidedly as Cadisha's illustrious groom; and that, if there has been no first man, if the human race always existed, as so many of the learned pretend, then you are clearly a gentleman from all eternity.

In answer to this you are told, that you are a plebeian (roturier) from all eternity, unless you can produce a regular and complete set of parchments.

You reply that men are equal; that one race cannot be more ancient than another; that parchments, with bits of wax dangling to them, are a recent invention; that there is no reason that compels you to yield to the family of Mahomet, or to that of Confucius, or to that of the emperors of Japan, or to the royal secretaries of the grand college. Nor can I oppose your opinion by arguments, physical, metaphysical, or moral. You think yourself equal to the dairo of Japan,

and I entirely agree with you. All that I would advise you is, that if ever you meet with him, you take good care to be the strongest.

GENESIS.

THE sacred writer having conformed himself to the idea generally received, and being indeed obliged not to deviate from them, as without such condescension to the weakness and ignorance of those whom he addressed, he would not have been understood, it only remains for us to make some observations on the natural philosophy prevailing in those early periods; for, with respect to theology, we reverence it, we believe in it, and never either dispute or discuss it.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Thus has the original passage been translated, but the translation is not correct. There is no one, however slightly informed upon the subject, who is not aware that the real meaning of the words is, "In the beginning the gods made (fired or fit) the heaven and the earth." This reading, moreover, perfectly corresponds with the ancient idea of the Phenicians, who imagined that, in reducing the chaos (*chaotereh*) into order, God employed the agency of inferior deities.

The Phenicians had been long a powerful people, having a theogony of their own, before the Hebrews became possessed of a few cantons of land near their territory. It is extremely natural to suppose that, when the Hebrews had at length formed a small establishment near Phenicia, they began to acquire its language. At that time their writers might, and probably did, borrow the ancient philosophy of their masters. Such is the regular march of the human mind.

At the time in which Moses is supposed to have lived, were the Phenician philosophers sufficiently enlightened to regard the earth as a mere point in comparison with the infinite multitude of orbs placed by God in the immensity of space, commonly called

heaven? The idea so very ancient, and at the same time so utterly false, that heaven was made for earth, almost always prevailed in the minds of the great mass of the people. It would certainly be just as correct and judicious for any person to suppose, if told that God created all the mountains and a single grain of sand, that the mountains were created for that grain of sand. It is scarcely possible that the Phenicians, who were such excellent navigators, should not have had some good astronomers; but the old prejudices generally prevailed, and those old prejudices were very properly spared and indulged by the author of the book of Genesis, who wrote to instruct men in the ways of God, and not in natural philosophy.

“The earth was without form (*tohu bohu*) and void; darkness rested upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the surface of the waters.”

Tohu bohu means precisely chaos, disorder. It is one of those imitative words which are to be found in all languages; as, for example, in the French we have *sens, dessus, dessous, tintamarre, tricotrac, tonnerre, bombe*. The earth was not as yet formed in its present state: the matter existed, but the divine power had not yet arranged it. The spirit of God means literally the breath, the wind, which agitated the waters. The same idea occurs in the Fragments of the Phenician author Sanconiathon. The Phenicians, like every other people, believed matter to be eternal. There is not a single author of antiquity who ever represented something to have been produced from nothing. Even throughout the whole Bible, no passage is to be found in which matter is said to have been created out of nothing. Not, however, that we mean to controvert the truth of such creation. It was, nevertheless, a truth not known by the carnal Jews.

On the question of the eternity of the world, mankind have been always divided, but never on that of the eternity of matter. From nothing, nothing can proceed, nor into nothing can aught existent return.

De nihilo nihil, et in nihilum nil posse reverti.

PERSIUS, Sat. iii.

Such was the opinion of all antiquity.

"God said let there be light, and there was light; and he saw that the light was good, and he divided the light from the darkness; and he called the light day, and the darkness night; and the evening and the morning were the first day. And God said also, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day, &c. And he saw that it was good."

We begin with examining whether Huet bishop of Avranches, Le Clerc, and some other commentators, are not in the right in opposing the idea of those who consider this passage as exhibiting the most sublime eloquence.

Eloquence is not aimed at in any history written by the Jews. The style of the passage in question, like that of all the rest of the work, possesses the most perfect simplicity. If an orator, intending to give some idea of the power of God, employed for that purpose the short and simple expression we are considering, "He said, let there be light, and there was light;" it would then be sublime. Exactly similar is the passage in one of the psalms, "Dixit, et facta sunt," "He spake, and they were made." It is a trait which, being unique in this place, and introduced purposely in order to create a majestic image, elevates and transports the mind. But, in the instance under examination, the narrative is of the most simple character. The Jewish writer is speaking of light just in the same unambitious manner as of other objects of creation, he expresses himself equally and regularly after every article, "and God saw that it was good." Everything is sublime in the course or act of creation, unquestionably, but the creation of light is no more so than that of the herbs of the field; the sublime is something which soars far above the rest, whereas all is equal throughout the chapter.

But farther, it was another very ancient opinion that light did not proceed from the sun. It was seen diffused throughout the atmosphere, before the rising and after the setting of that star; the sun was supposed merely to give it greater strength and clearness; accordingly the author of Genesis accommodates himself to this popular error, and even states the creation of the sun and moon not to have taken place until four days after the existence of light. It was impossible that there could be a morning and an evening before the existence of a sun. The inspired writer deigned, in this instance, to condescend to the gross and wild ideas of the nation. The object of God was not to teach the Jews philosophy. He might have raised their minds to the truth, but he preferred descending to their error. This solution can never be too frequently repeated.

The separation of the light from the darkness is a part of the same system of philosophy. It would seem that night and day were mixed up together, as grains of different species which are easily separable from each other. It is sufficiently known that darkness is nothing but the absence of light, and that there is in fact no light when our eyes receive no sensation of it; but at that period these truths were far from being known.

The idea of a firmament; again, is of the very highest antiquity. The heavens were imagined to be a solid mass, because they always exhibited the same phenomena. They rolled over our heads, they were therefore constituted of the most solid materials. Who could suppose that the exhalations from the land and sea supplied the water descending from the clouds, or compute their corresponding quantities? No Halley then lived to make so curious a calculation. The heavens therefore were conceived to contain reservoirs. These reservoirs could be supported only on a strong arch, and as this arch of heaven was actually transparent, it must necessarily have been made of chrysal. In order that the waters above might descend from it upon the earth, sluices, cataracts, and flood-gates were necessary, which might be opened and shut as circumstances required. Such was the astronomy of the day; and as the

wrote for Jews, it was incumbent upon him to adopt their gross ideas, borrowed from other people somewhat less gross than themselves.

"God also made two great lights, one to rule the day, the other the night: he also made the stars."

It must be admitted that we perceive throughout the same ignorance of nature. The Jews did not know that the moon shone only with a reflected light. The author here speaks of stars as of more luminous points, such as they appear, although they are in fact so many suns, having each of them worlds revolving round it. The Holy Spirit, then, accommodated himself to the spirit of the times. If he had said that the sun was a million times larger than the earth, and the moon fifty times smaller, no one would have comprehended him. They appear to us two stars of nearly equal size.

"God said, also, let us make man in our own image; and let him have dominion over the fishes," &c.

What meaning did the Jews attach to the expression, "let us make man in our own image?" The same as all antiquity attached to it,—

"Finxit in effigiem moderantem cuncta deorum,"

Ovid, Metam. i. 82.

No images are made but of bodies. No nation ever imagined a God without body, and it is impossible to represent him otherwise. We may indeed say that God is nothing that we are acquainted with, but we can have no idea of what he is. The Jews invariably conceived God to be corporeal, as well as every other people. All the first fathers of the church, also, entertained the same belief till they had embraced the ideas of Plato, or rather until the light of christianity became more pure.

"He created them male and female."

If God, or the secondary or inferior gods, created mankind, male and female, after their own likeness, it would seem, in that case, as if the Jews believed that God and the gods who so formed them were male and female. It has been a subject of discussion, whether the author means to say that man had originally two

saxes, or merely that God made Adam and Eve on the same day. The most natural meaning is, that God formed Adam and Eve at the same time; but this interpretation involves an absolute contradiction to the statement of the woman's being made out of the rib of the man after the seven days were concluded.

✓✓ And he rested on the seventh day."

The Phenicians, Chaldeans, and Indians, represented God as having made the world in six periods, which the ancient Zoroaster calls the six "Gahambars," so celebrated among the Persians.

It is beyond all question that these nations possessed a theology before the Jews inhabited the desarts of Oreb and Sinai, and before they could possibly have any writers. Many writers have considered it probable that the allegory of six days was imitated from that of the six periods. God may have permitted the idea to have prevailed in large and populous empires before he inspired the Jewish people with it. He had undoubtedly permitted other people to invent the arts before the Jews were in possession of any one of them.

"From this pleasant place a river went out which watered the garden, and thence it was divided into four rivers. One was called Pison, which compassed the whole land of Havilah, whence cometh gold the second was called Gihon, and surrounds Ethiopia . . . the third is the Tigris, and the fourth the Euphrates."

According to this version, the earthly paradise would have contained nearly a third part of Asia and of Africa. The sources of the Euphrates and the Tigris are sixty leagues distant from each other, in frightful mountains, bearing no possible resemblance to a garden. The river which borders Ethiopia, and which can be no other than the Nile, commences its course at the distance of more than a thousand leagues from the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates; and, if the Pison means the Phasis, it is not a little surprising that the source of a Scythian river, and that of an African one, should be situated on the same spot. We must therefore look for some other explanation, and for other

overs. Every commentator has got up a paradise of his own.

It has been said that the garden of Eden resembles the gardens of Eden at Sana in Arabia Felix; celebrated throughout all antiquity; that the Hebrews, a very recent people, might be an Arabian horde, and assume to themselves the honour of the most beautiful spot in the finest district of Arabia; and that they have always converted to their own purposes the ancient traditions of the vast and powerful nations in the midst of whom they were in bondage. They were not however, on this account, the less under the divine protection and guidance.

"The Lord then took the man and put him into the garden of Eden that he might cultivate it."

It is very respectable and pleasant for a man to "cultivate his garden," but it must have been somewhat difficult for Adam to have dressed and kept in order a garden of a thousand leagues in length, even although he had been supplied with some assistants. Commentators on this subject therefore, we again observe, are completely at a loss, and must be content to exercise their ingenuity in conjecture. Accordingly, these four rivers have been described as flowing through numberless different territories.

"Eat not of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil."

It is not easy to conceive that there ever existed a tree which could teach good and evil as there are trees that bear pears and apricots. And besides, the question is asked, why is God unwilling that man should know good and evil? Would not his free access to this knowledge, on the contrary, appear (if we may venture to use such language) more worthy of God, and far more necessary to man? To our weak reason it would seem more natural and proper for God to command him to eat largely of such fruit; but we must bring our reason under subjection, and acquiesce with humility and simplicity in the conclusion that God is to be obeyed.

"If thou shalt eat thereof, thou shalt die."

Nevertheless, Adam eat of it and did not die; on

the contrary, he is stated to have lived on for nine hundred and thirty years. Many of the fathers considered the whole matter as an allegory. In fact, it might be said, that all other animals have no knowledge that they shall die, but that man, by means of his reason, has such knowledge. This reason is the tree of knowledge which enables him to foresee his end. This, perhaps, is the most rational interpretation that can be given. We venture not to decide positively.

"The Lord said also, it is not good for man to be alone; let us make him a help meet for him."

We naturally expect that the Lord is about to bestow upon him a wife; but first he conducts before him all the various tribes of animals. Perhaps the copyist may have committed here an error of transposition.

"And the name which Adam gave to every animal is its true name."

What we should naturally understand by the true name of an animal, would be a name describing all, or at least, the principal properties of its species. But this is not the case in any language. In each there are some imitative words, as *coq* and *coucu* in the Celtic, which bear some slight similarity to the notes of the cock and the cuckoo. *Tintamarre*, *trictrack*, in French; *alali* in Greek, *lupus* in Latin, &c. But these imitative words are exceedingly few. Moreover, if Adam had thus thoroughly known the properties of various animals, he must either have previously eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or it would apparently have answered no end for God to have interdicted him from it. He must have already known more than the Royal Society of London, and the Academy of the Sciences.

It may be remarked, that this is the first time the name of Adam occurs in the book of Genesis. The first man, according to the ancient Brachmans, who were prodigiously anterior to the Jews, was called *Adimo*, a son of the earth, and his wife *Procris*, life. This is recorded in the *Veidam*, in the history of the second formation of the world. Adam and Eve expressed perfectly the same meanings in the Phœnician

language—a new evidence of the holy spirit's conforming itself to commonly received ideas.

“When Adam was asleep God took one of his ribs and put flesh instead thereof; and of the rib which he had taken from Adam he formed a woman, and he brought the woman to Adam.”

In the previous chapter, the Lord had already created the male and the female; why therefore remove a rib from the man to form out of it a woman who was already in being? It is answered, that the author barely announces in the one case what he explains in another. It is answered farther, that this allegory places the wife in subjection to her husband, and expresses their intimate union. Many persons have been led to imagine from this verse that men have one rib less than women; but this is a heresy, and anatomy informs us that a wife has no more ribs than her husband.

“But the serpent was more subtle than all animals on the earth; he said to the woman,” &c.

Throughout the whole of this article there is no mention made of the devil. Everything in it relates to the usual course of nature. The serpent was considered by all oriental nations, not only as the most cunning of all animals, but likewise as immortal. The Chaldeans had a fable concerning a quarrel between God and the serpent, and this fable had been preserved by Pherecides. Origen cites it in his sixth book against Celsus. A serpent was borne in procession at the feasts of Bacchus. The Egyptians, according to the statement of Eusebius in the first book of the tenth chapter of his Evangelical Preparation, attached a species of divinity to the serpent. In Arabia, India, and even China, the serpent was regarded as the symbol of life; and hence it was that the emperors of China, long before the time of Moses, always bore upon their breast the image of a serpent.

Eve expresses no astonishment at the serpent's speaking to her. In all ancient histories, animals have spoken; hence Pilpay and Lokman excited no

surprise by their introduction of animals conversing and disputing.

The whole of this affair appears so clearly to have been supposed, in the natural course of events, and so unconnected with anything allegorical, that the narrative assigns a reason why the serpent, from that time, has moved creeping on its belly, why we always are eager to crush it under our feet, and why it always attempts (at least according to the popular belief) to bite and wound us. Precisely as, with respect to presumed changes affecting certain animals recorded in ancient fable, reasons were stated why the crow which originally had been white is at the present day black; why the owl quits his gloomy retreat only by night; why the wolf is devoted to carnage, &c. The fathers, however, believed the affair to be an allegory at once clear and venerable. The safest way is to believe like them.

“I will multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children. Thou shalt be under the power of the man, and he shall rule over thee.”

Why, it is asked, should the multiplication of conception be a punishment? It was, on the contrary, says the objector, esteemed a superior blessing, particularly among the Jews. The pains of child-birth are inconsiderable in all, except very weak or delicate women. Those accustomed to labour are delivered, particularly in warm climates, with great ease. Brutes frequently experience greater suffering from this process of nature: some even die under it. And with respect to the superiority or dominion of the man over the woman, it is merely in the natural course of events; it is the effect of strength of body, and even of strength of mind. Men, generally speaking, possess organs more capable of continued attention than women, and are better fitted by nature for labours both of the head and arm. But when a woman possesses both a hand and a mind more powerful than her husband's, she everywhere possesses the dominion over him; it is then the husband

that is under subjection to the wife. There is certainly truth in these remarks; but it might, nevertheless, very easily be the fact, that before the commission of the original sin, neither subjection nor sorrow existed.

“The Lord made for them coats of skins.”

This passage decidedly proves that the Jews believed God to be corporeal. A rabbi, of the name of Eliezar, stated in his works, that God clothed Adam and Eve with the skin of the very serpent who had tempted them; and Origen maintains that this coat of skins was a new flesh, a new body, which God conferred on man. It is far better to adhere respectfully to the literal texts.

“And the Lord said; Lo! Adam is become like one of us.”

It seems as if the Jews admitted, originally, many gods. It is somewhat more difficult to determine what they meant by the word God, *Elohim*. Some commentators have contended that the expression *one of us* signifies the Trinity. But certainly there is nothing relating to the Trinity, throughout the Bible. The Trinity is not a compound of many or several gods: it is one and the same god threefold; and the Jews never heard the slightest mention of one god in three persons. By the words *like us*, or *as one of us*, it is probable that the Jews understood the angels, *Elohim*. It is this passage which has induced many learned men very rashly to conclude that this book was not written until that people had adopted the belief of these inferior gods. But this opinion has been condemned.

“The Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to cultivate the ground.”

“But,” it is remarked by some, “the Lord had placed him in the garden of Eden to cultivate that garden. If Adam, instead of being a gardener, merely becomes a labourer, his situation, they observe, is not made very much worse by the change. A good labourer is well worth a good gardener. These remarks must be regarded as too light and frivolous. It ap-

peers more judicious to say, that God punished disobedience by banishing that offender from the place of his nativity.

The whole of this history, generally speaking (according to the opinion of liberal, not to say licentious commentators) proceeds upon the idea which has prevailed in every past age, and still exists; that the first times were better and happier than those which followed. Men have always complained of the present and extolled the past. Bressed down by the labours of life, they have imagined happiness to consist in inactivity, not considering that the most unhappy of all states is that of a man who has nothing to do. They felt themselves frequently miserable, and framed in their imaginations an ideal period in which all the world had been happy; although it might be just as naturally and truly supposed that there had existed times in which no tree decayed and perished, in which no beast was weak, diseased, or devoured by another, and in which spiders did not prey upon flies. Hence the idea of the golden age; of the egg pierced by Ari-manes; of the serpent who stole from the ass the recipe for obtaining a happy and immortal life, which the man had placed upon his packsaddle; of the conflict between Typhon and Osiris, and between Opheneus and the gods; of the famous box of Pandora; and of all these ancient tales, of which some are ingenious, but none instructive. But we are bound to believe that the fables of other nations are imitations of the Hebrew history, since we possess the ancient history of the Hebrews, and the early books of other nations are nearly all destroyed. Besides, the testimonies in favour of the book of Genesis are irrefragable.

“And he placed before the garden of Eden a cherub with a flaming sword, which turned all round to guard the way to the tree of life.”

The word *cherub* signifies an angel armed with a flaming sword is rather a singular exhibition, as is said before a portal. But the Jews afterwards represented angels under the form of eagles, and dragons, although they were forbidden to make any

They evidently derived these emblems of oxen and hawks from the Egyptians, whom they imitated in so many other things. The Egyptians first venerated the ox as the emblem of agriculture, and the hawk as that of the winds; but they never converted the ox into a centinel. It is probably an allegory; and the Jews by *kerub* understood nature. It was a symbol formed of the head of an ox, the head and body of a man, and the wings of a hawk.

“And the Lord set a mark upon Cain.”

What Lord? says the infidel. He accepts the offering of Abel, and rejects that of his elder brother, without the least reason being assigned for the distinction. By this proceeding, the Lord was the cause of animosity between the two brothers. We are presented in this piece of history, it is true, with a moral, however humiliating lesson; a lesson to be derived from all the fables of antiquity, that scarcely had the race of man commenced the career of existence, before one brother assassinates another. But what the sages of this world consider contrary to everything moral, to every thing just, to all the principles of common sense, is that God, who inflicted eternal damnation on the race of man, and useless crucifixion on his own son, on account merely of the eating of an apple, should absolutely pardon a fratricide! nay, that he should more than pardon, that he should take the offender under his peculiar protection! He declares, that whoever shall avenge the murder of Abel shall experience seven-fold the punishment that Cain might have suffered. He puts a mark upon him as a safeguard. Here, continue these vile blasphemers, here is a fable as execrable as it is absurd. It is the raving of some wretched Jew, who wrote those infamous and revolting fooleries, in imitation of the tales so greedily swallowed by the neighbouring population in Syria. This senseless Jew attributed these atrocious reveries to Moses, at a time when nothing was so rare as books. That fatality, which affects and disposes of everything, has delivered down this contemptible production to our own times. Kaaves have extolled

it, and fools have believed it. Such is the language of a tribe of theists, who, while they adore a God, dare to condemn the God of Israel; and who judge of the conduct of the eternal Deity by the rules of our own imperfect morality, and erroneous justice. They admit a God, to subject him to our laws. Let us guard against such rashness; and, once again it must be repeated, let us revere what we cannot comprehend. Let us cry out; O altitudo! O the height and depth! with all our strength.

“The gods Elohim, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took for wives those whom they chose.”

This imagination, again, may be traced in the history of every people. No nation has ever existed, unless perhaps we may except China, in which some god is not described as having had offspring from women. These corporeal gods frequently descended to visit their dominions upon earth; they saw the daughters of our race, and attached themselves to those who were most interesting and beautiful: the issue of this connection between gods and mortals must of course have been superior to other men; accordingly, Genesis informs us, that from the association it mentions, of the gods with women, sprang a race of giants.

“I will bring a deluge* of waters upon the earth.”

I will merely observe here that St. Augustin, in his “City of God,” No. 8, says, “Maximum illud diluvium Græca nec Latina novet historia:”—neither Greek nor Latin history knows anything about the great deluge. In fact, none had ever been known in Greece but those of Deucæon and Ogyges. They are regarded as universal in the fables collected by Ovid; but are wholly unknown in eastern Asia. St. Augustin, therefore, is not mistaken, in saying that history makes no mention of this event.

“God said to Noah, I will make a covenant with you, and with your seed after you, and with all living creatures.”

* See the article *DILUVIUM*.

God make a covenant with beasts! What sort of a covenant? Such is the outcry of infidels. But if he makes a covenant with man, why not with the beast? It has feeling, and there is something as divine in feeling as in the most metaphysical meditation. Besides, beasts feel more correctly than the greater part of men think. It is clearly in virtue of this treaty, that Francis d'Assise, the founder of the seraphic order, said to the grasshoppers and the hares,—“Pray sing, my dear sister grasshopper; pray browse, my dear brother hare.” But what were the conditions of the treaty? That all animals should devour one another; that they should feed upon our flesh, and we upon theirs; that, after having eaten them, we should proceed with wrath and fury to the extermination of our own race,—nothing being then wanting to crown the horrid series of butchery and cruelty but devouring our fellow-men, after having thus remorselessly destroyed them. Had there been actually such a treaty as this, it could have been entered into only with the devil.

Probably the meaning of the whole passage is neither more nor less, than that God is equally the absolute master of everything that breathes. This pact can be nothing more than an order, and the word covenant is used merely as more emphatic and impressive; we should not therefore be startled and offended at the words, but adore the spirit, and direct our minds back to the period in which this book was written,—a book of scandal to the weak, but of edification to the strong.

“And I will put my bow in the clouds, and it shall be a sign of my covenant,” &c.

Observe that the author does not say, *I have* put my bow in the clouds; he says,—*I will* put: this clearly implies it to have been the prevailing opinion that there had not always been a rainbow. This phenomenon is necessarily produced by rain; yet in this place it is represented as something supernatural, exhibited in order to announce and prove that the earth should no more be inundated. It is singular to chuse the certain sign of rain, in order to assure men against their being drowned. But it may also be replied,

that in any danger of inundation, we have the robbing security of the rainbow.

15. But the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the sons of Adam had built, and he said, — Behold a people which has but one language. They have begun to do this, and they will not desist until they have completed it. Come then, let us go and confound their language, that no one may understand his neighbour.*

Observe here, that the sacred writer always continues to conform to the popular opinions. He always speaks of God as of a man who endeavours to inform himself of what is passing; who is desirous of seeing with his own eyes what is going on in his dominions, who calls together his council in order to deliberate with them.

“And Abraham having divided his men (who were three hundred and eighteen in number) fell upon the five kings and pursued them unto Hoba, on the left hand of Damascus.”

From the south bank of the lake of Sodom to Damascus was a distance of eighty leagues, not to mention crossing the mountains Libanus and Anti-Libanus. Infidels smile and triumph at such exaggeration. But as the Lord favoured Abraham, nothing was in fact exaggerated.

“And two angels arrived at Sodom at even.”

The whole history of these two angels, whom the inhabitants of Sodom wished to violate, is perhaps the most extraordinary in the records of all antiquity. But it must be considered that almost all Asia believed in the existence of the demoniacal incubus and succubus; and moreover, that these two angels were creatures more perfect than mankind, and must have possessed more beauty to stimulate their execrable tendencies. It is possible that the passage may be only meant as a rhetorical figure to express the atrocious depravity of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is not without the greatest diffidence that we suggest to the learned this solution.

* See in reference to this passage, the article DANIEL.

As to Lot, who proposes to the people of Sodom the substitution of his two daughters in the room of the angels; and his wife, who was changed into a statue of salt, and all the rest of that history, what shall we venture to say? The old Arabian tale of Cinyras and Myrrha has some resemblance to the incest of Lot with his daughters; and the adventure of Philemon and Baucis is somewhat similar to the case of the two angels who appeared to Lot and his wife. With respect to the statue of salt, we know not where to find any resemblance; perhaps in the history of Orpheus and Eurydice.

Many ingenious men are of opinion, with the great Newton and the learned Le Clerc, that the Pentateuch was written by Samuel when the Jews had a little knowledge of reading and writing, and that all these histories are imitations of Syrian fables.

But it is enough that all this is in the holy scripture to induce us to reverence it, without attempting to find out in this book anything besides what is written by the holy spirit. Let us always recollect, that those times were not like our times; and let us not fail to repeat, after so many great men, that the Old Testament is a true history; and that all that has been written differing from it, by the rest of the world, is fabulous.

Some critics have contended, that all the incredible passages in the canonical books, which scandalise weak minds, ought to be suppressed; but it has been observed in answer, that those critics had bad hearts, and ought to be burnt at the stake; and that it is impossible to be a good man without believing that the people of Sodom wanted to violate two angels. Such is the reasoning of a species of monsters who wish to lord it over the understandings of mankind.

It is true, that many eminent fathers of the church have had the prudence to turn all these histories into allegories, after the example of the Jews, and particularly of Philo. The popes, more discreet, have endeavoured to prevent the translation of these books into

the vulgar tongue, lest some men should in consequence be led to think and judge, about what was proposed to them only to adore.

We are certainly justified in concluding hence, that those who thoroughly understand this book should tolerate those who do not understand it at all; for if the latter understand nothing of it, it is not their own fault: on the other hand, those who comprehend nothing that it contains should tolerate those who comprehend everything in it.

Learned and ingenious men, full of their own talents and acquirements, have maintained that it is impossible Moses could have written the book of Genesis. One of their principal reasons is, that in the history of Abraham, that patriarch is stated to have paid for a cave he purchased for the interment of his wife in silver coin, and the king of Gerar to have given Sarah a thousand pieces of silver when he restored her, after having carried her off for her beauty at the age of seventy-five. They inform us, that they have consulted all the ancient authors, and that it appears very certain that at the period mentioned, silver money was not in existence. But these are evidently mere cavils, as the church has always firmly believed Moses to have been the author of the Pentateuch. They strengthen all the doubts suggested by Aben-Ezra and Baruch Spinoza. The physician Astruc, father-in-law of the comptroller-general Silhouette, in his book (now become very scarce) called "Conjectures on the Book of Genesis," adds some objections, inexplicable undoubtedly to human learning, but not so to a humble and submissive piety. The learned, many of them, contradict every line, but the devout consider every line sacred: Let us dread falling into the misfortune of believing and trusting to our reason; but let us bring ourselves into subjection in understanding as well as in heart.*

"And Abraham said that Sarah was his sister, and the King of Gerar took her for himself."

We admit, as we have said under the article ABRA-

* See the article MOSES.

nam, that Sarah was at this time ninety years of age; that she had been already carried away by a king of Egypt, and that a king of this same howl wilderness of Gerar likewise, many years afterwards, carried away the wife of Isaac, Abraham's son. We have also spoken of his servant Hagar, who bore him a son; and of the manner in which the patriarch sent her and her son away. It is well known how infidels triumph on the subject of all these histories, with what a disdainful smile they speak of them, and that they place the story of one Abimelech falling in love with Sarah whom Abraham had passed as his sister, and of another Abimelech falling in love with Rebecca, whom Isaac also passes as his sister, even beneath the thousand and one nights of the Arabian fables. We cannot too often remark, that the great error of all these learned critics is their wishing to try everything by the test of our feeble reason, and to judge of the ancient Arabs as they judge of the courts of France or of England.

"And the soul of Sichem, king Hamor's son, was bound up with the soul of Dinah, and he soothed her grief by his tender caresses, and he went to Hamor his father, and said to him, give me that woman to be my wife."

Here our critics exclaim in terms of stronger disgust than ever. What! say they; the son of a king is desirous to marry a vagabond girl; the marriage is celebrated; Jacob the father, and Dinah the daughter, are loaded with presents; the king of Sichem deigns to receive those wandering robbers called patriarchs within his city; he has the incredible politeness or kindness to undergo, with his son, his court, and his people, the rite of circumcision, thus condescending to the superstition of a petty horde that could not call half a league of territory their own! And in return for this astonishing hospitality and goodness, how do our holy patriarchs act? They wait for the day when the process of circumcision generally induces fever, when Simeon and Levi run through the whole city with poignards in their hands, and massacre the king, the prince his son, and all the inhabitants. We are precluded from the

horror appropriate to this infernal counterpart of the tragedy of St. Bartholomew, only by a sense of its absolute impossibility. It is an abominable romance; but it is evidently a ridiculous romance. It is impossible that two men could have slaughtered in quiet the whole population of a city. The people might suffer in a slight degree from the operation which had preceded; but notwithstanding this, they would have risen in defence against two diabolical miscreants; they would have instantly assembled, would have surrounded them, and destroyed them with the summary and complete vengeance merited by their atrocity.

But there is a still more palpable impossibility. It is, that according to the accurate computation of time, Dinah, this daughter of Jacob, could be only three years old; and that, even by forcing up chronology as far as possible in favour of the narrative, she could at the very most be only five. It is here, then, that we are assailed with bursts of indignant exclamation!—What! it is said, what! is it this book, the book of a rejected and reprobate people; a book so long unknown to all the world; a book in which sound reason and decent manners are outraged in every page,—that is held up to us as irrefragable, holy, and dictated by God himself? Is it not even impious to believe it? or could anything less than the fury of cannibals urge to the persecution of sensible and modest men for not believing it?

To this we reply,—The church declares its belief in it. The copyists may have mixed up some revolting absurdities with respectable and genuine histories. It belongs to the holy church only to decide. The profane ought to be guided by her. Those absurdities, those alleged horrors, do not affect the substance of our faith. How lamentable would be the fate of mankind, if religion and virtue depended upon what formerly happened to Sichem and to little Dinah!

“These are the kings who reigned in the land of Edom before the children of Israel had a king.”

This is the celebrated passage which has proved one of the great stumbling stones. This it was which de-

cided the great Newton, the pious and acute Samuel Clarke, the profound and philosophic Bolingbroke, the learned Le Clerc, the ingenious Freret, and a host of other enlightened men, to maintain that it was impossible Moses could have been the author of Genesis.

We admit, that in fact these words could not have been written until after the time that the Jews had kings.

It is principally this verse that determined Astruc to give up the inspired authority of the whole book of Genesis, and suppose the author had derived his materials from existing memoirs and records. His work is ingenious and accurate, but it is rash, not to say audacious. Even a council would scarcely have ventured on such an enterprise. And to what purpose has it served Astruc's thankless and dangerous labour—to double the darkness he wished to enlighten? Here is the fruit of the tree of knowledge, of which we are all so desirous of eating. Why must it be, that the fruit of the tree of ignorance should be more nourishing and more digestible?

But of what consequence can it be to us, after all, whether any particular verse or chapter was written by Moses, or Samuel, or the priest (sacrificateur) who came to Samaria, or Esdras, or any other person? In what respect can our government, our laws, our fortunes, our morals, our well-being, be bound up with the unknown chiefs of a wretched and barbarous country called Edom or Idumea, always inhabited by robbers. Alas! those poor Arabs, who have not shirts to their backs, neither know nor care whether or not we are in existence! They go on steadily plundering caravans and eating barley bread, while we are perplexing and tormenting ourselves to know whether any petty kings flourished in a particular canton of Arabia Petrea, before they existed in a particular canton adjoining the west of the lake of Sodom!

O miseras hominum curas! O pectora cæca!

Lucretius, book ii. v. 14.

Blind, wretched man! in what dark paths of strife
Thou walk'st the little journey of thy life!—GORDON

GENII.

THE doctrines of judicial astrology and magic have spread all over the world. Look back to the ancient Zoroaster, and you will find that of the genii long established. All antiquity abounds in astrologers and magicians; such ideas were therefore very natural. At present we smile at the number who entertained them; if we were in their situation,—if like them we were only beginning to cultivate the sciences, we should perhaps believe just the same. Let us suppose ourselves intelligent people, beginning to reason on our own existence, and to observe the stars. The earth, we might say, is no doubt immoveable in the midst of the world; the sun and planets only revolve in her service, and the stars are only made for us; man therefore is the great object of all nature. What is the intention of all these globes, and of the immensity of heaven thus destined for our use? It is very likely that all space and these globes are peopled with substances, and since we are the favourites of nature, placed in the centre of the universe, and all is made for man, these substances are evidently destined to watch over man.

The first man who believed the thing at all possible, would soon find disciples persuaded that it existed. We might then commence by saying, genii perhaps exist, and nobody could affirm the contrary; for where is the impossibility of the air and planets being peopled? We might afterwards say, there are genii, and certainly no one could prove that there are not. Soon after, some sages might see these genii; and we should have no right to say to them, You have not seen them; as these persons might be honourable, and altogether worthy of credit. One might see the genius of the empire or of his own city; another that of Mars or Saturn; the genii of the four elements might be manifested to several philosophers; more than one sage might see his own genius; all at first might be little more than dreaming, but dreams are the symbols of truth.

It was soon known exactly how these genii were formed. To visit our globe, they must necessarily have wings; they therefore had wings. We only know of bodies; they therefore had bodies, but bodies much finer than ours, since they were genii, and much lighter, because they came from so great a distance. The sages who had the privilege of conversing with the genii inspired others with the hope of enjoying the same happiness. A sceptic would have been ill received, if he had said to them, I have seen no genius, therefore there are none. They would have replied, You reason ill; it does not follow that a thing exists not, which is unknown to you. There is no contradiction in the doctrine which inculcates these ethereal powers; no impossibility that they may visit us; they show themselves to our sages, they manifest themselves to us; you are not worthy of seeing genii.

Everything on earth is composed of good and evil; there are therefore incontestibly good and bad genii. The Persians had their peris and dives; the Greeks, their demons and cacodemons; the Latins, bonos et malos genios. The good genii are white, and the bad black, except among the negroes, where it is necessarily the reverse. Plato without difficulty admits of a good and an evil genius for every individual. The evil genius of Brutus appeared to him, and announced to him his death before the battle of Philippi. Have not grave historians said so? And would not Plutarch have been very injudicious to have assured us of this fact, if it were not true?

Further, consider what a source of feasts, amusements, good tales, and bon mots, originated in the belief of genii.

There were male and female genii. The genii of the ladies were called by the Romans little Junos. They also had the pleasure of seeing their genii grow up. In infancy, they were a kind of Cupid with wings; and when they protected old age, they wore long beards, and even sometimes the form of serpents. At Rome, there is preserved a marble, on which is represented a serpent under a palm tree, to which are attached two

crowns with this inscription—"To the genius of the Augusti;" it was the emblem of immortality.

What demonstrative proof have we at present, that the genii, so universally admitted by so many enlightened nations, are only phantoms of the imagination? All that can be said is reduced to this,—I have never seen a genius, and no one of my acquaintance has ever seen one; Brutus has not written, that his genius appeared to him before the battle of Philippi; neither Newton, Locke, nor even Descartes, who gave the reins to his imagination,—neither kings nor ministers of state have ever been suspected of communing with their genii; therefore I do not believe a thing of which there is not the least proof. I confess their existence is not impossible; but the possibility is not a proof of the reality. It is possible that there may be satyrs, with little turned-up tails and goats' feet; but I must see several to believe in them; for if I saw but one, I should still doubt their existence.

GENIUS.

OF genius or demon, we have already spoken in the article ANGEL. It is not easy to know precisely whether the peris of the Persians were invented before the demons of the Greeks, but it is very probable.

It may be, that the souls of the dead, called shades, manes, &c. passed for demons. Hercules, in Hesiod, says that a demon dictated his labours.

The demon of Socrates had so great a reputation, that Apuleius, the author of the "Golden Ass," who was himself a magician of good repute, says in his Treatise on the Genius of Socrates, that a man must be without religion who denies it. You see, that Apuleius reasons precisely like brothers Garasse and Bertier,—Thou dost not believe that which I believe; thou art therefore without religion. And the jansenists have said as much of brother Bertier, as well as of all the world except themselves. These demons, says the very religious and filthy Apuleius, are intermediate powers between ether and our lower region. They live in our

atmosphere, and bear our prayers and merits to the gods. They treat of succours and benefits, as interpreters and ambassadors. Plato says, that it is by their ministry that revelations, presages, and the miracles of magicians, are effected. "Cæterum sunt quædam divinæ mediæ potestates, inter summum æthera, et infimas terras, in isto intersitæ æris spatio, per quas et desideria nostra et merita ad deos commeant. Hos Græco nominæ demonias nuncupant. Inter tetricolas cœli colasque vectores, hinc pecum, inde donorum: qui ultrò citròque portant, hinc petitiones, inde supplicias: ceu quidam utriusque interpretes, et salutigeri. Per hos eosdem, ut Plato in symposio autumat, cuncta denuntiata," et majorum varia miracula, omnesque præsagium species reguntur."

St. Augustin has condescended to refute Apuleius in these words:

"It is impossible for us to say, that demons are neither mortal or eternal, for all that has life either lives eternally, or loses the breath of life by death; and Apuleius has said, that as to time, the demons are eternal. What then remains, but that demons hold a medium situation, and have one quality higher and another lower than mankind; and as, of these two things, eternity is the only higher thing which they exclusively possess, to complete the allotted medium, what must be the lower, if not misery?"

This is powerful reasoning!

As I have never seen any genii, demons, peris, or hobgoblins, whether beneficent or mischievous, I cannot speak of them from knowledge. I only relate what has been said by people who have seen them.

Among the Romans the word genius was not used to express a rare talent, as with us: the term for that quality was *ingenium*. We use the word genius indifferently in speaking of the tutelar demon of a town of antiquity, or an artist, or musician. The term *genius* seems to have been intended to designate not great talents generally, but those into which invention enters. Invention, above every thing, appeared a gift from the gods—this *ingenium*, *quasi ingenitum*, a kind of divine

inspiration. Now an artist, however perfect he may be in his profession, if he have no invention, if he be not original, is not considered a genius. He is only inspired by the artists his predecessors, even when he surpasses them.

It is very probable that many people now play at chess better than the inventor of the game, and that they might gain the prize of corn promised him by the Indian king. But this inventor was a genius, and those who might now gain the prize would be no such thing. Le Poussin, who was a great painter before he had seen any good pictures, had a genius for painting. Lulli, who never saw any good musician in France, had a genius for music.

Which is the most desirable to possess, a genius without a master, or the attainment of perfection by imitating and surpassing the masters which precede us?

If you put this question to artists, they will perhaps be divided; if you put it to the public, it will not hesitate. Do you like a beautiful Gobelin tapestry better than one made in Flanders at the commencement of the arts? Do you prefer modern masterpieces of engraving to the first wood-cuts? the music of the present day to the first airs, which resembled the Gregorian chaunt? the makers of the artillery of our time to the genius which invented the first cannon? Every body will answer yes. All purchasers will say, I own that the inventor of the shuttle had more genius than the manufacturer who made my cloth, but my cloth is worth more than that of the inventor.

In short, every one in conscience will confess, that we respect the geniuses who invented the arts, but that minds which perfect them are of more present benefit.

SECTION II.

The article 'Genius' has been treated of, in the Encyclopædia, by men who possess it. We shall hazard very little after them.

Every town, every man possessed a genius. It was imagined that those who performed extraordinary

things were inspired by their genius. The nine muses were nine genii, whom it was necessary to invoke; therefore Ovid says:—

Et Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.

The God within us, he the mind inspires.

But, properly speaking, is genius anything but capability? What is capability but a disposition to succeed in an art? Why do we say the genius of a language? It is, that every language, by its terminations, articles, participles, and shorter or longer words, will necessarily have exclusive properties of its own.

By the genius of a nation is meant the character, manners, talents, and even vices, which distinguish one people from another. It is sufficient to see the French, English, and Spanish people, to feel this difference.

We have said, that the particular genius of a man for an art is a different thing from his general talents; but this name is only given to a very superior ability. How many people have talent for poetry, music, and painting; yet it would be ridiculous to call them geniuses.

Genius, conducted by taste, will never commit a gross fault. Racine, since his *Andromache*; Le Poussin, and Rameau, have never committed one.

Genius, without taste, will often commit enormous errors; and, what is worse, it will not be sensible of them.

GEOGRAPHY.*

GEOGRAPHY is one of those sciences which will always require to be perfected.

Notwithstanding the pains that have been taken, it has hitherto been impossible to have an exact description of the earth. For this great work, it would be necessary that all sovereigns should come to an under-

* The greater part of this article is taken up with a detail of the deficiencies of the elementary works on geography in use when Voltaire wrote: a few characteristic passages only are retained.—T.

standing, and lend mutual assistance. But they have ever taken more pains to ravage the world than to measure it.

No one has yet been able to make an exact map of Upper Egypt, nor of the regions bordering on the Red Sea nor of the vast country of Arabia.

Of Africa we know only the coasts: all the interior is no more known than it was in the times of Atlas and Hercules. There is not a single well-detailed map of all the Grand Turk's possessions in Asia; all is placed at random, excepting some few large towns, the crumbling remains of which are still existing. In the states of the Great Mogul something is known of the relative positions of Agra and Delhi; but from thence to the kingdom of Golconda everything is laid down at a venture.

It is known that Japan extends from about the thirtieth to the fortieth degree of north latitude; there cannot be an error of more than two degrees, which are about fifty leagues; so that, relying on one of our best maps, a pilot would be in danger of losing his track or his life.

As for the longitude, the first maps of the jesuits determined it between the hundred and fifty-seventh and the hundred and seventy-fifth degree; whereas, it is now determined between the hundred and forty-sixth and the hundred and sixtieth.

China is the only Asiatic country of which we have an exact measurement; because the emperor Kam-hi employed some astronomical jesuits to draw exact maps, which is the best thing the jesuits have done. Had they been content with measuring the earth, they would never have been proscribed.

In our western world, Italy, France, Russia, England, and the principal towns of the other states, have been measured by the same method which was employed in China; but it was not until a very few years ago, that in France it was undertaken to form an entire topography. A company taken from the Academy of Sciences dispatched engineers or surveyors into every corner of the kingdom, to lay down even the meanest hamlet, the

smallest rivulet, the hills, the woods, in their true places. Before that time, so confused was the topography, that on the eve of the battle of Fontenoi, the maps of the country being all examined, every one of them was found entirely defective.

If a positive order had been sent from Versailles to an inexperienced general to give battle, and post himself as appeared most advisable from the maps, as sometimes happened in the time of the minister Chamillars, the battle would infallibly have been lost.

A general who should carry on a war in the country of the Morlachians, or the Montenegrins, with no knowledge of places but from the maps, would be at as great a loss as if he were in the heart of Africa.

Happily, that which has often been traced by geographers, according to their own fancy, in their closets, is rectified on the spot.

In geography, as in morals, it is very difficult to know the world without going from home.

It is not with this department of knowledge as with the arts of poetry, music, and painting. The last works of these kinds are often the worst. But in the sciences, which require exactness rather than genius, the last are always the best, provided they are done with some degree of care.

One of the greatest advantages of geography, in my opinion, is this:—Your fool of a neighbour, and his wife almost as stupid, are incessantly reproaching you with not thinking as they think in the rue St. Jacques. —“See,” say they, “what a multitude of great men have been of our opinion, from Peter the Lombard down to the abbé Petit-pied. The whole universe has received our truths; they reign in the faubourg St. Honoré, at Chaillot and at Etampes, at Rome and among the Uscoques.” Take a map of the world; show them all Africa, the empires of Japan, China, India, Turkey, Persia, and that of Russia, more extensive than was the Roman empire; make them pass their finger over all Scandinavia, all the north of Germany, the three kingdoms of Great Britain, the greater part of the Low Countries, and of Helvetia; in short

make them observe, in the four great divisions of the earth; and in the fifth, which is as little known as it is great in extent, the prodigious number of races, who either never heard of those opinions, or have combated them, or have held them in abhorrence, and you will thus oppose the whole universe to the rue St. Jacques.

You will tell them that Julius Cæsar, who extended his power much further than that street, did not know a word of all which they think so universal; and that our ancestors, on whom Julius Cæsar bestowed the lash, knew no more of them than he did.

They will then, perhaps, feel somewhat ashamed at having believed that the organ of St. Severin's church gave the tone to the rest of the world.

GEOMETRY.

THE late M. Clairaut conceived the idea of making young people learn the elements of geometry with facility. He wished to go back to the source, and to trace the progress of our discoveries and the occasions which produced them.

This method appears agreeable and useful; but it has not been followed. It requires in the master a flexibility of mind which knows how to adapt itself, and an accommodating spirit which is rare among those who follow the routine of their profession.

It must be acknowledged that Euclid is somewhat unattractive; a beginner cannot divine whither he is to be led. Euclid says, in his first book, that "if a straight line is divided into two equal and into two unequal parts, the squares of the unequal segments are double of the squares of half the line, and of the portion of it included between the points of intersection."

A diagram is necessary to understand this obscure theorem; and when it is understood, the student says, —Of what service can it be to me? what does it matter?—He is disgusted with a science, of which he does not soon enough perceive the utility.

Painting began with the desire of roughly sketching.

on a wall the features of some one dear to the designer. Music, before the octave was found, was a rude mixture of some sounds which were pleasing to the ear.

The setting of the stars was observed before men became astronomers. And it appears that the course of beginners in geometry should be similarly guided.

I will suppose that a child of ready conceptions hears his father say to his gardener, "you will plant tulips on this flower-bed half a foot from one another." The child wishes to know how many tulips there will be. He runs to the flower-bed with his tutor. The parterre is inundated, and only one side of the flower-bed appears. This side is thirty feet long; but the breadth is not known. The master in the first place easily makes him understand that these tulips must border the parterre at the distance of six inches from one another. Here are already sixty tulips for the first row on that side. There are to be six lines. The child sees that there will be six times sixty, or three hundred and sixty tulips. But what will be the breadth of this bed, which I cannot measure? It will evidently be six times six inches, which are three feet.

He knows the length and the breadth. He also wishes to know the superficies. Is it not true, his teacher asks him, that if you were to run a rule three feet long and one foot broad over this bed, from one end to the other, it would successively have covered the whole? Here, then, we have the superficies; it is three times thirty. This piece of ground is ninety square feet.

A few days after, the gardener stretches a cord lengthwise from one angle to the other; which cord divides the rectangle into two equal parts.

This, says the pupil, is the same length as one of the two sides.

TUTOR.

No. It is longer.

PUPIL.

How? If I pass a line over this cross-line, which you call a diagonal, it will be no longer than the two others.—When I form the letter N, is not this line,

which joins the two straight strokes together, of the same height as they are?

TUTOR.

It is of the same height, but not of the same length; that is demonstrated.—Bring down this diagonal to one of the sides, and you will find that it exceeds it.

PUPIL.

And by how much precisely does it exceed it?

TUTOR.

There are cases in which this can never be known; as it will never be known precisely what is the square root of five.

PUPIL.

But the square root of five is two and a fraction.

TUTOR.

But this fraction cannot be expressed in figures, since the square of a number composed of a whole number and a fraction cannot be a whole number. So, in geometry, there are lines, the relations of which cannot be expressed.

PUPIL.

Here, then, is a difficulty in my way.—What! shall I never know my accounts? Is there, then, nothing certain?

TUTOR.

It is certain that this sloping line divides the quadrangle into two equal parts; but it is no more surprising that this small remainder of the diagonal line has not a common measure with the sides, than that in arithmetic you cannot find the square root of five.

You will not therefore the less know your accounts: for if an arithmetician tells you that he owes you the square root of five crowns, you have only to reduce these five crowns into smaller pieces; as, for instance, into liards, and you will have twelve hundred of them; the square root of which is between thirty-four and thirty-five: so that you will make your reckoning within a liard. Nothing must be made a mystery in arithmetic or in geometry.

These first openings sharpen the young man's wit.

His master having told him that the diagonal of a square is incommensurable—not measurable by the sides and the base, informs him that with this line, the value of which can never be known, he will nevertheless produce a square which shall be demonstrated to be double of any given square.

For this purpose, he first shows him that the two triangles which divide the square are equal, and then, by tracing a very simple figure, leads him to a comprehension of the famous theorem which Pythagoras found established among the Indians, and which was known to the Chinese—that any figure constructed on the larger side of a right-angled triangle is equal to the two similar figures constructed on the other sides.

If the young man wishes to measure the height of a tower, or the breadth of a river which he cannot approach, each theorem immediately has its application; and he learns geometry practically.

If he had merely been told that the product of the extremes is equal to the product of the means, he would have found this nothing more than a sterile problem: but he knows that the shadow of this stick is to the height of the stick as the shadow of the neighbouring tower is to the height of the tower. If, then, the stick be five feet, and its shadow one, and the shadow of the tower is twelve feet, he says, as one is to five, so is twelve to the height of the tower; then it is sixty feet.

He wants to know the properties of a circle. He knows that the exact measure of its circumference cannot be had. But this extreme exactness is unnecessary in practice. The unrolling of a circle is its measurement.

He will know that, this circle being a sort of polygon, its area is equal to a triangle, the short side of which is the radius of the circle, and its base the measure of the circumference.

The circumferences of circles are to one another as their radii.

Circles having the general properties of all similar rectilinear figures, and these figures being to one another

ther as the squares of their corresponding sides, the areas of the circles will also be proportional to the squares of their radii.

Thus, as the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the two sides, a circle, of which this hypotenuse is the radius, will be equal to two circles having for their radii the two other sides. The knowledge of this enables you to construct a basin of water as large as two other basins together.

The circle can be doubled exactly, though it cannot be exactly squared.

When accustomed thus to feel the advantages of geometrical truths, the pupil reads in some elements of this science, that if a straight line, called a *tangent*, be drawn touching a circle in one point, another straight line can never be made to pass between this circle and this line. This is evident enough, and was, scarcely worth the trouble of saying. But it is added, that an infinite number of curve lines may be made to pass through this point of contact. This surprises him; and it would surprise older persons: he is tempted to believe that matter is penetrable. The books tell him that this is not matter, that these are lines without breadth. But if they are without breadth, these metaphysical straight lines will pass one upon another for ever without touching anything. If they have breadth no curve can pass. The child no longer knows where he is; he finds himself transported into a new world, which has nothing in common with our own.

How shall he believe, that what is manifestly impossible in nature, is true?

I well conceive, he will say to a master of the transcendental geometry, that all your circles will meet in *G*. But this is all you can demonstrate to me. You can never demonstrate that these circular lines pass at this point between the first circle and the tangent.

A secant *A G* may be shorter than another secant *A G H*:—granted; but it does not thence follow that your curve lines can pass between two lines which touch. They can pass, the master will reply, because

the secant GH as distinguished from the secants AG , and AH may be an "infiniment-petit" of the second order.

I do not understand what "an infiniment-petit" is, says the child; and the master is obliged to acknowledge that he understands it no more than his pupil. In these *Malozieux*, in his *Elements of Geometry*, bursts into an extacy. He says positively, that there are incompatible truths. Would it not have been more simple to have said, that these lines have but one common point, on each side of which they separate.

I can always divide a number in thought; but does it thence follow that the number is infinite? Newton, in his integral, and in his differential calculation, does not use this great word; and Clairaut takes good care not to teach in his *Elements of Geometry*, that a hoop may be passed between a ball and the table on which it lies. A careful distinction should be made between useful and curious geometry.

To the useful we owe the proportional compasses, invented by Galileo, the measurement of triangles, that of solids, and the circulation of moving forces. Most other problems may enlighten and strengthen the intellect; very few of them will be of sensible utility to mankind. Square curves as long as you like—and while displaying extreme sagacity only resemble an arithmetician who examines the properties of his numbers, instead of calculating the amount of his own property.

When Archimedes found the specific weights of bodies, he rendered a service to mankind: what service will you render by finding three numbers, so as that the difference of the squares of two of them, added to the cube of the three, will still be a square, and that the sum of the three differences added to the same cube, shall make another square? "*Nugæ difficiles*."

* In geometry, as in most sciences, it is very rare that an isolated proposition is of immediate utility. But the theories most useful in practice are formed of propositions which curiosity

GLORY—GLORIOUS.

SECTION I.

GLORY is reputation joined with esteem, and is complete when admiration is superadded. It always supposes that which is brilliant in action, in virtue, or in talent, and the surmounting of great difficulties. Cæsar, Alexander, had glory. The same can hardly be said of Socrates. He claims esteem, reverence, pity, indignation against his enemies; but the term glory applied to him would be improper; his memory is venerable rather than glorious. Atilla had much brilliancy, but he has no glory; for history, which may be mistaken, attributes to him no virtues: Charles XII. still has glory; for his valour, his disinterestedness, his liberality, were extreme. Success is sufficient for reputation, but not for glory. The glory of Henry IV. is every day increasing; for time has brought to light all his virtues, which were incomparably greater than his defects.

Glory is also the portion of inventors in the fine arts; imitators have only applause. It is granted too to great talents, but in sublime arts only. We may well say, the glory of Virgil, or of Cicero, but not of Martial, nor of Aulus Gellius.

Men have dared to say, the glory of God: God created the world for his glory; not that the Supreme Being can have glory; but that men, having no expressions suitable to him, use for him those by which they are themselves most flattered.

Vain glory is that petty ambition which is contented with appearances, which is exhibited in pompous dis-

alone brought to light, and which long remained useless without its being possible to divine in what way they should one day cease to be so. In this sense it may be said, that in real sciences, no theory, no research, is in effect useless.—*French Ed.*

It was by taking up some minute neglected remainders that La Place, in his *Mécanique Céleste*, has cleared up several apparent doubts and anomalies in the Newtonian system of planetary revolutions.—*T.*

play, and never elevates itself to greater things. Sovereigns, having real glory, have been known to be nevertheless fond of vain glory—seeking too eagerly after praise, and being too much attached to the trappings of ostentation.

False glory often verges towards vanity; but it often leads to excesses, while vain glory is more confined to splendid littlenesses. A prince who should look for honour in revenge, would seek a false glory rather than a vain one.

To give glory, signifies to acknowledge, to bear witness. Give glory to truth, means acknowledging truth—Give glory to the God whom you serve—Bear witness to the God whom you serve,

Glory is taken for heaven—He dwells in glory; but this is the case in no religion but ours. It is not allowable to say that Bacchus, or Hercules, was received into glory, when speaking of their apotheosis.

The saints and angels have sometimes been called the glorious, as dwelling in the abode of glory.

Gloriously is always taken in the good sense; he reigned gloriously; he extricated himself gloriously from great danger or embarrassment.

To glory in, is sometimes taken in the good, sometimes in the bad sense, according to the nature of the object in question. He glories in a disgrace which is the fruit of his talents and the effect of envy. We say of the martyrs, that they glorified God—that is, that their constancy made the God whom they attended revered by men.

SECTION II.

That Cicero should love glory, after having stifled Catiline's conspiracy, may be pardoned him.

That the king of Prussia, Frederic the Great, should have the same feelings after Rosbach and Lissa, and after being the legislator, the historian, the poet, and the philosopher of his country—that he should be passionately fond of glory, and at the same time, have self-command enough to be modestly so—he will, on account, be the more glorified.

That the empress Catherine II. should have been forced by the brutal insolence of a Turkish sultan to display all her genius; that from the far north she should have sent four squadrons which spread terror in the Dardanelles and in Asia Minor; and that, in 1770, she took four provinces from those Turks who made Europe tremble;—she will not be reproached with enjoying her glory, but will be admired for speaking of her successes with that air of indifference and superiority, which shows that they were merited.

In short, glory befits geniuses of this sort, though belonging to the very mean race of mortals.

But if, at the extremity of the west, a townsman of a place called Paris thinks he has glory in being harangued by a teacher of the university, who says to him, “Monseigneur, the glory you have acquired in the exercise of your office, your illustrious labours with which the universe resounds,” &c. then I ask if there are mouths enow in that universe to celebrate, with their hisses, the glory of our citizen, and the eloquence of the pedant who attends to bray out this harangue at monseigneur’s hotel?

We are such fools, that we have made God glorious like ourselves.

That worthy chief of the dervises, Ben-al-Betif, said to his brethren one day:—

“My brethren, it is good that you should frequently use that sacred formula of our koran—‘In the name of the most merciful God;’ because God uses mercy, and you learn to do so too, by often repeating the words that recommend virtue, without which there would be few men left upon the earth. But, my brethren, beware of imitating those rash ones who boast, on every occasion, of labouring for the glory of God.

If a young simpleton maintains a thesis on the categories, an ignoramus in furs presiding, he is sure to write in large characters, at the head of his thesis, ‘Ek alha abron doxa.’—‘Ad majorem Dei gloriam.’—To the greater glory of God. If a good mussulman has had his house whitewashed, he cuts this foolish inscription in the door. A saka carries water for the greater glory

of God. It is an impious usage piously used. What would you say of a little chiaoux, who, while emptying our sultan's close-stool, should exclaim,—To the greater glory of our invincible monarch? There is certainly a greater distance between God and the sultan than between the sultan and the little chiaoux.

“Ye miserable earth-worms, called men, what have you resembling the glory of the Supreme Being? Can he love glory? Can he receive it from you? Can he enjoy it? How long, ye two-legged animals without feathers, will you make God after your own image?—What! because you are vain, because you love glory, you would have God love it also? If there were several Gods, perhaps each one would seek to gain the good opinion of his fellows. That might be glory to God. Such a God, if infinite greatness may be compared with extreme lowliness, would be like king Alexander or Iscander, who would enter the lists with none but kings. But you, poor creatures! what glory can you give to God? Cease to profane the sacred name, An emperor, named Octavius Augustus, forbade his being praised in the schools of Rome, lest his name should be brought into contempt. You can neither bring the name of the Supreme Being into contempt, nor into honour. Humble yourselves in the dust; adore, and be silent.”

Thus spake Ben-al-betif; and the dervises cried out,—“Glory to God! Ben-al-betif has said well.”

SECTION III.

Conversation with a Chinese.

In 1723, there was in Holland a Chinese: this Chinese was a man of letters and a merchant; which two professions ought not to be incompatible, but which have become so amongst us, thanks to the extreme regard which is paid to money, and the little consideration which mankind have ever shown, and will ever show, for merit.

This Chinese, who spoke a little Dutch, was once in a bookseller's shop with some men of learning. He asked for a book, and Bossuet's Universal History,

badly translated, was proposed to him. "Ah!" said he, "how fortunate! I shall now see what is said of our great empire—of our nation, which has existed as a national body for more than fifty thousand years—of that succession of emperors who have governed us for so many ages; I shall now see what is thought of the religion of the men of letters, of that simple worship which we render to the Supreme Being. How pleasing to see what is said in Europe of our arts, many of which are more ancient amongst us than any European kingdom. I guess the author will have made many mistakes in the history of the war which we had twenty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-two years ago, with the warlike nations of Tonquin and Japan; and of that solemn embassy which the mighty emperor of the Moguls sent to ask laws from us, in the year of the world 500,000,000,000,079,123,450,000."—"Alas!" said one of the learned men to him, "you are not even mentioned in that book: you are too inconsiderable; it is almost all about the first nation in the world—the only nation, the great Jewish people!"

"The Jewish people!" exclaimed the Chinese. "Are they, then, masters of at least three quarters of the earth?"—"They flatter themselves that they shall one day be so," was the answer; "until which time they have the honour of being our old-clothes-men, and, now and then, clippers of our coin."—"You jest," said the Chinese; "had these people ever a vast empire?"—"They had as their own for some years," said I, "a small country; but it is not by the extent of their states that a people are to be judged; as it is not by his riches that we are to estimate a man."

"But is no other people spoken of in this book?" asked the man of letters. "Undoubtedly," returned a learned man who stood next me, and who constantly replied,—“there is a deal said in it of a small country sixty leagues broad, called Egypt, where it is asserted that there was a lake a hundred and fifty leagues round, cut by the hands of men.”—"Zounds!" said the Chinese; "a lake a hundred and fifty leagues round in a country only sixty broad! That is fine,

indeed!"—"Everybody was wise in that country," added the doctor. "Oh! what fine times they must have been," said the Chinese. "But is that all?"—"No," replied the European; "he also treats of that celebrated people, the Greeks."—"Who are these Greeks?" asked the man of letters. "Ah!" continued the other, "they inhabited a province about a two hundredth part as large as China, but which has been famous throughout the world."—"I have never heard speak of these people neither in Mogul, nor in Japan, nor in Great Tartary," said the Chinese, with an ingenuous look.

"Oh ignorant, barbarous man!" politely exclaimed our scholar. "Know you not, then, the Theban Epaminondas; nor the harbour of Piræus; nor the name of the two horses of Achilles; nor that of Silenus's ass? Have you not heard of Jupiter, nor of Diogenes, nor of Laïs, nor of Cybele, nor" . . .

"I am much afraid," replied the man of letters, "that you know nothing at all of the ever memorable adventure of the celebrated Xixofon Concochigramki; nor of the mysteries of the great Fi Psi Hi Hi. But pray what are the other unknown things of which this universal history treats?" The scholar then spoke for a quarter of an hour on the Roman commonwealth; but when he came to Julius Cæsar, the Chinese interrupted him, saying, "As for him, I think I know him: was he not a Turk?"*

"What!" said the scholar, somewhat warm, "do you not at least know the difference between Pagans, Christians, and Mussulmen? Do you not know Constantine, and the history of the popes?" "We have indistinctly heard," answered the Asiatic, "of one Mahomet."

"It is impossible," returned the other, "that you should not, at least, be acquainted with Luther, Zuinglius, Bellarmin, Escalampades." "I shall never remember those names," said the Chinese. He then

* It is not long since the Chinese took all Europeans for Mahometans.

went away to sell a considerable parcel of tea and fine porcelain, with which he bought two fine girls and a ship-boy, whom he took back to his own country, adoring Tea, and commending himself to Confucius.

For myself, who was present at this conversation, I clearly saw what glory is; and I said,—Since Cæsar and Jupiter are unknown in the finest, the most ancient, the most extensive, the most populous, and well regulated kingdom upon earth; it beseems you, ye governors of some little country, ye preachers in some little parish, or some little town,—ye doctors of Salamanca, and of Bourges, ye flimsy authors, and ye ponderous commentators—it beseems you to make pretensions to renown!

GOAT—SORCERY.

THE honours of every kind which antiquity paid to goats, would be very astonishing, if anything could astonish those who have grown a little familiar with the world, ancient and modern. The Egyptians and the Jews, often designated the kings and the chiefs of the people by the word goat. We find in Zachariah,—

“ Mine anger was kindled against the shepherds, and I punished the goats; for the Lord of Hosts hath visited his flock, the house of Judah, and hath made them as his goodly horse in the battle.”*

“ Remove out of the midst of Babylon,” says Jeremiah to the chiefs of the people; “ Go forth out of the land of the Chaldeans, and be as the he-goats before the flocks.”†

Isaiah, in chapters x. and xiv. uses the term goat, which has been translated prince.

The Egyptians went much further than calling their kings goats; they consecrated a goat in Mendes, and it is even said that they adored him. The truth very

* Chap. x. 3.

† Chap. I. 8.

likely was, that the people took an emblem for a divinity, as is but too often the case.

It is not likely that the Egyptian ~~shoen~~ or ~~shoin~~ ~~→~~ i. e. priests, immolated goats and worshipped them at the same time. We know that they had their god Hazazel, which they adorned and crowned with flowers, and threw down headlong, as an expiation for the people; and that the Jews took from them, not only this ceremony, but even the very name of Hazazel, as they adopted many other rites from Egypt.

But goats received another, and yet more singular honour. It is beyond a doubt, that in Egypt many women set the same example with goats, as Pasiphaë did with her bull.

The Jews but too faithfully imitated these abominations. Jeroboam instituted priests for the service of his calves and his goats.*

The worship of the goat was established in Egypt, and in the lands of a part of Palestine. Enchantments were believed to be operated by means of goats, and other monsters, which were always represented with a goat's head.

Magic, sorcery, soon passed from the east into the west, and extended itself throughout the earth. The sort of sorcery that came from the Jews, was called Sabbatum by the Romans, who thus confounded their sacred day with their secret abominations. Thence it was, that in the neighbouring nations, to be a sorcerer and to go to the sabbath, at last meant the same thing.

Wretched village women, deceived by knaves, and still more by the weakness of their own imaginations, believed that after pronouncing the word abraxa, and rubbing themselves with an ointment mixed with cow-dung and goat's hair, they went to the sabbath on a broomstick in their sleep, that there they adored a goat, and that he enjoyed them.

This opinion was universal. All the doctors asserted that it was the devil, who metamorphosed himself into a

* 2 Chronicles, xi. 15.

goat. This may be seen in Del Rio's *Disquisitiones*, and in a hundred other authors. The theologian Grillandus, a great promoter of the inquisition, quoted by Del Rio,* says that sorcerers call the goat *Martinet*. He assures us that a woman who was attached to *Martinet*, mounted on his back, and was carried in an instant through the air to a place called the Nut of Benevento.

There were books in which the mysteries of the sorcerers were written. I have seen one of them, at the head of which was a figure of a goat very badly drawn, with a woman on her knees behind him. In France these books were called "*grimoires*;" and in other countries "the devil's alphabet." That which I saw contained only four leaves in almost illegible characters, much like those of the Shepherd's Almanack.

Reasoning and better education would have sufficed in Europe for the extirpation of such an extravagance; but executions were employed instead of reasoning. The pretended sorcerers had their "*grimoire*," and the judges had their sorcerer's code. In 1599, the jesuit Del Rio, a doctor of Louvain, published his *Magical Disquisitiones*: he affirms that all heretics are magicians, and frequently recommends that they be put to the torture. He has no doubt that the devil transforms himself into a goat, and grants his favours to all women presented to him.† He quotes various juriconsults, called demonographers,‡ who assert that Luther was the son of a woman and a goat. He assures us that at Brussels, in 1595, a woman was brought to bed of a child, of which the devil, disguised as a goat, was father; and that she was punished, but he does not inform us in what manner.

But the jurisprudence of witchcraft has been the most profoundly treated by one Boguet, "*grand juge en dernier ressort*" of an abbey of St. Claude in Franche-Comté. He gives an account of all the executions to which he condemned wizards and witches, and the number is very considerable. Nearly all the witches are supposed to have had commerce with the goat.

It has already been said, that more than a hundred thousand pretended sorcerers have been executed in Europe. Philosophy alone has at length cured men of this abominable delusion, and has taught judges that they should not burn the insane.

GOD—GODS.

SECTION I.

THE reader cannot too carefully bear in mind that this Dictionary has not been written for the purpose of repeating what so many others have said.

The knowledge of a God is not impressed upon us by the hands of nature, for then men would all have the same idea; and no idea is born with us.† It does not come to us like the perception of light, of the ground, &c. which we receive as soon as our eyes and our understandings are opened. Is it a philosophical idea? No; men admitted the existence of gods before there were philosophers.

Whence, then, is this idea derived? From feeling, and from that natural logic which unfolds itself with age, even in the rudest of mankind. Astonishing effects of nature were beheld—harvests and barrenness, fair weather and storms, benefits and scourges; and the hand of a master was felt. Chiefs were necessary to govern societies; and it was needful to admit sovereigns of these new sovereigns whom human weakness had given itself—beings before whose power these men who could bear down their fellow-men might tremble. The first sovereigns in their time employed these notions, to cement their power. Such were the first steps; thus every little society had its god. These notions were rude because everything was rude. It is very natural to reason by analogy. One society under a chief did not deny that the neighbouring tribe should likewise have its judge, or its captain; consequently it could not deny that the other should also have its god. But as it was the interest of each tribe that its

captain should be the best, it was also interested in believing, and consequently it did believe, that its god was the mightiest. Hence these ancient fables which have so long been generally diffused, that the gods of one nation fought against the gods of another. Hence the numerous passages in the Hebrew books, which we find constantly disclosing the opinion entertained by the Jews, that the gods of their enemies existed, but that they were inferior to the God of the Jews.

Meanwhile, in the great states where the progress of society allowed to individuals the enjoyment of speculative leisure, there were priests, magi, and philosophers.

Some of these perfected their reason so far as to acknowledge in secret one only and universal God. So, although the ancient Egyptians adored Osiri, Osiris, or rather Osireth (which signifies this land is mine); though they also adored other superior beings, yet they admitted one Supreme, one only principal God, whom they called Knef, whose symbol was a sphere placed on the frontispiece of the temple.

After this model, the Greeks had their Zeus, their Jupiter, the master of the other gods, who were but what the angels are with the Babylonians and the Hebrews, and the saints with the christians of the Roman communion.

It is a more thorny question than it has been considered, and one by no means profoundly examined,—whether several gods, equal in power, can exist at the same time?

We have no adequate idea of the Divinity; we creep on from conjecture to conjecture, from likelihood to probability. We have very few certainties. There is something; therefore there is something eternal; for nothing is produced from nothing. Here is a certain truth on which the mind reposes. Every work which shows us means and an end, announces a workman: then this universe, composed of springs, of means, each of which has its end, discovers a most mighty, a most intelligent workman. Here is a probability ap-

proaching the greatest certainty. But is this Supreme Artificer infinite? Is he everywhere? Is he in one place? How are we, with our feeble intelligence and limited knowledge, to answer this question?

My reason alone proves to me a Being who has arranged the matter of this world; but my reason is unable to prove to me that he made this matter,—that he brought it out of nothing. All the sages of antiquity, without exception, believed matter to be eternal, and subsisting by itself. All then that I can do, without the aid of superior light, is to believe that the God of this world is also eternal, and subsisting by himself. God and matter exist by the nature of things. May not other Gods exist, as well as other worlds? Whole nations, and very enlightened schools, have clearly admitted two gods in this world—one the source of good, the other the source of evil. They admitted an eternal war between two equal powers. Assuredly, nature can more easily suffer the existence of several independent beings in the immensity of space, than that of limited and powerless gods in this world, of whom one can do no good, and the other no harm.

If God and matter exist from all eternity, as antiquity believed, here then are two necessary beings: now, if there be two necessary beings there may be thirty. These doubts alone, which are the germ of an infinity of reflections, serve at least to convince us of the feebleness of our understanding. We must, with Cicero, confess our ignorance of the nature of the Divinity; we shall never know any more of it than he did.

In vain do the schools tell us, that God is infinite negatively and not privately—“*formaliter et non, materialiter*,” that he is the first act, the middle, and the last—that he is everywhere without being in any place: a hundred pages of commentaries on definitions like these cannot give us the smallest light. We have no steps whereby to arrive at such knowledge.

We feel that we are under the hand of an invisible being; this is all: we cannot advance one step further. It is mad temerity to seek to divine what this

being, is—whether he is extended or not, whether he is in one place or not, how he exists, or how he operates.

SECTION II.

I do am ever apprehensive of being mistaken; but all monuments give me sufficient evidence that the polished nations of antiquity acknowledged a supreme God. There is not a book, not a medal, not a bas-relief, not an inscription, in which Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Mars, or any of the other deities, is spoken of as a forming being, the sovereign of all nature. On the contrary, the most ancient profane books that we have—Hesiod and Homer—represent their Zeus as the only thunderer, the only master of gods and men: he even punishes the other gods; he ties Juno with a chain, and drives Apollo out of heaven.

The ancient religion of the Brahmins—the first that admitted celestial creatures—the first which spoke of their rebellion—explains itself in a sublime manner concerning the unity and power of God; as we have seen in the article ANGEL.

The Chinese, ancient as they are, come after the Indians. They have acknowledged one only God from time immemorial; they have no subordinate Gods, no mediating demons or genii between God and man; no oracles, no abstract dogmas, no theological disputes among the lettered; their emperor was always the first pontiff; their religion was always august and simple; thus it is, that this vast empire, though twice subjugated, has constantly preserved its integrity; has made its conquerors receive its laws, and notwithstanding the crimes and miseries inseparable from the human race, is still the most flourishing state upon earth.

The magi of Chaldea, the Sabeans, acknowledged but one supreme God, whom they adored in the stars, which are his work.

The Persians adored him in the sun. The sphere

placed on the frontispiece of the temple of Memphis, was the emblem of one only and perfect God, called Knef by the Egyptians.

The title of *Deus Optimus Maximus* was never given by the Romans to any but "*Jupiter, hominum sator atque deorum.*" This great truth, which we have elsewhere pointed out, cannot be too often repeated.*

This adoration of a supreme God, from Romulus down to the total destruction of the empire and of its religion, is confirmed. In spite of all the follies of the people, who venerated secondary and ridiculous gods, and in spite of the Epicureans, who in reality acknowledged none, it is verified that, in all times, the magistrates and the wise adored one sovereign God.

From the great number of testimonies left us to this truth, I will select first that of Maximus of Tyre, who flourished under the Antonines—those models of true piety, since they were models of humanity. These are his words, in his discourse entitled *Of God*, according to Plato. The reader who would instruct himself is requested to weigh them well:—

"Men have been so weak as to give to God a human figure, because they had seen nothing superior to man; but it is ridiculous to imagine, with Homer, that Jupiter or the Supreme Divinity has black eyebrows and golden hair, which he cannot shake without making the heavens tremble.

"When men are questioned concerning the nature of the Divinity, their answers are all different. Yet, notwithstanding this prodigious variety of opinions, you will find one and the same feeling throughout the earth, viz. that there is but one God who is the father of all," &c.

After this formal avowal, after the immortal discourses of Cicero, of Antonine, of Epictetus, what becomes of the declamations which so many ignorant pedants are still repeating? What avail those eternal

* The pretended Jupiter, born in Egypt, was only an historic or poetic fable, like those of the other gods. Jovis, afterwards Jupiter, was a translation of the Greek word *Zeus*, and *Zeus* a translation of the Phenician word *Jehovah*.

reproachings of gross polytheism and puerile idolatry, but to convince us that the reproachers have not the slightest acquaintance with sterling antiquity? They have taken the reveries of Homer for the doctrines of the wise.

Is it necessary to have stronger or more expressive testimony? You will find it in the letter from Maximus of Madaura to St. Augustin; both were philosophers and orators; at least, they prided themselves on being so: they wrote to each other freely; they were even friends as much as a man of the old religion and one of the new could be friends.

Read Maximus of Madaura's letter, and the bishop of Hippo's answer.

Letter from Maximus of Madaura.

"Now, that there is a Sovereign God, who is without beginning, and who, without having begotten any thing like unto himself, is nevertheless the father and the former of all things, what man can be gross and stupid enough to doubt? He it is of whom, under different names, we adore the eternal power extending through every part of the world—thus honouring separately by different sorts of worship, what may be called his several members, we adore him entirely May those subordinate gods preserve you, under whose names, and by whom all we mortals upon earth adore the common father of gods and men, by different sorts of worship it is true, but all according in their very variety, and all tending to the same end."

By whom was this letter written? By a Numidian—one of the country of the Algerines!

Augustin's Answer.

"In your public square there are two statues of Mars, the one naked, the other armed; and close by, the figure of a man who, with three fingers advanced towards Mars, holds in check that divinity so dangerous to the whole town. With regard to what you say of such gods being portions of the only true God, I take the liberty you give me, to warn you not to

fall into such a sacrilege; for that only God, of whom you speak, is doubtless he who is acknowledged by the whole world, and concerning whom, as some of the ancients have said, the ignorant agree with the learned. Now, will you say, that he whose strength, if not his cruelty, is represented by an inanimate man, is a portion of that God? I could easily push you hard on this subject; for you will clearly see how much might be said upon it: but I refrain, lest you should say that I employ against you the weapons of rhetoric rather than those of virtue."

We know not what was signified by these two statues, of which no vestige is left us; but not all the statues with which Rome was filled—not the Pantheon and all the temples consecrated to the inferior Gods, nor even those to the twelve greater gods prevented *Deus Optimus Maximus*—"God most good, most great"—from being acknowledged throughout the empire.

The misfortune of the Romans, then, was their ignorance of the Mosaic law, and afterwards of the law of the disciples of our Saviour Jesus Christ—their want of the faith—their mixing with the worship of a supreme God, the worship of Mars, of Venus, of Minerva, of Apollo, who did not exist, and their preserving that religion until the time of the Theodosii. Happily, the Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, the Heruli, the Lombards, the Franks, who destroyed that empire, submitted to the truth, and enjoyed a blessing denied to Scipio, to Cato, to Metellus, to Emilius, to Cicero, to Varro, to Virgil, and to Horace.*

None of these great men knew Jesus Christ, whom they could not know; yet they did not worship the devil, as so many pedants are every day repeating—How should they worship the devil, of whom they had never heard?

A Calumny on Cicero by Warburton, on the subject of a Supreme God.

Warburton, like his contemporaries, has calumniated

* See IDOLATRY.

Cicero and ancient Rome.* He boldly supposes that Cicero pronounced these words, in his Oration for Flaccus:

“It is unworthy of the majesty of the empire to adore one only God—*Majestatem imperii non decuit ut unus tantum Deus colatur.*”

It will, perhaps, hardly be believed, that there is not a word of this in the oration for Flaccus, nor in any of Cicero's works. Flaccus, who had exercised the praetorship in Asia Minor, is charged with practising some vexations. He was secretly persecuted by the Jews, who then inundated Rome; for, by their money, they had obtained privileges in Rome at the very time when Pompey, after Crassus, had taken Jerusalem, and hanged their petty king, Alexander, son of Aristobolus. Flaccus had forbidden the conveying of gold and silver specie to Jerusalem, because the money came back altered, and commerce was thereby injured; and he had seized the gold which was clandestinely carried. This gold, said Cicero, is still in the treasury. Flaccus has acted as disinterestedly as Pompey.

Cicero, then, with his wonted irony, pronounces these words:—“Each country has its religion: we have ours. While Jerusalem was yet free, while the Jews were yet at peace, even then they held in abhorrence the splendour of this empire, the dignity of the Roman name, the institutions of our ancestors. Now that nation has shown more than ever, by the strength of its arms, what it ought to think of the Roman empire. It has shown us, by its valour, how dear it is to the immortal gods: it has proved it to us, by its being vanquished, expatriated, and tributary.”—“*Stantibus Hierosolymis, pacatisque Judais, tamen istorum religio sacrorum, à splendore hujus imperii, gravitate nominis nostri, majorum institutis, abhorrebat: nunc verò hoc magis quid illa gens, quid de imperio nostro sentiret, ostendit animis: quam cara diis immortalibus esset, decuit, quod est, vieti, quod elocata, quod servata.*”

* Preface to the second part of Vol. II. of “The Legation of Menes,” p. 10.

It is then quite false, that Cicero, or any other Roman, ever said that it did not become the majesty of the empire to acknowledge a supreme God. Their Jupiter, the Zeus of the Greeks, the Jehovah of the Phenicians, was always considered as the master of the secondary gods. This great truth cannot be too forcibly inculcated.

Did the Romans take their Gods from the Greeks?

Had not the Romans several gods for whom they were not indebted to the Greeks?

For instance, they could not be guilty of plagiarism in adoring Cœlum, while the Greeks adored Ouranon; or in addressing themselves to Saturnus and Tellus, while the Greeks addressed themselves to Ge and Chronos.

They called Ceres, her whom the Greeks named Deo and Demeter.

Their Neptune was Poseidon, their Venus was Aphrodite; their Juno was called, in Greek, Era; their Proserpine, Core; and their favourites, Mars and Bellona, were Ares and Enio. In none of these instances do the names resemble.

Did the inventive spirits of Rome and of Greece assemble? or did the one take from the other the thing, while they disguised the name?

It is very natural that the Romans, without consulting the Greeks, should make to themselves gods of the heavens, of time; beings presiding over war, over generation, over harvests, without going to Greece to ask for gods, as they afterwards went there to ask for laws. When you find a name that resembles nothing else, it is but fair to believe it a native of that particular country.

But is not *Jupiter*, the master of all the gods, a word belonging to every nation, from the Euphrates to the Tiber. Among the first Romans, it was *Jon*, *Jovis*; among the Greeks, *Zeus*; among the Phenicians, the Syrians, and the Egyptians, *Jehovah*.

Does not this resemblance serve to confirm the supposition, that every people had the knowledge of the

Supreme Being?—a knowledge confused, it is true; but what man can have it distinct?

SECTION III.

Examination of Spinoza.

Spinoza cannot help admitting an intelligence acting in matter, and forming a whole with it.

"I must conclude," he says, "that the absolute Being is neither thought nor extent, exclusively of each other; but that extent and thought are necessary attributes of the absolute Being."*

Herein he appears to differ from all the atheists of antiquity; from Ocellus, Lucanus, Heraclitus, Democritus, Leucippus, Strato, Epicurus, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Zeno of Elis, Anaximander, and so many others. He differs from them, above all, in his method, which he took entirely from the reading of Descartes, whose very style he has imitated.

The multitude of those who cry out against Spinoza, without ever having read him, will especially be astonished by his following declaration. He does not make it to dazzle mankind, nor to appease theologians, nor to obtain protectors, nor to disarm a party: he speaks as a philosopher, without naming himself, without advertising himself; and expresses himself in Latin, so as to be understood by a very small number. Here is his profession of faith.

Spinoza's Profession of Faith.†

"If I also concluded that the idea of God, comprised in that of the infinity of the universe, excused me from obedience, love, and worship, I should make a still more pernicious use of my reason: for it is evident to me that the laws which I have received, not by the relation or intervention of other men, but immediately from him, are those which the light of nature points out to me as the true guides of

rational conduct. If I failed of obedience in this particular, I should sin, not only against the principle of my being and the society of my kind, but also against myself, in depriving myself of the most solid advantage of my existence. This obedience does, it is true, bind me only to the duties of my state, and makes me look on all beside as frivolous practices, invented in superstition to serve the purposes of their inventors.

"With regard to the love of God, so far, I conceive, is this idea from tending to weaken it, that no other is more calculated to increase it; since, through it, I know that God is intimate with my being; that he gives me existence, and my every property; but he gives me them liberally, without reproach, without interest, without subjecting me to anything but my own nature. It banishes fear, uneasiness, distrust, and all the effects of a vulgar or interested love. It informs me, that this is a good which I cannot lose, and which I possess the more fully, as I know and love it."

Are these the words of the virtuous and tender Fénelon, or those of Spinoza? How is it that two men so opposed to each other, have, with such different notions of God, concurred in the idea of loving God for himself?

It must be acknowledged, that they went both to the same end,—the one as a christian, the other as a man who had the misfortune not to be so; the holy archbishop as a philosopher, convinced that God is distinct from nature; the other as a widely-erring disciple of Descartes, who imagined that God is all nature.

The former was orthodox, the latter was mistaken,—I must assent; but both were honest, both estimable in their sincerity, as in their mild and simple manners; though there is no other point of resemblance between the imitator of the Odyssey, and a dry Cartesian fenced round with arguments; between one of the most accomplished men of the court of Louis XIV. invested with what is called a high dignity, and a poor unfor-

daized Jew, living, with an income of three hundred florins, in the most profound obscurity.*

If there be any similitude between them, it is that Fénelon was accused before the sanhedrim of the new law, and the other, before a synagogue without power as without reason; but the one submitted, the other rebelled.

Foundation of Spinoza's Philosophy.

The great dialectician Bayle has refuted Spinoza.† His system, therefore, is not demonstrated, like one of Euclid's propositions; for if it were so, it could not be combated. It is, therefore, at least obscure.

I have always had some suspicion that Spinoza, with his universal substance, his modes and accidents, had some other meaning than that in which he is understood by Bayle; and consequently, that Bayle may be right, without having confounded Spinoza. And, in particular, I have always thought that often Spinoza did not understand himself, and that this is the principal reason why he has not been understood.

It seems to me, that the ramparts of Spinosism might be beaten down on a side which Bayle has neglected, Spinoza thinks that there can exist but one substance; and it appears throughout his book, that he builds his theory on the mistake of Descartes, that "Nature is a plenum."

The theory of a plenum is as false as that of a void. It is now demonstrated, that motion is as impossible in absolute fulness, as it is impossible that, in an equal balance, a weight of two pounds in one scale should sink a weight of two in the other.

Now, if every motion absolutely requires empty space, what becomes of Spinoza's one and only substance? How can the substance of a star, between which and us there is a void so immense, be precisely

* After his death, it was seen, by his accounts, that he had sometimes spent no more than four sous and a half per day, for his food. This would not quite suffice for a dinner of monks assembled in chapter.

† See Bayle's Dictionary, article SPINOZA.

the substance of this earth, or the substance of myself? or the substance of a fly eaten by a spider? *

Perhaps I mistake, but I never have been able to conceive how Spinoza, admitting an infinite substance of which thought and matter are the two modalities—admitting the substance which he calls God, and of which all that we see is mode or accident—could nevertheless reject final causes. If this infinite, universal being thinks, must he not have design? If he has design, must he not have a will? Spinoza says, we are modes of that absolute, necessary, infinite being. I say to Spinoza, We will, and have design, we who are but modes; therefore this infinite, necessary, absolute being cannot be deprived of them; therefore he has will, design, power.

I am aware that various philosophers, and especially Lucretius, have denied final causes; I am also aware that Lucretius, though not very chaste, is a very great poet in his descriptions and in his morals; but in philosophy I own he appears to me to be very far behind a college porter or a parish beadle. To affirm that the eye is not made to see, nor the ear to hear, nor the stomach to digest,—is not this the most enormous absurdity, the most revolting folly, that ever entered the human mind? Doubter as I am, this insanity seems to me evident, and I say so.

For my part, I see in nature, as in the arts, only final causes; and I believe that an apple-tree is made to bear apples, as I believe that a watch is made to tell the hour.

I must here acquaint the reader, that if Spinoza, in several passages of his works, makes a jest of final causes, he most expressly acknowledges them in the first part of his *Being in General and in Particular*.†

Here he says, “Permit me for a few moments to dwell with admiration on the wonderful dispensation

* The reason that Bayle did not press this argument is, that he was unacquainted with the demonstrations of Newton, Keill, Gregory, and Halley, that a void is necessary to motion.

† Page 14.

of nature, which, having enriched the constitution of man with all the resources necessary to prolong to a certain term the duration of his frail existence, and to animate his knowledge of himself by that of an infinity of distant objects, seems purposely to have neglected to give him the means of well knowing what he is obliged to make a more ordinary use of—the individuals of his own species. Yet, when duly considered, this appears less the effect of a refusal than of an extreme liberality; for, if there were any intelligent being that could penetrate another against his will, he would enjoy such an advantage, as would of itself exclude him from society; whereas, in the present state of things, each individual enjoying himself in full independence, communicates himself so much only as he finds convenient."

What shall I conclude from this? That Spinoza frequently contradicted himself; that he had not always clear ideas; that in the great wreck of systems, he clung sometimes to one plank, sometimes to another; that in this weakness he was like Mallebranche, Arnauld, Bossuet, and Claude, who now and then contradicted themselves in their disputes; that he was like numberless metaphysicians and theologians. I shall conclude, that I have additional reason for distrusting all my metaphysical notions; that I am a very feeble animal, treading on quicksands, which are continually giving way beneath me; and that there is perhaps nothing so foolish as to believe ourselves always in the right.

Baruch* Spinoza, you are very confused: but are you as dangerous as you are said to be? I maintain that you are not; and my reason is, that you *are* confused, that you have written in bad Latin, and that there are not ten persons in Europe who read you from beginning to end, although you have been translated into French. Who is the dangerous author?—he who is read by the idle at court and by the ladies.

* His name is Baruch, and not Benedict; for he was never baptised.

SECTION IV.

The "System of Nature."

The author of the *System of Nature* * has had the advantage of being read by both learned and ignorant, and by women. His style, then, has merits which that of Spinoza wanted. He is often luminous, sometimes eloquent; although he may be charged, like all the rest, with repetition, declamation, and self-contradiction. But for profundity, he is very often to be distrusted both in physics and in morals. The interest of mankind is here in question; we will, therefore, examine whether his doctrine is true and useful; and will, if we can, be brief.

"Order and disorder do not exist."†

What! in physics, is not a child born blind, without legs, or a monster, contrary to the nature of the species? Is it not the ordinary regularity of nature that makes order, and irregularity that constitutes disorder? Is it not a great derangement, a dreadful disorder, when nature gives a child hunger and closes the œsophagus? The evacuations of every kind are necessary; yet the channels are frequently without orifices, which it is necessary to remedy. Doubtless this disorder has its cause; for there is no effect without a cause: but it is a very disordered effect.

Is not the assassination of our friend, or of our brother, a horrible disorder in morals? Are not the calumnies of a Garasse, a Le Tellier, a Doucin, against jansenists, and those of jansenists against jesuits, petty disorders? Were not the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Irish massacres, &c. execrable disorders? This crime has its cause in passion, but the effect is execrable: the cause is fatal; this disorder makes us shudder. The origin of the disorder remains to be discovered, but the disorder exists.

"Experience proves to us, that the matter which we regard as inert and dead, assumes action, intelli-

gence, and life, when it is combined in a certain way."*

This is precisely the difficulty. How does a germ come to life? Of this the author and the reader are alike ignorant. Hence, are not the System of Nature, and all the systems in the world, so many dreams?

"It would be necessary to define the vital principle, which I deem impossible."†

Is not this definition very easy, very common? Is not life organization with feeling? But that you have these two properties from the motion of matter alone, it is impossible to give any proof: and if it cannot be proved, why affirm it? Why say aloud, "I know," while you say to yourself, "I know not?"

"It will be asked, what is man?" &c.‡

Assuredly, this article is no clearer than the most obscure of Spinoza's; and many readers will feel indignant at the decisive tone which is assumed without anything being explained.

"Matter is eternal and necessary; but its forms and its combinations are transitory and contingent," &c.§

It is hard to comprehend, matter being, according to our author, necessary, and without freedom, how there can be anything contingent. By contingency, we understand that which may be, or may not be: but since all must be, of absolute necessity, every manner of being, which he here very erroneously calls contingent, is as absolutely of necessity as the being itself. Here again we are in a labyrinth.

When you venture to affirm that there is no God, that matter acts of itself by an eternal necessity, it must be demonstrated like a proposition in Euclid, otherwise you rest your system only on a perhaps. What a foundation for that which is most interesting to the human race!

"If man is by his nature forced to love his well-being, he is forced to love the means of that well-

* Page 69.

† Page 78.

‡ Page 80.

§ Page 83.

being. It were useless, and perhaps unjust, to ask a man to be virtuous, if he cannot be so without making himself unhappy. So soon as vice makes him happy, he must love vice.”*

This maxim is yet more execrable in morals than the others are in physics. Were it true that a man could not be virtuous without suffering, he must be encouraged to suffer. Our author's proposition would evidently be the ruin of society. Besides, how does he know that we cannot be happy without having vices? On the contrary, is it not proved by experience, that the satisfaction of having subdued them is a thousand times greater than the pleasure of yielding to them—a pleasure always envenomed, a pleasure leading to woe. By subduing our vices, we acquire tranquillity, the consoling testimony of our conscience; by giving ourselves up to them, we lose our health, our quiet—we risk everything. Thus our author himself, in twenty passages, wishes all to be sacrificed to virtue; and he advances this proposition only to give in his system a fresh proof of the necessity of being virtuous.

“They who, with so many arguments, reject innate ideas, should have perceived, that this ineffable intelligence by which the world is said to be guided, and of which our senses can determine neither the existence nor the qualities, is a being of reason.”†

But truly, how does it follow from our having no innate ideas, that there is no God? Is not this consequence absurd? Is there any contradiction in saying, that God gives us ideas through our senses? Is it not, on the contrary, most clearly evident, that if there is an Almighty Being from whom we have life, we owe to him our ideas and our senses as well as everything else? It should first have been proved that God does not exist, which our author has not done, which he has not even attempted to do before this page of his tenth chapter.

Fearful of wearying the reader by an examination of all these detached passages, I will come at once to the foundation of the book, and the astonishing error upon which the author has built his system.

Story of the Eels, on which the System is founded.

About the year 1750 there was, in France, an English jesuit called Needham, disguised as a secular, who was then serving as tutor to the nephew of M. Dillon, archbishop of Toulouse. This man made experiments in natural philosophy, and especially in chemistry.

Having put some rye-meal into well-corked bottles, and some boiled mutton gravy into other bottles, he thought that his mutton gravy and his meal had given birth to eels, which again produced others; and that thus a race of eels was formed indifferently from the juice of meat, or from a grain of rye.

A natural philosopher, of some reputation, had no doubt that this Needham was a profound atheist. He concluded that, since eels could be made of rye-meal, men might be made of wheat flour; that nature and chemistry produce all; and that it was demonstrated we may very well dispense with an all-forming God.

This property of meal very easily deceived one who, unfortunately, was already wandering amidst ideas that should make us tremble for the weakness of the human mind.* He wanted to dig a hole in the centre of the earth, to see the central fire; to dissect Patagonians, that he might know the nature of the soul; to cover the sick with pitch, to prevent them from perspiring; to exalt his soul, that he might foretell the future. If to these things it were added, that he had the still greater unhappiness of seeking to oppress two of his brethren, it would do no honour to atheism; it would only serve to make us look into ourselves with confusion.

It is really strange that men, while denying a Creator, should have attributed to themselves the power of creating eels.

But it is yet more deplorable that natural philosophers, of better information, adopted the jesuit Needham's ridiculous system, and joined it to that of Maillet, who asserted that the ocean had formed the Alps and the Pyrenees, and that men were originally porpoises, whose forked tails changed in the course of time into thighs and legs. Such fancies are worthy to be placed with the eels formed by meal.

We were assured, not long ago, that at Brussels a hen had brought forth half-a-dozen young rabbits.

This transmutation of meal and gravy into eels was demonstrated to be as false and ridiculous, as it really is, by M. Spallanzani, a rather better observer than Needham.

But the extravagance of so palpable an illusion was evident without his observations. Needham's eels soon followed the Brussels hen.

Nevertheless, in 1768, the correct, elegant, and judicious translator of Lucretius was so far led away, that he not only in his notes to book viii. p. 361, repeats Needham's pretended experiments, but he also does all he can to establish their validity.

Here, then, we have the new foundation of the System of Nature.

The author, in the second chapter, thus expresses himself:—

“After moistening meal with water, and shutting up the mixture, it is found after a little time, with the aid of the microscope, that it has produced organised beings, of whose production the water and meal were believed to be incapable. Thus inanimate nature can pass into life, which is itself but an assemblage of motions.”*

Were this unparalleled blunder true, yet, in rigorous reasoning, I do not see how it would prove there is no God; I do not see why a supreme, intelligent, and mighty Being, having formed the sun and the stars, might not also deign to form animalculæ without a germ. Here is no contradiction in terms. A demon-

* Part i. p. 23. For Needham's eels, see the volume of Physics.

strategic proof that God has no existence must be sought elsewhere; and most assuredly no person has ever found, or will ever find one.

Our author treats final causes with contempt, because the argument is hacknied; but this much-contemned argument is that of Cicero and of Newton. This alone might somewhat lessen the confidence of atheists in themselves. The number is not small of the sages who, observing the course of the stars, and the prodigious art that pervades the structure of animals and vegetables, have acknowledged a powerful hand working these continual wonders.

The author asserts that matter, blind and without choice, produces intelligent animals. Produce, without intelligence, beings with intelligence! Is this conceivable? Is this system founded on the smallest verisimilitude? An opinion so contradictory requires proofs no less astonishing than itself. The author gives us none; he never proves anything; but he affirms all that he advances. What chaos! what confusion! and what temerity!

Spinoza at least acknowledged an intelligence acting in this great whole, which constituted nature: in this there was philosophy. But in the new system, I am under the necessity of saying that there is none.

Matter has extent, solidity, gravity, divisibility. I have all these as well as this stone: but was a stone ever known to feel and think. If I am extended, solid, divisible, I owe it to matter. But I have sensations and thoughts—to what do I owe them? Not to water, not to mine—most likely to something more powerful than myself. Solely to the combination of the elements, you will say. Then prove it to me. Show me plainly that my intelligence cannot have been given me by an intelligent cause. To this are you reduced.

Our author successfully combats the God of the schoolmen—a God composed of discordant qualities—a God to whom, as to those of Homer, are attributed the passions of men—a God capricious, fickle, unreasonable, absurd: but he cannot combat the God of the wise. The wise, contemplating nature, admit an

intelligent and supreme power. It is perhaps impossible for human reason, destitute of divine assistance, to go a step farther.

Our author asks where this being resides; and, from the impossibility that any one, without being infinite, should tell where he resides, he concludes that he does not exist. This is not philosophical; for we are not, because we cannot tell where the cause of an effect is, to conclude that there is no cause. If you had never seen a gunner, and you saw the effects of a battery of cannon, you would not say, it acts entirely by itself.

Shall it, then, only be necessary for you to say, there is no God, in order to be believed on your own word?

Finally, his great objection is, the woes and crimes of mankind—an objection alike ancient and philosophical; an objection common, but fatal and terrible, and to which we find no answer but in the hope of a better life. Yet what is this hope? We can have no certainty in it but from reason. But I will venture to say, that when it is proved to us that a vast edifice, constructed with the greatest art, is built by an architect, whoever he may be, we ought to believe in that architect, even though the edifice should be stained with our blood, polluted by our crimes, and should crush us in its fall. I enquire not whether the architect is a good one, whether I ought to be satisfied with his building, whether I should quit it rather than stay in it, nor whether those who are lodged in it for a few days, like myself, are content: I only enquire, if it be true that there is an architect, or if this house, containing so many fine apartments and so many wretched garrets, built itself.

SECTION V.

The Necessity of believing in a Supreme Being.

The great, the interesting object, as it appears to me, is, not to argue metaphysically, but to consider whether, for the common good of us miserable and thinking animals, we should admit a rewarding and avenging God, at once our restraint and consolation, or should

reject this idea, and so abandon ourselves to calamity without hope, and crime without remorse.

Hobbes says, that if, in a commonwealth, in which no God should be acknowledged, any citizen were to propose one, he would have him hanged.

Apparently, he meant by this strange exaggeration, a citizen who should seek to rule in the name of a god, a charlatan who would make himself a tyrant. We understand citizens, who, feeling the weakness of human nature, its perverseness, and its misery, seek some prop to support it through the languors and horrors of this life.

From Job down to us, a great many men have cursed their existence; we have, therefore, perpetual need of consolation and hope. Of these your philosophy deprives us. The fable of Pandora was better; it left us hope—which you snatch from us! Philosophy, you say, furnishes no proof of happiness to come. No—but you have no demonstration of the contrary. There may be in us an indestructible monade which feels and thinks, without our knowing anything at all of how that monade is made. Reason is not absolutely opposed to this idea, though reason alone does not prove it. Has not this opinion a prodigious advantage over yours? Mine is useful to mankind, yours is baneful; say of it what you will, it may encourage a Nero, an Alexander VI. or a Cartouche. Mine may restrain them.

Marcus Antoninus and Epictetus believed that their monade, of whatever kind it was, would be united to the monade of the Great Being; and they were the most virtuous of men.

In the state of doubt in which we both are, I do not say to you with Pascal, "chuse the safest." There is no safety in uncertainty. We are here not to talk, but to examine; we must judge, and our judgment is not determined by our will. I do not propose to you to believe extravagant things, in order to escape embarrassment. I do not say to you, Go to Mecca, and instruct yourself by kissing the black stone, take hold of a cow's tail, muffle yourself in a scapulary, or be im-

be vile and fanatical to acquire the favour of the Being of beings. I say to you, Continue to cultivate virtue, to be beneficent, to regard all superstition with horror, or with pity; but adore, with me, the design which is manifested in all nature, and consequently the author of that design—the primordial and final cause of all; hope with me that our monade, which reasons on the great eternal Being, may be happy through that same great Being. There is no contradiction in this. You can no more demonstrate its impossibility, than I can demonstrate mathematically that it is so. In metaphysics we scarcely reason on anything but probabilities. We are all swimming in a sea of which we have never seen the shore. Woe be to those who fight while they swim! Land who can; but he that cries out to me, “You swim in vain, there is no land;” disheartens me, and deprives me of all my strength.

What is the object of our dispute? To console our unhappy existence. Who consoles it—You, or I?

You yourself own, in some passages of your work, that the belief in a God has withheld some men on the brink of crime; for me, this acknowledgment is enough. If this opinion had prevented but ten assassinations, but ten calumnies, but ten iniquitous judgments on the earth, I hold that the whole earth ought to embrace it.

Religion, you say, has produced thousands of crimes—say, rather, superstition, which unhappily reigns over this globe; it is the most cruel enemy of the pure adoration due to the Supreme Being.

Let us detest this monster which has constantly been tearing the bosom of its mother; they who combat it are benefactors to mankind: it is a serpent enclosing religion in its folds, its head must be bruised without wounding the parent whom it infects and devours.

You fear, “that, by adoring God, men would soon again become superstitious and fanatical.” But is it not to be feared that, in denying him, they would abandon themselves to the most atrocious passions and the most frightful crimes? Between these two extremes:

is there not a very rational mean? Where is the safe track between these two rocks? It is God, and wise laws.

You affirm, that it is but one step from adoration to superstition: but there is an infinity to well-constituted minds, and these are now very numerous: they are at the head of nations; they influence public manners, and, year by year, the fanaticism that overspread the earth is receding in its detestable usurpations.

I shall say a few words more in answer to what you say in page 223. "If it be presumed that there are relations between man and this incredible being, then altars must be raised and presents must be made to him, &c.; if no conception be formed of this being, then the matter must be referred to priests, who . . ." &c. &c. &c. A great evil to be sure, to assemble in the harvest season, and thank God for the bread that he has given us! Who says you should make presents to God? The idea is ridiculous! But where is the harm of employing a citizen, called an 'elder' or 'priest,' to render thanks to the divinity in the name of the other citizens?—provided the priest is not a Gregory VII. trampling on the heads of kings, nor an Alexander VI. polluting by incest his daughter, the offspring of a rape, and, by the aid of his bastard son, poisoning and assassinating almost all the neighbouring princes: provided that, in a parish, this priest is not a knave, picking the pockets of the penitents he confesses, and using the money to seduce the girls he catechises; provided that this priest is not a Le Tellier, putting the whole kingdom in combustion by rogueries worthy of the pillory, nor a Warburton, violating the laws of society, making public the private papers of a member of parliament in order to ruin him, and calumniating whosoever is not of his opinion. The latter cases are rare. The sacerdotal state is a curb which forces to good behaviour.

A stupid priest excites contempt; a bad priest inspires horror; a good priest, mild, pious, without superstition, charitable, tolerant, is one who ought to be cherished and revered. You dread abuses—so do I.

Let us unite to prevent them; but let us not condemn the usage when it is useful to society, when it is not perverted by fanaticism, or by fraudulent wickedness.

I have one very important thing to tell you. I am persuaded that you are in a great error, but I am equally convinced that you are honest in your self-delusion. You would have men virtuous even without a God, although you have unfortunately said that "as soon as vice renders men happy, he must love vice"—a frightful proposition, which your friends should have prevailed on you to erase. Everywhere else you inspire probity. This philosophical dispute will only be between you and a few philosophers scattered over Europe; the rest of the earth will not even hear of it. The people do not read us. If some theologian were to seek to persecute us, he would be impudent as well as wicked; he would but serve to confirm you, and to make new atheists.

You are wrong: but the Greeks did not persecute Epicurus; the Romans did not persecute Lucretius. You are wrong: but your genius and your virtue must be respected, while you are refuted with all possible strength.

In my opinion, the finest homage that can be rendered to God is, to stand forward in his defence without anger; as the most unworthy portrait that can be drawn of him is, to paint him vindictive and furious. He is truth itself; and truth is without passion. To be a disciple of God is, to announce him as of a mild heart and an unalterable mind.

I think, with you, that fanaticism is a monster a thousand times more dangerous than philosophical atheism. Spinoza did not commit a single bad action. Châtel and Ravailac, both devotees, assassinated Henry IV.

The atheist of the closet is almost always a quiet philosopher; while the fanatic is always turbulent: but the contratheist, the atheistical prince, might be the scourge of mankind. Borgia and his like have done almost as much harm as the fanatic of Münster and of

the Cevennes. I say the fanatics on both sides. The misfortune is, that atheists of the closet make atheists of the court. It was Chiron who brought up Achilles: he fed him with lion's marrow. Achilles will one day drag Hector's body round the walls of Troy, and immolate twelve captives to his vengeance.

God keep us from an abominable priest who should hew a king in pieces with his sacrificing knife! as also from him who, with a helmet on his head and a cuirass on his back, at the age of seventy, should dare to sign with his three bloody fingers the ridiculous excommunication of a king of France! and from . . . and from . . .

But also, may God preserve us from a choleric and barbarous despot, who, not believing in a God, should be his own God, who should render himself unworthy of his sacred trust by trampling on the duties which that trust imposes, who should remorselessly sacrifice to his passions his friends, his relatives, his servants, and his people. These two tigers, the one shorn, the other crowned, are equally to be feared. By what means shall we muzzle them? . . .

If the idea of a God has made a Titus or a Trajan, an Antonine or an Aurelius, and those great Chinese emperors, whose memory is so dear to the second of the most ancient and most extensive empires in the world, these examples are sufficient for my cause—and my cause is that of all mankind.

I do not believe that there is in all Europe one statesman, one man at all versed in the affairs of the world, who has not the most profound contempt for the legends with which we have been inundated, even more than we now are with pamphlets. If religion no longer gives birth to civil wars, it is to philosophy alone that we are indebted, theological disputes beginning to be regarded in much the same manner as the quarrels of Punch and Joan at the fair. An usurpation, alike odious and ridiculous, founded upon fraud on one side, and stupidity on the other, is every instant undermined by reason, which is establishing its reign. The bull "In conat Domini"—that masterpiece of insolence

and folly, no longer dares appear, even in Rome. If a regiment of monks makes the least evolution against the laws of the state, it is immediately broken. But, because the jesuits have been expelled, must we also expel God? On the contrary, we must love him the more.

SECTION VI.

In the reign of Arcadius, Logomachos, a theologue of Constantinople, went into Scythia and stopped at the foot of Mount Caucasus in the fruitful plains of Zephirim, on the borders of Colchis. The good old man Dondindac was in his great hall, between his large sheepfold and his extensive barn; he was on his knees with his wife, his five sons and five daughters, his kinsmen and servants; and all were singing the praises of God, after a light repast.—“What art thou doing, idolater?” said Logomachos to him. “I am not an idolater,” said Dondindac. “Thou must be an idolater,” said Logomachos “for thou art not a Greek. Come, tell me what thou wast singing in thy barbarous Scythian jargon?”—“All tongues are alike to the ears of God,” answered the Scythian; “we were singing his praises.”—“Very extraordinary!” returned the theologue; “a Scythian family praying to God without having been instructed by us!” He soon entered into conversation with the Scythian Dondindac; for the theologue knew a little Scythian, and the other a little Greek. This conversation has been found in a manuscript preserved in the library of Constantinople.

LOGOMACHOS.

Let us see if thou knowest thy catechism. Why dost thou pray to God?

DONDINDAC.

Because it is just to adore the Supreme Being, from whom we have everything.

LOGOMACHOS.

Very fair for a barbarian. And what dost thou ask of him?

DONDINDAC.

I thank him for the blessings I enjoy, and even for the trials which he sends me; but I am careful to ask

nothing of him; for he knows our wants better than we do; besides, I should be afraid of asking for fair weather while my neighbour was asking for rain.

LOGOMACHOS.

Alas! I thought he would say some nonsense or other. Let us begin further back. Barbarian, who told thee that there is a God?

DONDINDAC.

All nature tells me.

LOGOMACHOS.

That is not enough. What idea hast thou of God?

DONDINDAC.

The idea of my Creator; my master, who will reward me if I do good, and punish me if I do evil.

LOGOMACHOS.

Trifles! trash! Let us come to some essentials. Is God infinite *secundum quid*, or according to essence?

DONDINDAC.

I don't understand you.

LOGOMACHOS.

Brute beast! Is God in one place, or in every place?

DONDINDAC.

I know not . . . just as you please.

LOGOMACHOS.

Ignoramus! . . . Can he cause that which has not been to have been, or that a stick shall not have two ends? Does he see the future as future, or as present? How does he draw being from nothing, and how reduce being to nothing?

DONDINDAC.

I have never examined these things.

LOGOMACHOS.

What a stupid fellow! Well, I must come nearer to thy level. . . . Tell me, friend, dost thou think that matter can be eternal?

DONDINDAC.

What matters it to me whether it exists from all eternity or not? I do not exist from all eternity. God must still be my master. He has given me the nature of

justice; it is my duty to follow it: I seek not to be a philosopher; I wish to be a man.

LOGOMACHOS.

One has a great deal of trouble with these block-heads. Let us proceed step by step. What is God?

DONDINDAC.

My sovereign, my judge, my father.

LOGOMACHOS.

That is not what I ask. What is his nature?

DONDINDAC.

To be mighty and good.

LOGOMACHOS.

But is he corporeal or spiritual?

DONDINDAC.

How should I know that?

LOGOMACHOS.

What; dost thou not know what a spirit is?

DONDINDAC.

Not in the least. Of what service would that knowledge be to me? Should I be more just? Should I be a better husband, a better father, a better master, or a better citizen?

LOGOMACHOS.

Thou must absolutely be taught what a spirit is. It is . . . it is . . . it is . . . I will say what another time.

DONDINDAC.

I much fear that you will tell me rather what it is not than what it is. Permit me, in turn, to ask you one question. Some time ago, I saw one of your temples: why do you paint God with a long beard?

LOGOMACHOS.

That is a very difficult question, and requires preliminary instruction.

DONDINDAC.

Before I receive your instruction, I must relate to you a thing which one day happened to me. I had just built a closet at the end of my garden, when I heard a mole arguing thus with an ant:—"Here is a fine fabric," said the mole; "it must have been a very powerful mole that performed this work."—"You jest,"

returned the ant; "the architect of this edifice is an ant of mighty genius." From that time I resolved never to dispute.

GOOD; THE SOVEREIGN GOOD—A CHIMERA.

SECTION I.

HAPPINESS is an abstract idea composed of certain pleasurable sensations. Plato, who wrote better than he reasoned, conceived the notion of his world in archetype; that is, his original world,—of his general ideas of the beautiful, the good, the orderly, and the just, as if there had existed eternal beings, called order, good, beauty, and justice; whence might be derived the feeble copies exhibited here below of the just, the beautiful, and the good.

It is, then, in consequence of his suggestions, that philosophers have occupied themselves in seeking for the sovereign good, as chemists seek for the philosopher's stone; but the sovereign good has no more existence than the sovereign square, or the sovereign crimson: there is the crimson colour, and there are squares; but there is no general existence so denominated. This chimerical manner of reasoning was, for a long time, the bane of philosophy.

Animals feel pleasure in performing all the functions for which they are destined. The happiness which poetical fancy has imagined would be an uninterrupted series of pleasures, but such a series would be incompatible with our organs and our destination. There is great pleasure in eating, drinking, and connubial endearments; but it is clear that if a man were always eating, or always in the full extacy of enjoyment, his organs would be incapable of sustaining it: it is farther evident that he would be unable to fulfil the destinies he was born to, and that, in the case supposed, the human race would absolutely perish through pleasure.

To pass constantly and without interruption from one pleasure to another, is also a chimera. The woman who has conceived must go through childbirth, which

is a pain; the man is obliged to cleave wood and hew stone, which is not a pleasure.

If the name of happiness is meant to be applied to some pleasures which are diffused over human life, there is in fact, we must admit, happiness. If the name attaches only to one pleasure always permanent, or to a continued although varied range of delicious enjoyment, then happiness belongs not to this terra-queous globe. Go and seek for it elsewhere.

If we make happiness consist in any particular situation that a man may be in, as for instance, a situation of wealth, power, or fame, &c. we are no less mistaken. There are some scavengers who are happier than some sovereigns. Ask Cromwell whether he was more happy when he was lord protector of England, than when, in his youthful days, he enjoyed himself at a tavern; he will probably tell you in answer, that the period of his usurpation was not the period most productive of pleasures. How many plain or even ugly country women are more happy than were Helen and Cleopatra.

We must here however make one short remark; that when we say such a particular man is probably happier than some other, that a young muleteer has very superior advantages over Charles the fifth, that a dress-maker has more enjoyment than a princess, we should adhere to the probability of the case. There is certainly every appearance that a muleteer, in full health, must have more pleasure than Charles the fifth, laid up with the gout; but nevertheless it may also be, that Charles, on his crutches, revolves in his mind with such extacy the facts of his holding a king of France and a pope prisoners, that his lot is absolutely preferable to that of the young and vigorous muleteer.

It certainly belongs to God alone, to a being capable of seeing through all hearts, to decide which is the happiest man. There is only one case in which a person can affirm that his actual state is worse or better than that of his neighbour; this case is that of existing rivalry, and the moment that of victory.

I will suppose that Archimedes has an assignation at night with his mistress. Nomentanus has the same assignation at the same hour. Archimedes presents himself at the door, and it is shut in his face; but it is opened to his rival, who makes an excellent supper, which he enlivens by his repeated sallies of wit upon Archimedes, and after the conclusion of which he withdraws to still higher enjoyments, while the other remains exposed in the street to all the pelting of a pitiless storm. There can be no doubt that Nomentanus has a right to say, I am more happy to-night than Archimedes: I have more pleasure than he; but it is necessary, in order to admit the truth and justness of the inference of the successful competitor in his own favour, to suppose that Archimedes is thinking only about the loss of his good supper, about being despised and deceived by a beautiful woman, about being supplanted by his rival, and annoyed by the tempest; for, if the philosopher in the street should be calmly reflecting that his soul ought to be above being discomposed by a strumpet or a storm, if he should be absorbed in a profound and interesting problem, and if he should discover the proportions between the cylinder and the sphere, he may experience a pleasure a hundred times superior to that of Nomentanus.

It is only therefore in the single case of actual pleasure and actual pain, and without a reference to anything else whatever, that a comparison between any two individuals can be properly made. It is unquestionable that he who enjoys the society of his mistress is happier at the moment than his scorned rival deploring over his misfortune. A man in health supping on a fat partridge, is undoubtedly happier at the time than another under the torment of the colic; but we cannot safely carry our inferences farther; we cannot estimate the existence of one man against that of another; we possess no accurate balance for weighing desires and sensations.

We began this article with Plato and his sovereign good; we will conclude it with Solon and the saying

of his which has been so highly celebrated, that "we ought to pronounce no man happy before his death." This maxim, when examined into, will be found nothing more than a puerile remark, just like many other apothegms consecrated by their antiquity. The moment of death has nothing in common with the lot experienced by any man in life; a man may perish by a violent and ignominious death, and yet, up to that moment, may have enjoyed all the pleasures of which human nature is susceptible. It is very possible and very common for a happy man to cease to be so; no one can doubt it; but he has not the less had his happy moments.

What, then, can Solon's expression strictly and fairly mean? that a man happy to-day is not certain of being so to-morrow! In this case it is a truth so incontestable and trivial, that, not merely it is not worthy of being elevated into a maxim, but it is not worth delivering at all.

SECTION II.

Well-being is a rare possession. May not the sovereign good in this world be considered as a sovereign chimera? The Greek philosophers discussed at great length, according to their usual practice, this celebrated question. The reader will, probably, compare them to just so many mendicants reasoning about the philosopher's stone.

The sovereign good! What an expression! It might as well have been asked, What is the sovereign blue, or the sovereign ragout, or the sovereign walk, or the sovereign reading, &c.

Every one places his good where he can, and has as much of it as he can, in his own way, and in very scanty measure. Castor loved horses: his twin brother, to try a fall—

Quid dem? quid non dem? renais tu quod jubet alter . . .

Castor gaudet equis, ovo prugnatu eodem

Pugnis, &c.

The greatest good is that which delights us so powerfully as to render us incapable of feeling anything.

else; as the greatest evil is that which goes so far as to deprive us of all feeling. These are the two extremes of human nature, and these moments are short.

Neither extreme delight nor extreme torture can last a whole life. The sovereign good and the sovereign evil are nothing more than chimeras.

We all know the beautiful fable of Crantor. He introduces upon the stage at the Olympic games, Wealth, Pleasure, Health, and Virtue. Each claims the apple. Wealth says, I am the sovereign good, for with me all goods are purchased: Pleasure says, the apple belongs to me, for it is only on my account that wealth is desired: Health asserts, that without her there can be no pleasure, and wealth is useless: finally, Virtue states, that she is superior to the other three, because, although possessed of gold, pleasures, and health, a man may make himself very contemptible by misconduct. The apple was conferred on Virtue.

The fable is very ingenious; it would be still more so if Crantor had said, that the sovereign good consists in the combination of all the four rivals, Virtue, Health, Wealth, and Pleasure; but this fable neither does, nor can, resolve the absurd question about the sovereign good. Virtue is not a good. It is a duty. It is of a different nature; of a superior order. It has nothing to do with painful or with agreeable sensations. A virtuous man, labouring under stone and gout, without aid, without friends, destitute of necessities, persecuted, and chained down to the floor by a voluptuous tyrant who enjoys good health, is very wretched; and his insolent persecutor, caressing a new mistress on his bed of purple, is very happy. Say, if you please, that the persecuted sage is preferable to the persecuting profligate; say that you admire the one and detest the other; but confess that the sage in chains is scarcely less than mad with rage and pain: if he do not himself admit that he is so, he completely deceives you; he is a charlatan.

GOOD.

Of Good and Evil, Physical and Moral.

WE here treat of a question of the greatest difficulty and importance. It relates to the whole of human life. It would be of much greater consequence to find a remedy for our evils; but no remedy is to be discovered, and we are reduced to the sad necessity of tracing out their origin. With respect to this origin, men have disputed ever since the days of Zoroaster, and in all probability they disputed on the same subject long before him. It was to explain the mixture of good and evil that they conceived the idea of two principles—Oromazes, the author of light, and Arimanes, the author of darkness; the box of Pandora; the two vessels of Jupiter: the apple eaten by Eve; and a variety of other systems. The first of dialecticians, although not the first of philosophers, the illustrious Bayle, has clearly shown how difficult it is for christians who admit one only God, perfectly good and just, to reply to the objections of the Manicheans who acknowledge two Gods—one good, and the other evil.

The foundation of the system of the Manicheans, with all its antiquity, was not on that account more reasonable. Lemmas, susceptible of the most clear and rigid geometrical demonstration, should alone have induced any men to the adoption of such a theorem as the following:—"There are two necessary beings, both supreme, both infinite, both equally powerful, both in conflict with each other, yet, finally, agreeing to pour out upon this little planet,—one, all the treasures of his beneficence, and the other all the stores of his malice." It is in vain that the advocates of this hypothesis attempt to explain by it the cause of good and evil: even the fable of Prometheus explains it better. Every hypothesis, which only serves to assign a reason for certain things, without being, in addition to that recommendation, established upon indisputable principles, ought invariably to be rejected.

The christian doctors (independently of revelation, which makes everything credible) explain the origin of good and evil no better than the partner-gods of Zoroaster.

When they say God is a tender father, God is a just king; when they add the idea of infinity to that of love; that kindness, that justice which they observe in the best of their own species, they soon fall into the most palpable and dreadful contradictions. How could this sovereign, who possessed in infinite fullness the principle or quality of human justice; how could this father, entertaining an infinite affection for his children; how could this being, infinitely powerful, have formed creatures in his own likeness, to have them immediately afterwards tempted by a malignant demon, to make them yield to that temptation, to inflict death on those whom he had created immortal, and to overwhelm their posterity with calamities and crimes! We do not here speak of a contradiction still more revolting to our feeble reason. How could God, who ransomed the human race by the death of his only son; or rather, how could God, who took upon himself the nature of man, and died on the cross to save men from perdition, consign over to eternal tortures nearly the whole of that human race for whom he died? . . . Certainly, when we consider this system merely as philosophers (without the aid of faith) we must consider it as absolutely monstrous and abominable. It makes of God either pure and unmixed malice, and that malice infinite, which created thinking beings, on purpose to devote them to eternal misery, or absolute impotence and imbecility, in not being able to foresee or to prevent the torments of his offspring.

But the eternity of misery is not the subject of this article, which relates properly only to the good and evil of the present life. None of the doctors of the numerous churches of christianity, all of which advocate the doctrine we are here contesting, have been able to convince a single sage.

We cannot conceive how Bayle, who managed the weapons of dialectics with such admirable stren-

and dexterity, could content himself with introducing in a dispute a Manichean,* a Calvinist, a Molinist, and a Socinian. Why did he not introduce, as speaking, a reasonable and sensible man? Why did not Bayle speak in his own person? He would have said far better what we shall now venture to say ourselves.

A father, who kills his children, is a monster; a king who conducts his subjects into a snare, in order to obtain a pretext for delivering them up to punishment and torture, is an execrable tyrant. If you conceive God to possess the same kindness which you require in a father, the same justice that you require in a king, no possible resource exists by which, if we may use the expression, God can be exculpated; and by allowing him to possess infinite wisdom and infinite goodness you, in fact, render him infinitely odious; you excite a wish that he had no existence; you furnish arms to the atheist, who will ever be justified in triumphantly remarking to you, Better by far is it to deny a God altogether, than impute to him such conduct as you would punish, to the extremity of the law, in men.

We begin then with observing, that it is unbecoming in us to ascribe to God human attributes. It is not for us to make God after our own likeness. Human justice, human kindness, and human wisdom, can never be applied or made suitable to him. We may extend these attributes in our imagination as far as we are able to infinity; they will never be other than human qualities with boundaries perpetually or indefinitely removed; it would be equally rational to attribute to him infinite solidity, infinite motion, infinite roundness, or infinite divisibility. These attributes can never be his.

Philosophy informs us that this universe must have been arranged by a being incomprehensible, eternal, and existing by his own nature; but, once again, we must observe, that philosophy gives us no information on the subject of the attributes of that nature. We know what he is not, and not what he is.

* See in Bayle the articles "Manicheans," "Marcionites," "Paulicians."

With respect to God, there is neither good nor evil, physically or morally.

What is physical or natural evil? Of all evils, the greatest, undoubtedly, is death. Let us for a moment consider whether man could have been immortal.

In order that a body like ours should have been indissoluble, imperishable, it would have been necessary that it should not be composed of parts; that it should not be born; that it should have neither nourishment nor growth; that it should experience no change. Let any one examine each of these points; and let every reader extend their number according to his own suggestions, and it will be seen that the proposition of an immortal man is a contradiction.

If our organized body were immortal, that of mere animals would be so likewise: but it is evident that, in the course of a very short time, the whole globe would, in this case, be incompetent to supply nourishment to those animals; those immortal beings which subsist only in consequence of renovation by food, would then perish for want of the means of such renovation. All this involves contradiction. We might make various other observations on the subject, but every reader who deserves the name of a philosopher will perceive, that death was necessary to everything that is born; that death can neither be an error on the part of God, nor an evil, an injustice, nor a chastisement to man.

Man, born to die, can no more be exempt from pain than from death. To prevent an organized substance endowed with feeling from ever experiencing pain, it would be necessary that all the laws of nature should be changed; that matter should no longer be divisible; that it should neither have weight, action, nor force; that a rock might fall on an animal without crushing it; and that water should have no power to suffocate, or fire to burn it. Man impassive, then, is as much a contradiction as man immortal.

This feeling of pain was indispensable to stimulate us to self-preservation, and to impart to us such pleasures as are consistent with those general laws by which the whole system of nature is bound and regulated.

1
 2 If we never experienced pain, we should be every moment injuring ourselves without perceiving it. Without the excitement of uneasiness, without some sensation of pain, we should perform no function of life; should never communicate it, and should be destitute of all the pleasures of it. Hunger is the commencement of pain, which compels us to take our required nourishment. Ennui is a pain which stimulates to exercise and occupation. Love itself is a necessity which becomes painful until it is met with corresponding attachment. In a word, every desire is a want, a necessity, a beginning of pain. Pain, therefore, is the main spring of all the actions of animated beings. Every animal possessed of feeling must be liable to pain, if matter is divisible; and pain was as necessary as death. It is not, therefore, an error of providence, nor a result of malignity, nor a creature of imagination. Had we seen only brutes suffer, we should, for that, never have accused nature of harshness or cruelty; had we, while ourselves were impassive, witnessed the lingering and torturing death of a dove, when a kite seized upon it with his murderous talons, and leisurely devouring its bleeding limbs, doing in that no more than we do ourselves, we should not express the slightest murmur of dissatisfaction. But what claim have we for an exemption of our own bodies from such dismemberment and torture beyond what might be urged in behalf of brutes? Is it that we possess an intellect superior to theirs? But what has intellect to do with the divisibility of matter? Can a few ideas more or less in a brain prevent fire from burning, or a rock from crushing us?

Moral evil, upon which so many volumes have been written is, in fact, nothing but natural evil. This moral evil is a sensation of pain occasioned by one organized being to another. Rapine, outrage, &c. are evil only because they produce evil. But as we certainly are unable to do any evil, or occasion any pain to God; it is evident by the light of reason, (for faith is altogether a different principle) that in relation to the

Supreme Being and as affecting him, moral evil can have no existence.

As the greatest of natural evils is death, the greatest of moral evils is, unquestionably, war. All crimes follow in its train; false and calumnious declarations, perfidious violation of the treaties, pillage, devastation, pain, and death under every hideous and appalling form.

All this is physical evil in relation to man, but can no more be considered moral evil in relation to God than the rage of dogs worrying and destroying one another. It is a mere common-place idea, and as false as it is feeble, that men are the only species that slaughter and destroy one another. Wolves, dogs, cats, cocks, quails, &c. all war with their respective species: house spiders devour one another; the male universally fights for the female. This warfare is the result of the laws of nature, of principles in their very blood and essence; all is connected; all is necessary.

Nature has granted man about two-and-twenty years of life, one with another; that is, of a thousand children born in the same month, some of whom have died in their infancy, and the rest lived respectively to the age of thirty, forty, fifty, and even eighty years, or perhaps beyond, the average calculation will allow to each the above mentioned number of twenty-two years.

How can it affect the deity, whether a man die in battle or of a fever? War destroys fewer human beings than the small-pox. The scourge of war is transient, that of the small-pox reigns with paramount and permanent fatality throughout the earth, followed by a numerous train of others; and taking into consideration the combined, and nearly regular operation of the various causes which sweep mankind from the stage of life, the allowance of two-and-twenty years for every individual, will be found in general to be tolerably correct.

Man, you say, offends God by killing his neighbour; if this be the case, the directors of nations must indeed be tremendous criminals; for, while even invoking God to their assistance, they urge on to slaughter immense multitudes of their fellow-beings, for contemp-

tible interests, which it would show infinitely more policy, as well as humanity, to abandon. But how (to reason merely as philosophers) how do they offend God? Just as much as tigers and crocodiles offend him. It is, surely, not God whom they harass and torment, but their neighbour. It is only against man that man can be guilty. A highway robber can commit no robbery on God. What can it signify to the eternal deity, whether a few pieces of yellow metal are in the hands of Jerome or of Bonaventure? We have necessary desires, necessary passions, and necessary laws for the restraint of both; and while on this our ant-hill, during the little day of our existence, we are engaged in eager and destructive contest about a straw, the universe moves on in its majestic course, directed by eternal and unalterable laws, which comprehend in their operation the atom that we call the earth.

GOSPEL.

It is a matter of high importance to ascertain which are the first gospels. It is a decided truth, whatever Abbadie may assert to the contrary, that none of the first fathers of the church, down to Ireneus inclusively, have quoted any passage from the four gospels with which we are acquainted. And to this it may be added, that the Alogi, the Theodosians, constantly rejected the gospel of St. John, and always spoke of it with contempt; as we are informed by St. Epiphanius in his thirty-fourth homily. Our enemies farther observe, that the most ancient fathers do not merely forbear to quote anything from our gospels, but relate many passages or events which are to be found only in the apocryphal gospels rejected by the canon.

St. Clement, for example, relates that our Lord, having been questioned concerning the time when his kingdom would come, answered, "That will be when what is without shall resemble that within, and when there shall be neither male nor female." But we must admit that this passage does not occur in either of our gospels. There are innumerable other instances to

prove this truth; which may be seen in the Critical Examination of M. Freret, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris.

The learned Fabricius took the pains to collect the ancient gospels which time has spared; that of James appears to be the first; and it is certain that it still possesses considerable authority with some of the oriental churches. It is called "the first gospel." There remain the passion and the resurrection, pretended to have been written by Nicodemus. This gospel of Nicodemus is quoted by St. Justin and Tertullian. It is there we find the names of our Lord's accusers—Annas, Caiaphas, Soumas, Dathan, Gamahiel, Judas, Levi, and Naphthali; the attention and particularity with which these names are given, confer upon the work an appearance of truth and sincerity. Our adversaries have inferred, that as so many false gospels were forged, which at first were recognized as true, those which constitute at the present day the foundation of our own faith may have been forged also. They dwell much on the circumstance of the first heretics suffering even death itself in defence of these apocryphal gospels. There have evidently been, they say, forgers, seducers, and men who have been seduced by them into error, and died in defence of that error; it is, at least, therefore, no proof of the truth of christianity that it has had its martyrs who have died for it.

They add farther, that the martyrs were never asked the question, whether they believed the gospel of John or the gospel of James. The pagans could not put a series of interrogatories about books with which they were not at all acquainted; the magistrates punished some christians very unjustly, as disturbers of the public peace, but they never put particular questions to them in relation to our four gospels. These books were not known to the Romans before the time of Dioclesian, and even towards the close of Dioclesian's reign, they had scarcely obtained any publicity. It was deemed in a christian a crime both abominable and unpardonable to show a gospel to any gentile. This is

so true, that you cannot find the word gospel in any profane author whatever.

The rigid socinians, influenced by the above-mentioned or other difficulties, do not consider our four divine gospels in any other light than as works of clandestine introduction; fabricated about a century after the time of Jesus Christ, and carefully concealed from the gentiles for another century beyond that; works, as they express it, of a coarse and vulgar character, written by coarse and vulgar men, who for a long time confined their discourses and appeals to the mere populace of their party. We will not here repeat the blasphemies uttered by them. This sect, although considerably diffused and numerous, is at present as much concealed as were the first gospels. The difficulty of converting them is so much the greater, in consequence of their obstinately refusing to listen to anything but mere reason. The other christians contend against them only with the weapons of the holy scripture: it is consequently impossible that, being thus always in hostility with respect to principles, they should ever unite in their conclusions.

With respect to ourselves, let us ever remain inseparably attached to our four gospels, in union with the infallible church. Let us reject the five gospels which it has rejected; let us not enquire why our Lord Jesus Christ permitted five false gospels, five false histories of his life to be written; and let us submit to our spiritual pastors and directors, who alone on earth are enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

Into what a gross error did Abbadie fall when he considered as authentic the letters so ridiculously forged from Pilate to Tiberius, and the pretended proposal of Tiberius to place Jesus Christ in the number of the gods. If Abbadie is a bad critic and a contemptible reasoner, is the church on that account less enlightened? are we the less bound to believe it? ought we at all the less to submit to it?

GOVERNMENT.

SECTION I.

THE pleasure of governing must certainly be exquisite, if we may judge from the vast numbers who are eager to be concerned in it. We have many more books on government than there are monarchs in the world. Heaven preserve me from making any attempt here to give instruction to kings and their noble ministers—their valets, confessors, or financiers. I understand nothing about the matter; I have the profoundest respect and reverence for them all. It belongs only to Mr. Wilkes, with his English balance, to weigh the merits of those who are at the head of the human race. It would, besides, be exceedingly strange if, with three or four thousand volumes on the subject of government, with Machiavel, and Bossuet's "Policy of the Holy Scripture," with the "General Financier," the "Guide to Finances," the "Means of Enriching a State," &c. there could possibly be a single person living who was not perfectly acquainted with the duties of kings and the science of government.

Professor Puffendorf,* or, as perhaps we should rather say, baron Puffendorf, says that king David, having sworn never to attempt the life of Shimei, his privy counsellor, did not violate his oath when, according to the Jewish history, he instructed his son Solomon to get him assassinated, "because David had only engaged that he himself would not kill Shimei." The baron, who rebukes so sharply the mental reservations of the jesuits, allows David, in the present instance, to entertain one which would not be particularly palatable to privy counsellors.

Let us consider the words of Bossuet in his "Policy of the Holy Scripture," addressed to monseigneur the Dauphin. "Thus we see royalty established according to the order of succession in the house of David and Solomon, and the throne of David is secured for

* Puffendorf, book iv. chap. 11, article xiii.

ever, (although, by the way, that same little joint-stool, called a 'throne,' instead of being secured for ever, lasted, in fact, only a very short time.)" By virtue of this law, the eldest son was to succeed to the exclusion of his brothers, and on this account Adonijah, who was the eldest, said to Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, "Thou knowest that the kingdom was mine, and all Israel had recognized my right; but the Lord hath transferred the kingdom to my brother Solomon." The right of Adonijah was incontestible. Bossuet expressly admits this at the close of this article:—"The Lord has transferred" is only a usual phrase, which means, I have lost my property or right, I have been deprived of my right. Adonijah was the issue of a lawful wife; the birth of his younger brother was the fruit of a double crime.

"Unless, then," says Bossuet, "something extraordinary occurred, the eldest was to succeed." But the something extraordinary, in the present instance, which prevented it was, that Solomon, the issue of a marriage arising out of a double adultery and a murder, procured the assassination, at the foot of the altar, of his elder brother and his lawful king, whose rights were supported by the high priest Abiathar and the chief commander Joab. After this we must acknowledge that it is more difficult than some seem to imagine to take lessons on the rights of persons, and on the true system of government from the holy scriptures, which were first given to the Jews; and afterwards to ourselves, for purposes of a far higher nature. "The preservation of the people is the supreme law." Such is the fundamental maxim of nations; but in all civil wars the safety of the people is made to consist in slaughtering a number of the citizens; in all foreign wars, the safety of a people consists in killing their neighbours, and taking possession of their property. It is difficult to perceive in this especially salutary struggle of nations, and a government

eminently favourable to liberty of thought and social happiness. There are geometrical figures exceedingly regular and complete in their kind; arithmetic is perfect; many trades or manufactures are carried on in a manner constantly uniform and excellent; but with respect to the government of men, is it possible for any one to be good, when all are founded on passions in conflict with each other?

No convent of monks ever existed without discord; it is impossible therefore to exclude it from kingdoms. Every government resembles not merely a monastic institution, but a private household. There are none existing without quarrels; and quarrels between one people and another, between one prince and another, have ever been sanguinary; those between subjects and their sovereigns have been sometimes no less destructive. How is an individual to act? Must he risk joining in the conflict, or withdraw from the scene of action?

SECTION II.

More than one people are desirous of new constitutions. The English would have no objection to a change of ministers once in every eight hours; but they have no wish to change the form of their government.

The modern Romans are proud of their church of St. Peter and their ancient Greek statues; but the people would be glad to be better fed, although they were not quite so rich in benedictions; the fathers of families would be content that the church should have less gold, if the granaries had more corn; they regret the time when the apostles journeyed on foot, and when the citizens of Rome travelled from one palace to another in a litter.

We are incessantly reminded of the admirable republic of Greece. There is no question that the Greeks would prefer the government of Solon, Pericles, and Demosthenes to that of a pacha; but in their most prosperous and palmy times they were always complaining; discord and hatred prevailed between all the

cities without, had in every separate city within. They gave laws to the old Romans, who before that time had none; but their own were so bad, for themselves, that they were continually changing them.

What could be said in favour of a government under which the just Aristides was banished, Rhodanus put to death, Socrates condemned to drink hemlock after having been exposed to banter and derision on the stage by Aristophanes; and under which the Amphyrions, with contemptible imbecility, actually delivered up Greece into the power of Philip, because the Phocians had ploughed up a field which was part of the territory of Apollo? But the government of the neighbouring monarchies was worse.

Puffendorf promises us a discussion on the best form of government. He tells us,* "that many pronounce in favour of monarchy, and others, on the contrary, inveigh furiously against kings; and that it does not fall within the limits of his subject to examine in detail the reasons of the latter."

If any mischievous and malicious reader expects to be told here more than he is told by Puffendorf, he will be much deceived.

A Swiss, a Hollander, a Venetian nobleman, an English peer, a cardinal, and a count of the empire, were once disputing, on a journey, about the nature of their respective governments, and which of them deserved the preference: no one knew much about the matter; each remained in his own opinion without having any very distinct idea what that opinion was; and they returned without having come to any general conclusion; every one praising his own country from vanity, and complaining of it from feeling.

What, then, is the destiny of mankind? scarcely any great nation is governed by itself.

Begin from the east and take the circuit of the world. Japan closed its ports against foreigners from the well-founded apprehension of a dreadful revolution.

China actually experienced such a revolution; she

* Book vii. chap. 5.

obeys Tartars of a mixed race, half Mantchou and half Hun. India obeys Mogul Tartars. The Nile, the Orontes, Greece, and Epirus are still under the yoke of the Turks. It is not an English race that reigns in England; it is a German family which succeeded to a Dutch prince, as the latter succeeded to a Scotch family which had succeeded an Angevin family, that had replaced a Norman family, which had expelled a family of usurping Saxons. Spain obeys a French family; which succeeded to an Austrasian race, that Austrasian race had succeeded families that boasted of Visigoth extraction; these Visigoths had been long driven out by the Arabs, after having succeeded to the Romans who had expelled the Carthaginians.

Gaul obeys Franks, after having obeyed Roman prefects.

The same banks of the Danube have belonged to Germans, Romans, Arabs, Sclavonians, Bulgarians, and Huns, to twenty different families, and almost all foreigners.

And what greater wonder has Rome had to exhibit than so many emperors who were born in the barbarous provinces, and so many popes born in provinces no less barbarous? Let him govern who can. And when any one has succeeded in his attempts to become master, he governs as he can.

SECTION III.

In 1769, a traveller delivered the following narrative: "I saw, in the course of my journey, a large and populous country, in which all offices and places were purchasable; I do not mean clandestinely, and in evasion of the law, but publicly and in conformity to it. The right to judge, in the last resort of the honour, property, and life of the citizen, was put up to auction in the same manner as the right and property in a few acres of land.* Some very high commissions in the army are conferred only on the highest bidder. The

* If this traveller had passed through the country only two years afterwards, he would have found this infamous custom abolished, and four years after that he would have found it re-established.

French Ed.

principal mystery of their religion is celebrated for the petty sum of three sesterces, and if the celebrator does not obtain this fee he remains idle like a porter without employment.

"Fortunes in this country are not made by agriculture, but are derived from a certain game of chance; in great practice there, in which the parties sign their names, and transfer them from hand to hand." If they lose, they withdraw into the mud and mire of their original extraction; if they win, they share in the administration of public affairs, they marry their daughters to mandarins, and their sons become a species of mandarins also.

"A considerable number of the citizens have their whole means of subsistence assigned upon a house, which possesses in fact nothing, and a hundred persons have bought for a hundred thousand crowns each the right of receiving and paying the money due to these citizens upon their assignments on this imaginary hotel; rights which they never exercise, as they in reality know nothing at all of what is thus supposed to pass through their hands.

"Sometimes a proposal is made and cried about the streets, that all who have a little money in their chest should exchange it for a slip of exquisitely manufactured paper, which will free you from all pecuniary care, and enable you to pass through life with ease and comfort. On the morrow an order is published, compelling you to change this paper for another, much better. On the following day you are deafened with the cry of a new paper, cancelling the two former ones. You are ruined! But long heads console you with the assurance, that within a fortnight the newsmen will cry up some proposal more engaging.

"You travel into one province of this empire, and purchase articles of food, drink, clothing, and lodging. If you go into another province, you are obliged to pay duties upon all those commodities, as if you had just arrived from Africa. You enquire the reason of

* It need not be added, how much this; at once real and imaginary species of property, has increased in France and elsewhere, since the days of Voltaire.—T.

this, but obtain no answer; or if, from extraordinary politeness, any one condescends to notice your question, he replies that you come from a province reputed foreign, and that, consequently, you are obliged to pay for the convenience of commerce. In vain you puzzle yourself to comprehend how the province of a kingdom can be deemed foreign to that kingdom.

“On one particular occasion, while changing horses, finding myself somewhat fatigued, I requested the post-master to favour me with a glass of wine. ‘I cannot let you have it,’ says he; ‘the superintendants of thirst, who are very considerable in number, and all of them remarkably sober, would accuse me of drinking to excess, which would absolutely be my ruin.’ ‘But drinking a single glass of wine,’ I replied, ‘to repair a man’s strength, is not drinking to excess; and what difference can it make whether that single glass of wine is taken by you or me?’

“‘Sir,’ replied the man, ‘our laws relating to thirst are much more excellent than you appear to think them. After our vintage is finished, physicians are appointed by the regular authorities to visit our cellars. They set aside a certain quantity of wine, such as they judge we may drink consistently with health. At the end of the year they return; and if they conceive that we have exceeded their restriction by a single bottle, they punish us with very severe fines; and if we make the slightest resistance, we are sent to Toulon to drink salt-water. Were I to give you the wine you ask, I should most certainly be charged with excessive drinking. You must see to what danger I should be exposed from the supervisors of our health.’”

“I could not refrain from astonishment at the existence of such a system; but my astonishment was no less on meeting with a disconsolate and mortified pleader, who informed me that he had just then lost, a

* The vexatious inconsistencies and anomalies of the old French régime are happily exposed by Voltaire at every opportunity. We hear much, by rote, of the horrors of the French Revolution; no insignificant volume might be written upon its benefits.—T.

little beyond the nearest rivulet, a case precisely similar to one he had gained on this side of it. It was understood from him that, in his country, there are as many different codes of laws as there are cities. His conversation raised my curiosity. 'Our nation,' says he, 'is so completely wise and enlightened, that nothing is regulated in it. Laws, customs, the rights of corporate bodies, rank, precedence, everything is arbitrary; all is left to the prudence of the nation.'

"I happened to be still in this same country when it became involved in a war with some of its neighbours. This war was nicknamed 'the Ridicule,' because there was much to lose and nothing to be gained by it. I went upon my travels elsewhere, and did not return till the conclusion of peace, when the nation seemed to be in the most dreadful state of misery: it had lost its money, its soldiers, its fleets, and its commerce. I said to myself, its last hour is come; every thing, alas! must pass away. Here is a nation absolutely annihilated. What a dreadful pity! for a great part of the people were amiable, industrious, and gay, after having been formerly coarse, superstitious, and barbarous.

"I was perfectly astonished, at the end of only two years, to find its capital and principal cities more opulent than ever. Luxury had increased, and an air of enjoyment prevailed everywhere. I could not comprehend this prodigy; and it was only after I had examined into the government of the neighbouring nations that I could discover the cause of what appeared so unaccountable. I found that the government of all the rest was just as bad as that of this nation, and that this nation was superior to all the rest in industry.

"A provincial of the country I am speaking of was once bitterly complaining to me of all the grievances which he laboured under. He was well acquainted with history. I asked him if he thought he should have been happier had he lived a hundred years before, when his country was in a comparative state of barbarism, and a citizen was liable to be hanged for having eaten flesh in Lent? He shook his head in the negative. Would you prefer the times of the civil

more, which began at the death of Francis II.; or the times of the defeats of St. Quentin and Bayne; or the long disorders attending the wars against the English; or the fatal anarchy; or the horrors of the second race of kings; or the barbarity of the first? At every successive question he appeared to shudder more violently. The government of the Romans seemed to him the most intolerable of all. "Nothing can be worse," he said, "than to be under foreign masters." At last we come to the druids. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I was quite mistaken: it is still worse to be governed by sanguinary priests." He admitted, at last, although with sore reluctance, that the time he lived in was, all things considered, the least intolerable and hateful.

SECTION IV.

An eagle governed the birds of the whole country of Oruthia. He had no other right; it must be allowed; than what he derived from his beak and claws; however, after providing liberally for his own repasts and pleasures, he governed as well as any other bird of prey.

In his old age he was invaded by a flock of hungry vultures, who rushed from the depths of the north to scatter fear and desolation through his provinces. There appeared, just about this time, a certain owl, who was born in one of the most scrubby thickets of the empire; and who had long been known under the name of *luci-fugax*, or light-hater. He possessed much cunning, and associated only with bats; and, while the vultures were engaged in conflict with the eagle, our politic owl and his party entered with great secretness, in the character of pacificators, on that department of the air which was disputed by the combatants.

The eagle and vultures, after a war of long duration,

An admirable lesson for a certain class of the empire, who prize with the appreciation and profundity of Holspur, the saying of "the wisdom of our ancestors," whenever, as the northern Review once observed, some folly of their posterity is to be detected.

at last actually referred the cause of contention to the owl, who, with his solemn and imposing physiognomy, was well formed to deceive them both.

He persuaded the eagle and vultures to suffer their claws to be a little pared, and just the point of their beak to be cut off, in order to bring about perfect peace and reconciliation. Before this time, the owl had always said to the birds, "Obey the eagle;" afterwards, in consequence of the invasion, he had said to them, "Obey the vultures." He now, however, soon calls out to them, "Obey me only." The poor birds did not know whom to listen to: they were plucked by the eagle, the vultures, and the owl and bats. "Qui habet aures audiat"—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

SECTION V.

"I have in my possession a great number of catapultæ and balistæ of the ancient Romans, which are certainly rather worm-eaten, but would still do very well as specimens. I have many water-clocks, but half of them probably out of repair and broken, some sepulchral lamps, and an old copper model of a quinquereme. I have also togas, pretextas, and laticlavæ in lead; and my predecessors established a society of tailors; who, after inspecting ancient monuments, can make up robes tolerably awkwardly. For these reasons thereunto moving us, after hearing the report of our chief antiquary, we do hereby appoint and ordain, that all the said venerable usages should be observed and kept up for ever; and every person, through the whole extent of our dominions, shall dress and think precisely as men dressed and thought in the time of Cnidus Rufillus, proprietor of the province devolved to us by right," &c.

It is represented to an officer belonging to the department whence this edict issued, that all the engines enumerated in it are become useless.

That the understandings and the inventions of mankind are every day making new advances towards perfection; and that it would be more judicious to guide

and govern men by the reins in present use, than by those to which they were formerly subjected.

That no person could be found to go on board the quinquetome of his most serene highness.

That his tailors might make as many laticlaves as they pleased, but that not a soul would purchase one of them; and that it would be worthy of his wisdom to condescend, in some small measure, to the manner of thinking that now prevailed among the better sort of people in his own dominions.

The officer above mentioned, promised to communicate this representation to a clerk, who promised to speak about it to the referendary; who promised to mention it to his most serene highness whenever an opportunity offered.

SECTION VI.

Picture of the English Government.

The establishment of a government is a matter of curious and interesting investigation. I shall not speak, in this place, of the great Tamerlane, or Timurling, because I am not precisely acquainted with the mystery of the Great Mogul's government. But we can see our way somewhat more clearly into the administration of affairs in England; and I had rather examine that, than the administration of India; as England, we are informed, is inhabited by men and not by slaves; and in India, according to the accounts we have of it, there are many slaves and but few men.

Let us, in the first place, view a Norman bastard seating himself upon the throne of England. He had about as much right to it as St. Louis had, at a later period, to Grand Cairo. But St. Louis had the misfortune not to begin with obtaining a judicial decision in favour of his right to Egypt from the court of Rome; and William the bastard failed not to render his cause legitimate and sacred, by obtaining, in confirmation of the rightfulness of his claim, a decree of pope Alexander II. issued without the opposite party having obtained a hearing, and simply in virtue of the words *Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound*

in heaven." His competitor Harold, a perfectly legitimate monarch, being thus bound by a decree of heaven, William united to this virtue of the holy see, another of far more powerful efficacy still, which was the victory of Hastings. He reigned, therefore, by the right of the strongest; just as Pepin and Clovis had reigned in France; the Goths and Lombards in Italy; the Visigoths, and afterwards the Arabs in Spain; the Vandals in Africa, and all the kings of the world in succession.

It must be nevertheless admitted, that our bastard possessed as just a title as the Saxons and the Danes, whose title, again, was quite as good as that of the Romans. And the title of all these heroes in succession was precisely that of "robbers on the highway," or, if you like it better, that of foxes and pole-cats when they commit their depredations on the farm-yard.

All these great men were so completely highway robbers, that from the time of Romulus down to the buccaneers, the only question and concern were about the "*spolia opima*," the pillage and plunder, the cows and oxen carried off by the hand of violence. Mercury, in the fable, steals the cows of Apollo; and in the Old Testament, Isaiah assigns the name of robber to the son whom his wife was to bring into the world; and who was to be an important and sacred type. That name was Mahershalalhashbaz, "divide speedily the spoil." We have already observed, that the names of soldier and robber were often synonymous.

Thus then did William soon become king by divine right. William Rufus, who usurped the crown over his elder brother, was also king by divine right, without any difficulty; and the same right attached after him to Henry, the third usurper.

The Norman barons who had joined at their own expense in the invasion of England, were desirous of compensation: it was necessary to grant it, and for this purpose to make them great vassals, and great officers of the crown. They became possessed of the finest estates. It is evident that William would rather, had he dared, have kept all to himself, and made all

these lords, his guards and lacqueys. But this would have been too dangerous an attempt. He was obliged, therefore, to divide and distribute.

With respect to the Anglo-Saxon lords, there was no very easy way of killing, or even making slaves of the whole of them. They were permitted in their own districts, to enjoy the rank and denomination of lords of the manor, (*seigneurs chatelains*). They held of the great Norman vassals, who held of William.

By this system everything was kept in equilibrium until the breaking out of the first quarrel.

And what became of the rest of the nation? The same that had become of nearly all the population of Europe. They became serfs, or villeins.

At length, after the frenzy of the crusades, the ruined princes sell liberty to the serfs of the glebe, who had obtained money by labour and commerce. Cities are made free, the commons are granted certain privileges; and the rights of men revive even out of anarchy itself.

The barons were everywhere in contention with their king, and with one another. The contention became everywhere a petty intestine war, made up out of numberless minor civil wars. From this abominable and gloomy chaos appeared a feeble gleam, which enlightened the commons, and improved considerably their situation.

The kings of England, being themselves great vassals of France for Normandy, and afterwards for Guienne and other provinces, easily adopted the usages of the kings from whom they held. The states of the realm were long made up, as in France, of barons and bishops.

The English court of chancery was an imitation of the council of state, of which the chancellor of France was provident. The court of king's bench was formed on the model of the parliament instituted by Philip le Bel. The common pleas were like the jurisdiction of the *chatelet*. The court of exchequer resembled that of the *superintendants of the finances* (*generaux des finances*) which became, in France, the court of aids.

The maxim that the king's domain is inalienable, is evidently taken from the system of French government.

The right of the king of England to call on his subjects to pay his ransom, should he become a prisoner of war; that of requiting a subsidy when he married his eldest daughter, and when he conferred the honour of knighthood on his son; all these circumstances call to recollection the ancient usages of a kingdom of which William was the chief vassal.

Scarcely had Philip le Bel summoned the commons to the states-general, before Edward, king of England, adopted the like measure, in order to balance the great power of the barons. For it was under this monarch's reign that the commons were first clearly and distinctly summoned to parliament.

We perceive, then, that up to this epoch in the fourteenth century, the English government followed regularly in the steps of France. The two churches are entirely alike; the same subjection to the court of Rome; the same exactions which are always complained of, but, in the end, always paid to that rapacious court; the same dissensions, somewhat more or less violent; the same excommunications; the same donations to monks; the same chaos; the same mixture of holy rapine, superstition, and barbarism.

As France and England, then, were for so long a period governed by the same principles, or rather without any principle at all, and merely by usages of a perfectly similar character, how is it that, at length, the two governments have become as different as those of Morocco and Venice?

It is, perhaps, in the first place to be ascribed to the circumstance of England, or rather Great Britain, being an island, in consequence of which the king has been under no necessity of constantly keeping up a considerable standing army which might more frequently be employed against the nation itself than against foreigners.

It may be farther observed, that the English appear to have in the structure of their minds something more

firm, more reflective, more persevering, and, perhaps, more obstinate than some other nations.

To this latter circumstance it may be probably attributed, that, after incessantly complaining of the court of Rome, they at length completely shook off its disgraceful yoke; while a people of more light and volatile character has continued to wear it, affecting at the same time to laugh and dance in its chains.

The insular situation of the English, by inducing the necessity and urging to the particular pursuit and practice of navigation, has probably contributed to the result we are here considering, by giving to the natives a certain sternness and ruggedness of manners.

These stern and rugged manners, which have made their island the theatre of many a bloody tragedy, have also contributed, in all probability, to inspire a generous frankness.

It is in consequence of this combination of opposite qualities that so much royal blood has been shed in the field, and on the scaffold, and yet poison, in all their long and violent domestic contentions, has never been had recourse to; whereas, in other countries, under priestly denomination, poison has been the prevailing weapon of destruction.

The love of liberty appears to have advanced, and to have characterised the English, in proportion as they have advanced in knowledge and in wealth. All the citizens of a state cannot be equally powerful, but they may be equally free. And this high point of distinction and enjoyment the English, by their firmness and intrepidity, have at length attained.

To be free, is to be dependent only on the laws. The English, therefore, have ever loved the laws, as fathers love their children, because they are, or at least think themselves, the formers of them.

* This is most acutely discriminated on the part of Voltaire; there is possibly no people on earth who are more tenacious for the preservation of the forms of law than the English; or who suffer annoyance, rapacity, and inconvenience with so much patience as the English. That a great intellectual country should go on, generation after generation, enduring the expense and delay

A government like this could be established only at a late period; because it was necessary long to struggle with powers which commanded respect, or at least, impressed awe;—the power of the pope, the most terrible of all, as it was built on prejudice and ignorance; the royal power ever tending to burst its proper boundary, and which it was requisite, however difficult, to restrain within it; the power of the barons, which was, in fact, an anarchy; the power of the bishops, who, always mixing the sacred with the profane, left no means unattempted to prevail over both barons and kings.

The house of commons gradually became the impregnable mole, which successfully repelled those serious and formidable torrents.

The house of commons is, in reality, the nation; for the king, who is the head, acts only for himself, and what is called his prerogative. The peers are a parliament only for themselves;† and the bishops only for themselves, in the same manner.

But the house of commons is for the people, as every member of it is deputed by the people. The people are to the king in the proportion of about eight millions to unity. To the peers and bishops they are as eight millions to, at most, two hundred. And these eight million free citizens are represented by the lower house.

With respect to this establishment or constitution,—in comparison with which the republic of Plato is merely a ridiculous reverie, and which might be

of a court of chancery, and allow litigation to be conducted on a principle which renders it an affair of common sense and prudence to put up with losses of no inconsiderable amount, rather than commence an action, can only be accounted for on the idea of Voltaire, that the English people imagine the law to be of their own making. In reference to criminal jurisprudence, the same attention to form, and comparative indifference to substance, is often equally observable. Even this sort of tenacity is in no small degree beneficial; but might be much improved by a little more attention to the laws themselves.—T.

* Voltaire means that they represent themselves only; the theory is certainly not as here more largely expressed; the fact, however, may be another affair.—T.

thought to have been invented by Locke, or Newton, or Halley, or Archimedes,—it sprang, in fact, out of abuses of a most dreadful description, and such as are calculated to make human nature shudder. The inevitable friction of this vast machine nearly proved its destruction in the days of Fairfax and Cromwell. Senseless fanaticism broke into this noble edifice, like a devouring fire that consumes a beautiful building formed only of wood.

In the time of William the Third it was rebuilt of stone. Philosophy destroyed fanaticism, which convulses to their centre states even the most firm and powerful. We cannot easily help believing that a constitution which has regulated the rights of king, lords, and people, and in which every individual finds security, will endure as long as human institutions and concerns shall have a being.

We cannot but believe also, that all states not established upon similar principles will experience revolutions.

The English constitution has in fact arrived at that point of excellence, in consequence of which every man is restored to those natural rights, which, in nearly all monarchies, they are deprived of. These rights are, entire liberty of person and property; freedom of the press; the right of being tried in all criminal cases by a jury of independent men; the right of being tried only according to the strict letter of the law; and the right of every man to profess, unmolested, what religion he chuses, while he renounces offices, which the members of the Anglican or established church alone can hold. These are denominated privileges. And, in truth, invaluable privileges they are in comparison with the usages of most other nations of the world! To be secure on lying down that you shall rise in possession of the same property with which you retired to rest; that you shall not be torn from the arms of your wife, and from your children, in the dead of night, to be thrown into a dungeon or buried in exile in a desert; that, when rising from the bed of sleep, you will have the power of publishing all your thoughts; and that, if you are

accused of having either acted, spoken, or written wrongly, you can be tried only according to law. These privileges attach to every one who sets his foot on English ground. A foreigner enjoys perfect liberty to dispose of his property and person; and, if accused of any offence, he can demand that half the jury shall be composed of foreigners.*

I will venture to assert, that, were the human race solemnly assembled for the purpose of making laws, such are the laws they would make for their security. Why then are they not adopted in other countries? But would it not be equally judicious to ask, why cocoa-nuts, which are brought to maturity in India, do not ripen at Rome? You answer, these cocoa-nuts did not always, or for some time, come to maturity in England; that the trees have not been long cultivated; that Sweden following her example planted and nursed some of them for several years, but that they did not thrive; and that it is possible to produce such fruit in other provinces, even in Bosnia and Servia. Try and plant the tree then.

And you who bear authority over these benighted people, whether under the name of pacha, effendi, or mollah, let me advise you, although an unpromising subject for advice, not to act the stupid as well as barbarous part of rivetting your nations in chains. Reflect, that the heavier you make the people's yoke, the more completely your own children, who cannot all of them be pachas, will be slaves. Surely you would not be so contemptible a wretch as to expose your whole posterity to groan in chains, for the sake of enjoying a subaltern tyranny for a few days! Oh, how

* It need not be remarked, that Voltaire occasionally carried paegyric to a great extent, in order to stimulate French attention, and render the public mind of France sensible of the national degradation under the existing system. In his days, England might perhaps enjoy more liberty than any other nation on earth; a favourite theme of expatiation with certain reasoners, when in the natural pursuance of the spirit of self-improvement which has made her so, some further amelioration is advocated. A sapient M.P. once quoted certain usages in Morocco, and called upon Britons to be thankful.—T.

great at present is the distance between an Englishman and a Bosnian!

SECTION VII.

The mixture now existing in the government of England,—this concert between the commons, the lords, and the king,—did not exist always. England was long a slave. She was so to the Romans, the Saxons, Danes, and French. William the Conqueror, in particular, ruled her with a sceptre of iron. He disposed of the properties and lives of his new subjects like an oriental despot; he prohibited them from having either fire or candle in their houses after eight o'clock at night, under pain of death:* his object being either to prevent nocturnal assemblies among them, or merely, by so capricious and extravagant a prohibition, to show how far the power of some men can extend over others. It is true, that both before as well as after William the Conqueror, the English had parliaments; they made a boast of them; as if the assemblies then called parliaments, made up of tyrannical churchmen and baronial robbers, had been the guardians of public freedom and happiness.

The barbarians, who, from the shores of the Baltic poured over the rest of Europe, brought with them the usage of states or parliaments, about which a vast deal is said and very little known. The kings were not despotic, it is true; and it was precisely on this account that the people groaned in miserable slavery. The chiefs of these savages, who had ravaged France, Italy, Spain, and England, made themselves monarchs. Their captains divided among themselves the estates of the vanquished. Hence, the margraves, lairds, barons, and the whole series of the subaltern tyrants, who often contested the spoils of the people with the monarchs, recently advanced to the throne, and not very firmly fixed on it. These were all birds of prey, battling with the eagle, in order to suck the blood of the

* A merely antedated Irish Insurrection Act.—T.

doves. Every nation, instead of one good master, had a hundred tyrants. The priests soon took part in the contest. From time immemorial it had been the fate of the Gauls, the Germans, and the islanders of England to be governed by their druids and the chiefs of their villages, an ancient species of barons, but less tyrannical than their successors. These druids called themselves mediators between God and men; they legislated, they excommunicated, they had the power of life and death. The bishops gradually succeeded to the authority of the druids, under the Goth and Vandal government. The popes put themselves at their head; and, with briefs, bulls, and monks, struck terror into the hearts of kings, whom they sometimes dethroned and occasionally caused to be assassinated, and drew to themselves, as nearly as they were able, all the money of Europe. The imbecile Ina, one of the tyrants of the English heptarchy, was the first who, on a pilgrimage to Rome, submitted to pay St. Peter's penny (which was about a crown of our money) for every house within his territory. The whole island soon followed this example; England gradually became a province of the pope; and the holy father sent over his legates, from time to time, to levy upon it his exorbitant imposts. John, called Lackland, at length made a full and formal cession of his kingdom to his holiness, by whom he had been excommunicated; the barons, who did not at all find their account in this proceeding, expelled that contemptible king, and substituted in his room Louis VIII. father of St. Louis, king of France. But they soon became disgusted with the new-comer, and obliged him to recross the sea.

While the barons, bishops, and popes, were thus harassing and tearing asunder England, where each of the parties strove eagerly to be the dominant one, the people, who form the most numerous, useful, and virtuous portion of a community, consisting of those who study the laws and sciences, merchants, artisans, and even peasants, who exercise at once the most important

and the most despised of occupations; the people, I say, were looked down upon equally by all these combatants, as a species of beings inferior to mankind. Far indeed, at that time, were the commons from having the slightest participation in the government: they were villeins, or serfs of the soil; both their labour and their blood belonged to their masters, who were called "nobles." The greater number of men in Europe were what they still continue to be in many parts of the world—the serfs of a lord, a species of cattle bought and sold together with the land. It required centuries to get justice done to humanity; to produce an adequate impression of the odious and execrable nature of the system, according to which the many sow, and only the few reap; and surely it may even be considered fortunate for France that the power of these petty robbers was extinguished there by the legitimate authority of kings, as it was in England by that of the king and nation united.

Happily, in consequence of the convulsions of empires by the contests between sovereigns and nobles, the chains of nations are more or less relaxed. The barons compelled John (Lackland) and Henry III. to grant the famous charter, the great object of which, in reality, was to place the king in dependence on the lords, but in which the rest of the nation was a little favoured, to induce it, when occasion might require, to range itself in the ranks of its pretended protectors. This great charter, which is regarded as the sacred origin of English liberties, itself clearly shows how very little liberty was understood. The very title proves that the king considered himself absolute by right, and that the barons and clergy compelled him to abate his claim to this absolute power only by the application of superior force. These are the words with which Magna Charta begins: "We grant, of our free will, the following privileges to the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and barons, of our kingdom," &c. Throughout the articles of it, not a word is said of the house of commons; a proof that it did not then exist,

or that it existed without power. The freemen of England are specified in it, a melancholy demonstration that there were men who were not free. We perceive, from the thirty-seventh article, that the pretended freemen owed service to their lord. Liberty of such a description had but too strong a similarity to bondage. By the twenty-first article, the king ordains, that henceforward his officers shall not take away the horses and ploughs of freemen, without paying for them. This regulation was considered by the people as true liberty, because it freed them from a greater tyranny. Henry VII. a successful warrior and politician, who pretended great attachment to the barons, but who cordially hated and feared them, granted them permission to alienate their lands. In consequence of this, the villeins, who by their industry and skill accumulated property, in the course of time became purchasers of the castles of the illustrious nobles who had ruined themselves by their extravagance, and, gradually, nearly all the landed property of the kingdom changed masters.

The house of commons now advanced in power every day. The families of the old nobility became extinct in the progress of time; and, as in England, correctly speaking, peers only are nobles, there would scarcely have been any nobles in the country, if the kings had not, from time to time, created new barons, and kept up the body of peers, whom they had formerly so much dreaded, to counteract that of the commons, now become too formidable. All the new peers, who compose the upper house, receive from the king their title and nothing more, since none of them have the property of the lands of which they bear the names. One is duke of Dorset, without possessing a single foot of land in Dorsetshire; another is an earl under the name of a certain village, yet scarcely knowing where that village is situated. They have power in the parliament, and nowhere else.

You hear no mention, in this country, of the high, middle, and low courts of justice, nor of the right of

chase over the lands of private citizens, who have no right to fire a gun on their own estates.*

A man is not exempted from paying particular taxes because he is a noble or a clergyman. All imposts are regulated by the house of commons, which, although subordinate in rank, is superior in credit to that of the lords. The peers and bishops may reject a bill sent up to them by the commons, when the object is to raise money, but they can make no alteration in it: they must admit it or reject it, without restriction. When the bill is confirmed by the lords, and assented to by the king, then all classes of the nation contribute. Every man pays, not according to his rank (which would be absurd) but according to his revenue. There is no arbitrary taille or capitation, but a real tax on lands. These were all valued in the reign of the celebrated king William. The tax subsists still unaltered, although the rents of lands have considerably increased: thus no one is oppressed, and no one complains. The feet of the cultivator are not bruised and mutilated by wooden shoes; he eats white bread; he is well clothed. He is not afraid to increase his farming-stock, nor to roof his cottage with tiles, lest the following year should, in consequence, bring with it an increase of taxation. There are numerous farmers who have an income of about five or six hundred pounds sterling, and still disdain not to cultivate the land which has enriched them; and on which they enjoy the blessing of freedom.

SECTION VIII.

The reader well knows that in Spain, near the coast of Malaga, there was discovered, in the reign of Philip II. a small community, until then unknown, concealed in the recesses of the Alpuxarras mountains.

* The game-laws in England are certainly less tyrannical than in some other countries, but far from being worthy of a people who consider themselves free.—*French Ed.*

Well observed; and as to the "less tyrannical," it is probable that, in the way of comparison, they are now more so.—T.

This chain of inaccessible rocks is intersected by luxuriant valleys, and these valleys are still cultivated by the descendants of the Moors, who were forced, for their own happiness, to become christians, or at least to appear such.

Among these Moors, as I was stating, there was, in the time of Philip, a small society, inhabiting a valley to which there existed no access but through caverns. This valley is situated between Pitos and Portugos. The inhabitants of this secluded abode were almost unknown to the Moors themselves. They spoke a language that was neither Spanish nor Arabic, and which was thought to be derived from the ancient Carthaginians.

This society had but little increased in numbers; the reason alleged for which was that the Arabs, their neighbours, and before their time the Africans, were in the practice of coming and taking from them the young women.

These poor and humble, but nevertheless happy people, had never heard any mention of the christian, or the jewish religion; and knew very little about that of Mahomet, not holding it in any estimation. They offered up, from time immemorial, milk and fruits to a statue of Hercules. This was the amount of their religion. As to other matters, they spent their days in indolence and innocence. They were at length discovered by a familiar of the inquisition. The grand inquisitor had the whole of them burnt. This is the sole event of their history.

The hallowed motives of their condemnation were, that they had never payed taxes, although, in fact, none had ever been demanded of them, and they were totally unacquainted with money; that they were not possessed of any bible, although they did not understand latin; and that no person had been at the pains of baptising them. They were all invested with the San-benito, and broiled to death with becoming ceremony.

It is evident that this is a specimen of the true system of government; nothing can so completely con-

tribute to the content, harmony, and happiness of society.*

GOURD OR CALABASH.

THIS fruit grows in America on the branches of a tree as high as the tallest oaks.

Thus, Matthew Garo, who is thought so wrong in Europe for finding fault with gourds creeping on the ground, would have been right in Mexico. He would have been still more in the right in India, where cocoas are very elevated. This proves that we should never hasten to conclusions. What God has made, he has made well no doubt; and has placed his gourds on the ground in our climates, lest, in falling from on high, they should break Matthew Garo's nose.

The calabash will only be introduced here to show that we should mistrust the idea that all was made for man. There are people who pretend that the turf is only green to refresh the sight. It would appear, however, that it is rather made for the animals who nibble it, than for man to whom dog-grass and trefoil are useless. If nature has produced the trees in favour of some species, it is difficult to say to which she has given the preference. Leaves, and even bark, nourish a prodigious multitude of insects: birds eat their fruits, and inhabit their branches, in which they build their industriously-formed nests, while the flocks repose under their shades.

The author of the *Spectacle de la Nature* pretends that the sea has a flux and reflux, only to facilitate the going out and coming in of our vessels. It appears that even Matthew Garo reasoned better; the Mediterranean, on which so many vessels sail, and which only has a tide in three or four places, destroys the opinion of this philosopher.

Let us enjoy what we have, without believing ourselves the centre and object of all things.

* Yes, and the countrymen of Voltaire are doing their best to restore it to Spain.—T.

GRACE.

IN persons and works, grace signifies, not only that which is pleasing, but that which is attractive; so that the ancients imagined that the goddess of beauty ought never to appear without the graces. Beauty never displeases, but it may be deprived of this secret charm, which invites us to regard it, and sentimentally attracts and fills the soul. Grace in figure, carriage, action, and discourse, depends on its attractive merit. A beautiful woman will have no grace, if her mouth be shut without a smile, and if her eyes display no sweetness. The serious is not always graceful; because unattractive, and approaching too near to the severe, which repels.

A well-made man, whose carriage is timid or constrained, gait precipitate or heavy, and gestures awkward, has no gracefulness, because he has nothing gentle or attractive in his exterior. The voice of an orator which wants flexibility or softness, is without grace.

It is the same in all the arts. Proportion and beauty may not be graceful. It cannot be said that the pyramids of Egypt are graceful; it cannot be said that the colossus of Rhodes is as much so as the Venus of Gnidos. All that is merely strong and vigorous exhibits not the charm of grace.

It would show but small acquaintance with Michael Angelo and Caravaggio to attribute to them the grace of Albano. The sixth book of the *Eneid* is sublime; the fourth has more grace. Some of the gallant odes of Horace breathe gracefulness, as some of his epistles cultivate reason.

It seems, in general, that the little and pretty of all kinds are more susceptible of grace than the large. A funeral oration, a tragedy, or a sermon, are badly praised, if they are only honoured with the epithet of graceful.

It is not good for any kind of work to be opposed to grace, for its opposite is rudeness, barbarity, and dry-

ness. The Hercules of Farnese should not have the gracefulness of the Apollo of Belvidere and of Antinous; but it is neither rude nor clumsy. The burning of Troy, in Virgil, is not described with the graces of an elegy of Tibullus, it pleases by stronger beauties. A work, then, may be deprived of grace, without being in the least disagreeable. The terrible, or horrible, in description, is not to be graceful, neither should it solely affect its opposite; for if an artist, whatever branch he may cultivate, only expresses frightful things, and softens them not by agreeable contrasts, he will repel.

Grace, in painting and sculpture, consists in softness of outline and harmonious expression; and painting, next to sculpture, has grace in the unison of parts, and of figures which animate one another, and which become agreeable by their attributes and their expression.

Graces of diction, whether in eloquence or poetry, depend on choice of words and harmony of phrases, and still more upon delicacy of ideas and smiling descriptions. The abuse of grace is affectation, as the abuse of the sublime is absurdity: all perfection is nearly a fault.

To have grace applies equally to persons and things. This dress, this work, or that woman, is graceful. What is called a good grace, applies to manner alone. She presents herself with good grace. He has done that which was expected of him with a good grace. To possess the graces:—This woman has grace in her carriage, in all that she says and does.*

To obtain grace is, by metaphor, to obtain pardon, as to grant grace is to pardon. We make grace of one thing by taking away all the rest. The commissioners took all his effects and made him a gift (a grace) of his money. To grant graces, to diffuse graces, is the finest privilege of the sovereignty; it is to do good by something more than justice.† To have any one's good

* Lord Chesterfield has completely anglicised this phrase.—T.

† It is scarcely necessary to observe that this paragraph applies only partially to the English language. *Graces*, speaking of continental sovereignty, principally signify remissions of that which might have been claimed or exacted, either penally or otherwise.—T.

graces, is usually said in relation to a superior : to have a lady's good graces, is to be her favourite lover. To be in grace, is said of a courtier who has been in disgrace ; —we should not allow our happiness to depend on the one, or our misery on the other. Graces, in Greek, are 'charites : ' a term which signifies amiable.

The graces, divinities of antiquity, are one of the most beautiful allegories of the Greek mythology. As this mythology always varied according either to the imagination of the poets, who were its theologians, or to the customs of the people, the number, names, and attributes of the graces often change : but it was at last agreed to fix them to the number of three, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, that is to say, sparkling blooming, mirthful. They were always near Venus. No veil should cover their charms. They preside over favours, concord, rejoicings, love, and even eloquence ; they were the sensible emblem of all that can render life agreeable. They were painted dancing and holding hands ; and every one who entered their temples was crowned with flowers. Those who have condemned the fabulous mythology, should at least acknowledge the merit of these lively fictions, which announce truths intimately connected with the felicity of mankind.

GRACE (OF).

SECTION I.

THIS term, which signifies favour or privilege, is employed in this sense by theologians. They call grace a particular operation of God on mankind, to render them just and happy. Some have admitted universal grace, that which God gives to all men, though mankind, according to them, with the exception of a very small number, will be delivered to eternal flames : others admit grace towards christians of their communion only ; and lastly, others only for the elect of that communion.

It is evident that a general grace, which leaves the universe in vice, error, and eternal misery, is not a

grace, a favour, or privilege, but a contradiction in terms.

Particular grace, according to theologians, is either in the first place "sufficing", which if resisted, suffices not,—resembling a pardon given by a king to a criminal, who is nevertheless delivered over to the punishment; or "efficacious," when it is not resisted, although it *may be* resisted; in this case, they just resemble famished guests to whom are presented delicious viands, of which they will surely eat, though, in general, they may be supposed at liberty not to eat; or "necessary," that is, unavoidable, being nothing more than the chain of eternal decrees and events. We shall take care not to enter into the long and appalling details, subtleties, and sophisms, with which these questions are embarrassed. The object of this dictionary is not to be the vain echo of vain disputes.

St. Thomas calls grace a substantial form, and the jesuit Bouhours names it a *je ne sais quoi*; this is perhaps the best definition which has ever been given of it.

If the theologians had wanted a subject on which to ridicule Providence, they need not have taken any other than that which they have chosen. On one side; the Thomists assure us that man, in receiving efficacious grace, is not free in the compound sense, but that he is free in the divided sense; on the other, the Molinists invent the medium doctrine of God and congruity, &c. and imagine exciting, preventing, concomitant, and co-operating grace.

Let us quit these bad, but seriously-constructed jokes of the theologians; let us leave their books, and each consult his common sense; when he will see that all these reasoners have sagaciously deceived themselves, because they have reasoned upon a principle evidently false. They have supposed that God acts upon particular views; now an eternal God, without general, immutable, and eternal laws, is an imaginary being, a phantom, a god of fable.

Why, in all religions, on which men pique them-

selves on reasoning, have theologians been forced to admit this grace which they do not comprehend? It is, that they would have salvation confined to their own sect, and further, they would have this salvation divided among those who are the most submissive to themselves. These particular theologians, or chiefs of parties, divide among themselves: The mussulman doctors entertain similar opinions and similar disputes, because they have the same interest to actuate them; but the universal theologian, that is to say, the true philosopher, sees that it is contradictory for nature to act on particular or single views; that it is ridiculous to imagine God occupying himself in forcing one man in Europe to obey him, while he leaves all the Asiatics untractable; to suppose him wrestling with another man who sometimes submits, and sometimes disarms him, and presenting to another a help, which is nevertheless useless. Such grace, considered in a true point of view, is an absurdity. The prodigious mass of books composed on this subject, is often an exercise of intellect, but always the shame of reason.

SECTION II.

All nature, all that exists, is the grace of God; he bestows on all animals the grace of form and nourishment. The grace of growing seventy feet high is granted to the fir, and refused to the reed. He gives to man the grace of thinking, speaking, and knowing him; he grants me the grace of not understanding a word of all that Tournelli, Molipa, and Soto, &c. have written on the subject of grace.

The first who has spoken of efficacious and gratuitous grace is, without contradiction, Homer. This may be astonishing to a bachelor of theology, who knows no author but St. Augustin; but, if he reads the third book of the Iliad, he will see that Paris says to his brother Hector: "If the gods have given you valour, and me beauty, do not reproach me with the presents of the beautiful Venus; no gift of the gods is despicable, it does not depend upon man to obtain them."

Nothing is more positive than this passage. If we further remark that Jupiter, according to his pleasure, gave the victory sometimes to the Greeks, and at others to the Trojans, we shall see a new proof, that all was done by grace from on high. Sarpedon and, afterwards, Patroclus are barbarians, to whom by turns grace has been wanting.

There have been philosophers who were not of the opinion of Homer. They have pretended that general providence does not immediately interfere with the affairs of particular individuals; that it governs all by universal laws; that Thersites and Achilles were equal before it, and that neither Chalcas nor Talthylus ever had versatile or congruous grace.

According to these philosophers, the dog-grass and the oak, the mite and the elephant, man, the elements and stars, obey invariable laws, which God, as immutable, has established from all eternity.*

SECTION III.

If any one came from the bottom of hell, to say to us on the part of the devil—Gentlemen, I must inform you, that our sovereign lord has taken all mankind for his share, except a small number of people who live near the Vatican, and its dependencies;—we should all pray of this deputy to inscribe us on the list of the privileged; we should ask him, what we must do to obtain this grace.

If he answered, You cannot merit it, my master has made the list from the beginning of time; he has only listened to his own pleasure, he is continually occupied in making an infinity of pots-de-chambre, and some dozen gold vases; if you are pots-de-chambre, so much the worse for you.

At these fine words we should use our pitchforks, to send the ambassador back to his master.

This is, however, what we have dared to impute to God—to the eternal and sovereignly good being!

Man has been always reproached with having made God in his own image. Homer has been condemned

* See PROVIDENCE.

for having transported all the vices and follies of earth into heaven. Plato, who has thus justly reproached him, has not hesitated to call him a blasphemer; while we, a hundred times more thoughtless, hardy, and blaspheming than this Greek, who did not understand conventional language, devoutly accuse God of a thing of which we have never accused the worst of men.

It is said that the king of Morocco, Muley Ismael, had five hundred children. What would you say, if a marabout of Mount Atlas related to you that the wise and good Muley Ismael, dining with his family, at the close of the repast, spoke thus?—

I am Muley Ismael, who have begotten you for my glory, for I am very glorious. I love you very tenderly, I shelter you as a hen covers her chickens; I have decreed that one of my youngest children shall have the kingdom of Tafilet, and that another shall possess Morocco; and for my other dear children, to the number of four hundred and ninety-eight, I order that one half shall be tortured, and the other burnt, for I am the Lord Muley Ismael. You would assuredly take the marabout for the greatest fool that Africa ever produced; but if three or four thousand marabouts, well entertained at your expense, were to repeat to you the same story, what would you do? would you not be tempted to make them fast upon bread and water until they recovered their senses?

You will allege that my indignation is reasonable enough against the supra-lapsarians, who believe that the king of Morocco only begot these five hundred children for his glory; and that he had always the intention to torture and burn them, except two, who were destined to reign.

But I am wrong, you say, against the infralapsarians, who avow that it was not the first intention of Muley Ismael to cause his children to perish; but, that having foreseen that they would be of no use, he thought that he should be acting as a good father in getting rid of them by torture and fire.

Ah, supralapsarians, infralapsarians, free-gracians, sufficers, efficacians, jansenists, and molinists, become

men, and no longer trouble the earth with such absurd and abominable fooleries.

SECTION IV..

Holy consultants of modern Rome, illustrious and infallible theologians, no one has more respect for your divine decisions than myself; but if Paulus Emilius, Scipio, Cato, Cicero, Cæsar, Titus, Trajan, or Marcus Aurelius revisited that Rome to which they formerly did such credit, you must confess that they would be a little astonished at your decisions on grace. What would they say if they heard speak of healthful grace according to St. Thomas, and medicinal grace according to Cajetan; of exterior and interior grace, of free, sanctifying, co-operating, actual, habitual, and efficacious grace, which is sometimes inefficacious; of the sufficing which sometimes does not suffice, of the versatile and congruous;—would they really comprehend it more than you and I?

What need would these poor people have of your instructions? I fancy I hear them say:—

Reverend fathers, you are terrible genii; we foolishly thought that the eternal being never conducted himself by particular laws like vile human beings, but by general laws, eternal like himself. No one among us ever imagined that God was like a senseless master, who gives an estate to one slave and refuses food to another; who orders one with a broken arm to knead a loaf, and a cripple to be his courier.

All is grace on the part of God; he has given to the globe we inhabit the grace of form; to the trees, the grace of making them grow; to animals, that of feeding them; but will you say, because one wolf finds in his road a lamb for his supper, while another is dying with hunger, that God had given the first wolf a particular grace? Is it a preventive grace to cause one oak to grow in preference to another, in which sap is wanting? If throughout nature all being is submitted to general laws, how can a single species of animals avoid conforming to them?

Why should the absolute master of all be more

occupied in directing the interior of a single man than in conducting the remainder of entire nature. By what caprice would he change something in the heart of a Courlander or a Biscayan, while he changes nothing in the general laws which he has imposed upon all the stars.

What a pity to suppose that he is continually making, defacing, and renewing our sentiments! And what audacity in us to believe ourselves excepted from all beings. And further, is it not only for those who confess that these changes are imagined? A Savoyard, a Bergamask, on Monday, will have the grace to have a mass said for twelve sous; on Tuesday he will go to the tavern and have no grace; on Wednesday he will have a co-operating grace which will conduct him to confession, but he will not have the efficacious grace of perfect contrition; on Thursday there will be a sufficing grace which will not suffice, as has been already said. God will labour in the head of this Bergamask—sometimes strongly, sometimes weakly, while the rest of the earth will no way concern him! He will not deign to meddle with the interior of the Indians and Chinese! If you possess a grain of reason, reverend fathers, do you not find this system prodigiously ridiculous?

Poor miserable man! behold this oak which rears its head to the clouds, and this reed which bends at its feet; you do not say that efficacious grace has been given to the oak, and withheld from the reed. Raise your eyes to heaven; see the eternal Demiourgos creating millions of worlds, which gravitate towards one another by general and eternal laws. See the same light reflected from the sun to Saturn, and from Saturn to us; and in this grant of so many stars, urged onward in their rapid course; in this general obedience of all nature, dare to believe, if you can, that God is occupied in giving a versatile grace to sister Theresa, or a concomitant one to sister Agnes.

Atom,—to which another foolish atom has said, that the Eternal has particular laws for some atoms of thy neighbourhood; that he gives his grace to that one and refuses it to this; that such as had not grace yesterday

shall have it to-morrow;—repeat not this folly. God has made the universe, and creates not new winds to remove a few straws in one corner of the universe. Theologians are like the combatants in Homer, who believed that the gods were sometimes armed for and sometimes against them. Was not Homer considered a poet, he would be deemed a blasphemer.

It is Marcus Aurelius that speaks and not I; for God, who inspires you, has given me grace to believe all that you say, all that you have said, and all that you will say.

GRAVE—GRAVITY.

GRAVE, in its moral meaning, always corresponds with its physical one; it expresses something of weight: thus, we say—a person, an author, or a maxim of weight, for a grave person, author, or maxim. The grave is to the serious what the lively is to the agreeable. It is one degree more of the same thing, and that degree a considerable one. A man may be serious by temperament, and even from want of ideas. He is grave, either from a sense of decorum, or from having ideas of depth and importance, which induce gravity. There is a difference between being grave and being a grave man. It is a fault to be unseasonably grave. He who is grave in society is seldom much sought for; but a grave man is one who acquires influence and authority more by his real wisdom than his external carriage.

*Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, adæstisque auribus adstant.*

Virgil's Æneid, book 5. 332.

If then some grave and pious man appear,

They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.

DAYDEN.

A decorous air should be always preserved, but a grave air is becoming only in the function of some high and important office, as for example, in council. When gravity consists, as is frequently the case, only in the exterior carriage, frivolous remarks are delivered with a pompous solemnity, exciting at once ridicule and

aversion. We do not easily pardon those who wish to impose upon us by this air of consequence and self-sufficiency.

The duke of Rochefoucauld said, "Gravity is a mysteriousness of body assumed in order to conceal defects of mind."* Without investigating whether the phrase "mysteriousness of body" is natural and judicious, it is sufficient to observe that the remark is applicable to all who affect gravity, but not to those who merely exhibit a gravity suitable to the office they hold, the place where they are, or the business in which they are engaged.

A grave author is one whose opinions relate to matters obviously disputable. We never apply the term to one who has written on subjects which admit no doubt or controversy. It would be ridiculous to call Euclid and Archimedes grave authors.

Gravity is applicable to style. Livy and de Thou have written with gravity. The same observation cannot with propriety be applied to Tacitus, whose object was brevity, and who has displayed malignity; still less can it be applied to cardinal de Retz, who sometimes infuses into his writings a misplaced gaiety, and sometimes even forgets decency.

The grave style declines all sallies of wit or pleasantry: if it sometimes reaches the sublime, if on any particular occasion it is pathetic, it speedily returns to the didactic wisdom and noble simplicity which habitually characterise it: it possesses strength without daring. Its greatest difficulty is to avoid monotony.

A grave affair (*affaire*), a grave case (*cas*), is used rather concerning a criminal than a civil process. A grave disease implies danger.

GREAT—GREATNESS.

Of the Meaning of these Words.

GREAT is one of those words which are most frequently used in a moral sense, and with the least con-

* Shaftesbury, still better, calls "gravity of the essence of imposture."

sideration and judgment. Great man, great genius, great captain, great philosopher, great poet; we mean by this language "one who has far exceeded ordinary limits." But, as it is difficult to define those limits, the epithet great is often applied to those who possess only mediocrity.

This term is less vague and doubtful when applied to material than to moral subjects. We know what is meant by a great storm, a great misfortune, a great disease, great property, great misery.

The term large (*gros*) is sometimes used with respect to subjects of the latter description, that is, material ones, as equivalent to great, but never with respect to moral subjects. We say large property for great wealth, but not a large captain for a great captain, or a large minister for a great minister. Great financier means a man eminently skilful in matters of national finance; but *gros* financier expresses merely a man who has become wealthy in the department of finance.

The great man is more difficult to be defined than the great artist. In an art or profession, the man who has far distanced his rivals, or who has the reputation of having done so, is called great in his art, and appears, therefore, to have required merit of only one description, in order to obtain this eminence; but the great man must combine different species of merit. Gonzalva, surnamed the great captain, who observed that "the web of honour was coarsely woven," was never called a great man. It is more easy to name those to whom this high distinction should be refused, than those to whom it should be granted. The denomination appears to imply some great virtues. All agree that Cromwell was the most intrepid general, the most profound statesman, the man best qualified to conduct a party, a parliament, or an army, of his day; yet no writer ever gives him the title of great man; because, although he possessed great qualities, he possessed not a single great virtue.

This title seems to fall to the lot only of the small number of men who have been distinguished at once by virtues, exertions, and success. Success is essen-

tial, because the man who is always unfortunate is supposed to be so by his own fault.

Great (grand), by itself, expresses some dignity. In Spain it is a high and most distinguishing appellation (grandee) conferred by the king on those whom he wishes to honour. The grantees are covered in the presence of the king, either before speaking to him, or after having spoken to him, or while taking their seats with the rest.

Charles the Fifth confirmed the privileges of grandeeship on sixteen principal noblemen. That emperor himself afterwards granted the same honours to many others. His successors, each in his turn, have added to the number. The Spanish grantees have long claimed to be considered of equal rank and dignity with the electors and the princes of Italy. At the court of France they have the same honours as peers.

The title of great has been always given, in France, to many of the chief officers of the crown—as great seneschal, great master, great chamberlain, great equerry, great pantler, great huntsman, great falconer, &c. These titles were given them to distinguish their pre-eminence above the persons serving in the same departments under them. The distinction is not given to the constable, nor to the chancellor, nor to the marshals, although the constable is the chief of all the household officers, the chancellor the second person in the state, and the marshal the second officer in the army. The reason, obviously is, that they had no deputies, no vice-constables, vice-m Marshals, vice-chancellors, but officers under another denomination, who executed their orders, while the great steward, great chamberlain, and great equerry, &c. had stewards, chamberlains, and equeries, &c. under them.

Great (grand) in connection with seigneur, “great lord,” has a signification more extensive and uncertain. We give this title of grand seigneur (seignior) to the Turkish sultan, who assumes that of pacha, to which the expression grand seignior does not correspond. The expression “un grand,” a “great man,” is used in speaking of a man of distinguished birth, invested with

dignities, but it is used only by the common people. A person of birth or consequence never applies the term to any one. As the words great lord (*grand seigneur*) are commonly applied to those who unite birth, dignity, and riches, poverty seems to deprive a man of the right to it, or at least to render it inappropriate or ridiculous. Accordingly, we say a poor gentleman, but not a poor *grand seigneur*.

Great (*grand*) is different from mighty (*puissant*). A man may at the same time be both one and the other, but *puissant* implies the possession of some office of power and consequence. "Grand" indicates more show and less reality: the "*puissant*" commands, the "*grand*" possesses honours.

There is greatness (*grandeur*) in mind, in sentiments, in manners, and in conduct. The expression is not used in speaking of persons in the middling classes of society, but only of those who, by their rank, are bound to show nobility and elevation. It is perfectly true, that a man of the most obscure birth and connections may have more greatness of mind than a monarch. But it would be inconsistent with the usual phraseology to say, "that merchant, or that farmer acted greatly" (*avec grandeur*); unless, indeed, in very particular circumstances, and placing certain characters in striking opposition; we should, for example, make such a remark as the following:—"The celebrated merchant who entertained Charles the Fifth in his own house, and lighted a fire of cinnamon wood with that prince's bond to him for fifty thousand ducats, displayed more greatness of soul than the emperor."

The title of "greatness" (*grandeur*) was formerly given to various persons possessing stations of dignity. French clergymen, when writing to bishops, still call them "*your greatness*." Those titles, which are lavished by sycophancy, and caught at by vanity, are now little used.

Haughtiness is often mistaken for greatness (*grandeur*). He who is ostentatious of greatness, displays vanity. But one becomes weary and exhausted with writing about greatness. According to the lively re-

mark of Montaigne, "we cannot obtain it; let us therefore take our revenge by abusing it."

GREEK.

Observations upon the Extinction of the Greek Language at Marseilles.

It is exceedingly strange that, as Marseilles was founded by a Greek colony, scarcely any vestige of the Greek language is to be found in Provence, Langue-doc, or any district of France; for we cannot consider as Greek the terms which were taken, at a comparatively modern date, from the Latins, and which had been adopted by the Romans themselves from the Greeks so many centuries before. We received those only at second hand. We have no right to say that we abandoned the word *Got* for that of *Theos*, rather than that of *Deus*, from which, by a barbarous termination, we have made *Dieu*.

It is clear that the Gauls, having received the Latin language with the Roman laws, and having afterwards received from those same Romans the christian religion, adopted from them all the terms which were connected with that religion. These same Gauls did not acquire, until a very late period, the Greek terms which relate to medicine, anatomy, and surgery.

After deducting all the words originally Greek which we have derived through the Latin, and all the anatomical and medical terms which were, in comparison, so recently acquired, there is scarcely anything left; for surely, to derive "*abreger*" from "*brakos*," rather than from "*abreviare*;" "*acier*" from "*akri*," rather than from "*acies*;" "*acre*" from "*agros*," rather than from "*ager*;" and "*aile*" from "*aly*," rather than from "*ala*;"—this, I say, would surely be perfectly ridiculous.

Some have even gone so far as to say that "*omlette*" comes from "*omeilaton*," because "*mell*," in Greek, signifies honey, and "*oon*," an egg. In the "*Garden of Greek Roots*," there is a more cautious de-

riuation still: it is pretended that "diner", (dinner) comes from "deipnein," which signifies supper.

As some may be desirous of possessing a list of the Greek words, which the Marseilles colony might introduce into the Gauls, independently of those which came through the Romans, we present the following one:—

- Aboyer, perhaps from *bauzein*.
- Affre, affreux from *afronos*.
- Agacer, perhaps from *anaxeia*.
- Alali, a Greek war-cry.
- Babiller, perhaps from *babazo*.
- Balle, from *ballo*.
- Bas, from *batys*.
- Blesser, from the aorist of *blapto*.
- Boutaille, from *bouttis*.
- Bride, from *bryter*.
- Brique, from *bryka*.
- Coin, from *gonia*.
- Colere, from *chole*.
- Celle, from *colla*.
- Couper, from *copto*.
- Cuisse, perhaps from *ischis*.
- Entraille, from *entera*.
- Ermite, from *eremos*.
- Fier, from *fiaros*.
- Gargarizer, from *gargarizein*.
- Idiot, from *idiotes*.
- Maraud, from *miaros*.
- Moquer, from *mekeuo*.
- Moustache, from *mustar*.
- Orgueil, from *orge*.
- Page, from *pais*.
- Siffler, perhaps from *siffloo*.
- Tuer, *thuein*.

I am astonished to find so few words remaining of a language spoken at Marseilles, in the time of Augustus, in all its purity; and I am particularly astonished to find the greater number of the Greek words preserved in Provence, signifying things of little or no utility, while those used to express things of the first necessity

and importance are utterly lost. We have not a single one remaining that signifies land, sea, sky, the sun, the moon, rivers, or the principal parts of the human body; the words used for which might have been expected to be transmitted down from the beginning through every succeeding age. Perhaps we must attribute the cause of this to the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks; to the horrible barbarism of all those nations which laid waste the Roman empire, a barbarism of which so many traces yet remain.

GUARANTEE.

A GUARANTEE is a person who renders himself responsible to another for something, and who is bound to secure him in the enjoyment of it. The word (garant) is derived from the Celtic and Teutonic "warrant." In all the words which we have retained from those ancient languages we have changed the *w* into *g*. Among the greater number of the nations of the north, warrant still signifies assurance, guarantee, and in this sense it means, in English, an order of the king, as signifying the pledge of the king. When in the middle ages kings concluded treaties, they were guaranteed on both sides by a considerable number of knights, who bound themselves by oath to see that the treaty was observed, and even when a superior education qualified them to do so, which sometimes happened, signed their names to it. When the emperor Frederic Barbarossa ceded so many rights to pope Alexander III. at the celebrated congress of Venice, in 1117, the emperor put his seal to the instrument which the pope and cardinals signed. Twelve princes of the empire guaranteed the treaty by an oath upon the gospel; but none of them signed it. It is not said that the doge of Venice guaranteed that peace which was concluded in his palace.

When Philip Augustus made peace in 1200 with king John of England, the principal barons of France and Normandy swore to the due observance of it, as cautionary or guaranteeing parties. The French swore

that they would take arms against their king if he violated his word, and the Normans, in like manner, to oppose their sovereign if he did not adhere to his.

One of the constables of the Montmorenci family, after a negotiation with one of the earls of March, in 1227, swore to the observance of the treaty, upon the soul of the king.

The practice of guaranteeing the states of a third party was of great antiquity, although under a different name. The Romans in this manner guaranteed the possessions of many of the princes of Asia and Africa, by taking them under their protection until they secured to themselves the possession of the territories thus protected.

We must regard as a mutual guarantee the ancient alliance between France and Castile, of king to king, kingdom to kingdom, and man to man.

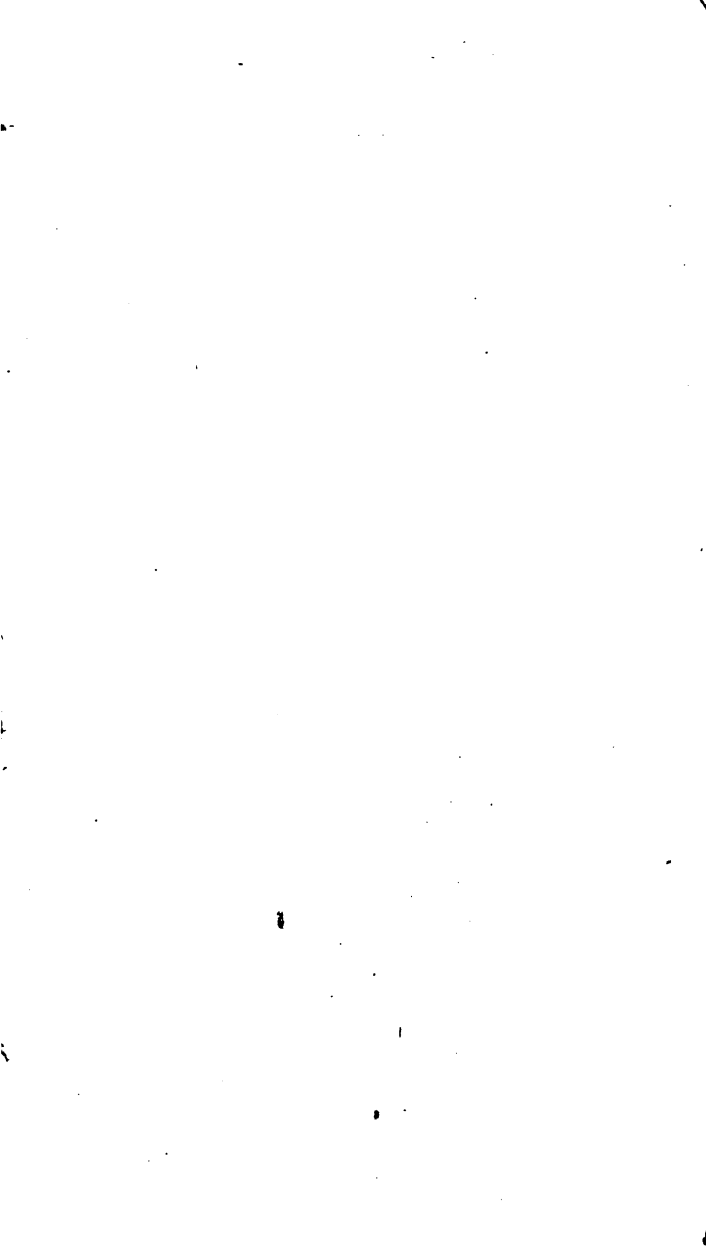
We do not find any treaty in which the guarantee of the states of a third party is expressly stipulated for before that which was concluded between Spain and the States General in 1609, by the mediation of Henry IV. He procured from Philip III, king of Spain, the recognition of the United Provinces as free and sovereign states. He signed the guarantee of this sovereignty of the seven provinces, and obtained the signature of the same instrument from the king of Spain; and the republic acknowledged that it owed its freedom to the interference of the French monarch. It is principally within our own times that treaties of guarantee have become comparatively frequent. Unfortunately these engagements have occasionally produced ruptures and war; and it is clearly ascertained that the best of all possible guarantees is power.

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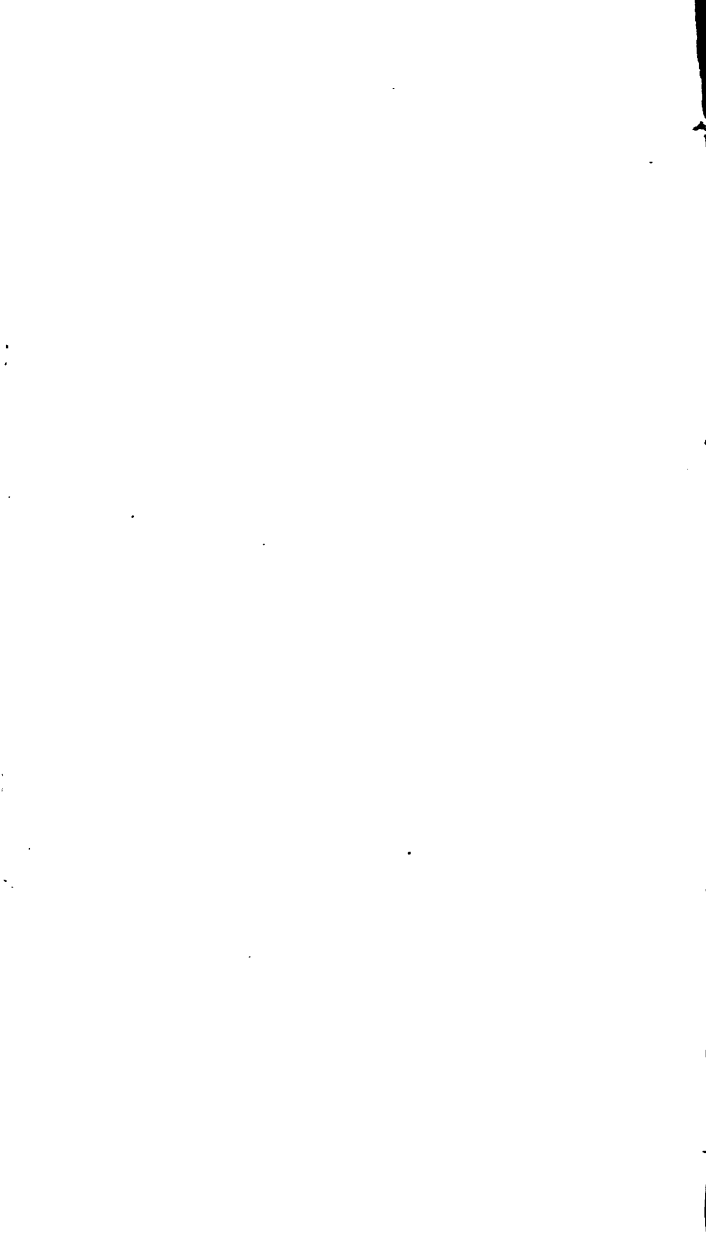
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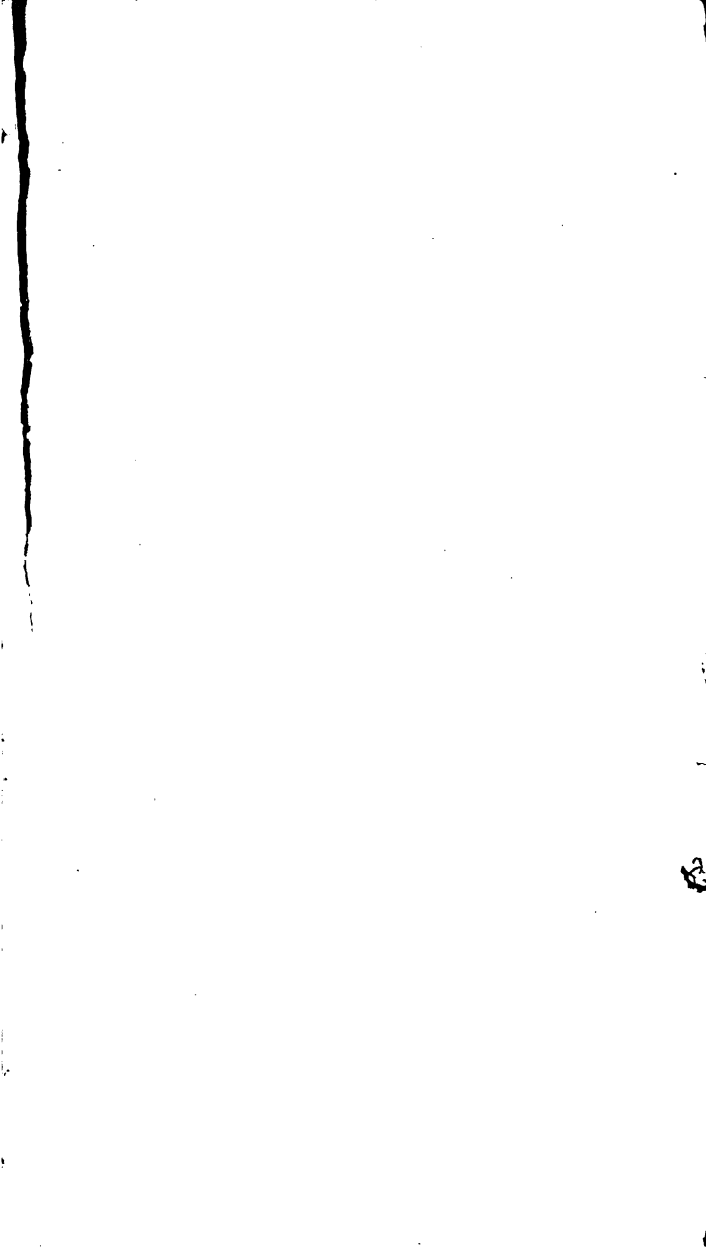
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